# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 197, Number 52

JUNE 27, '25

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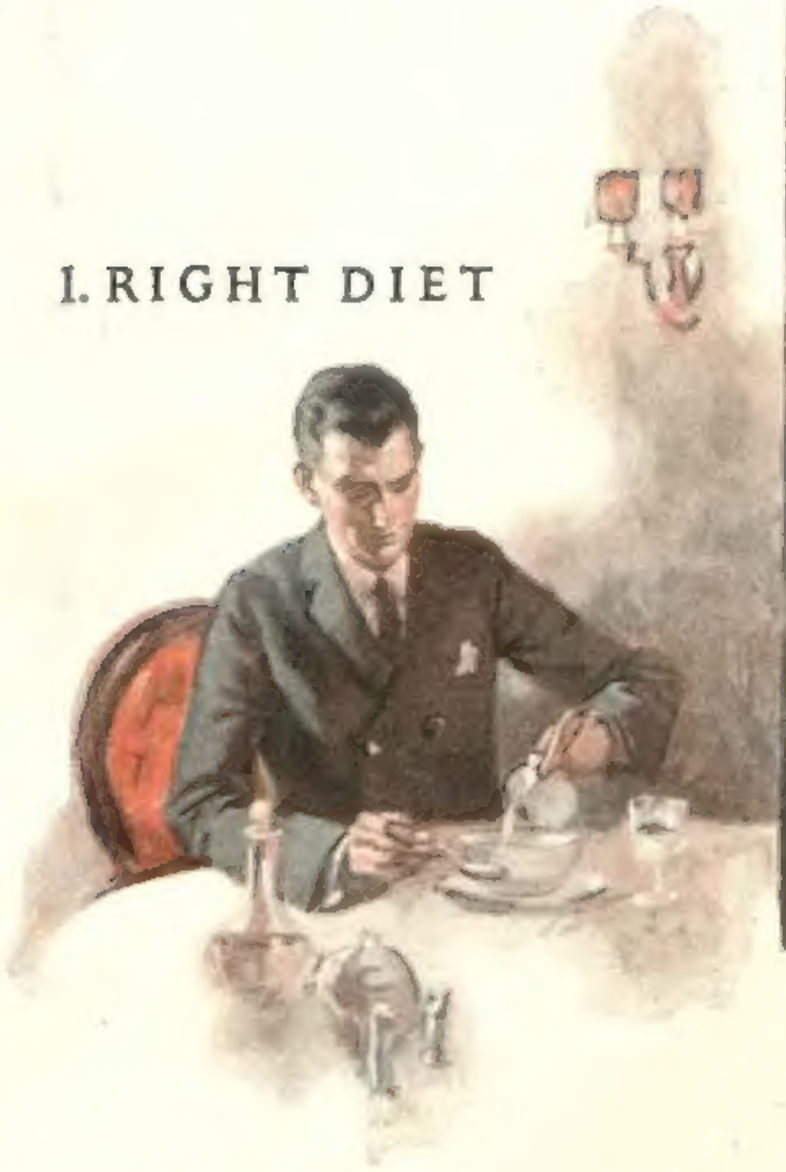
NORMAN ROCKWELL

*Beginning* **SPANISH ACRES—By Hal G. Evarts**



1. RIGHT DIET

2. FRESH AIR

3. EXERCISE

# William Wrigley, Jr. tells his *three rules for keeping fit*

When a man has great manufacturing and real estate interests to direct and a major league baseball club to worry about, he has a lot on his mind!

That's why William Wrigley, Jr., Chicago capitalist and owner of the "Cubs", makes his own fitness his first and most important business. It is the only way he can stand up under the strain these varied interests impose.

Mr. Wrigley tells us there is no mystery about his method of keeping fit. The rules are simple and easy to follow. *Right diet, fresh air, exercise!*

The first of these is probably the hardest to practise. For people are so apt to regard eating as a pleasure rather than as a need!

Persons of sedentary habits in particular seem inclined to make mistakes of diet. Too much heavy food —enough for a laborer's needs!

The diet needs of sedentary workers are few and simple. There is one fundamental rule: Stick to plain foods which are easy to digest.

Too often faulty diet begins with the first meal of the day. A heavy breakfast is eaten—and the human engine runs half power, clogged with too much fuel.

***Your breakfast need is energy***

Your big need in the morning is *energy*—energy to "set you up" for the day's work. Your body has rested during the night and there is neither need nor hunger for heavy food.

Your vital morning need for energy is quickly and fully filled with one delicious food—Cream of Wheat. This food is exceptionally rich in carbohydrates or energy units.

But you not only need to *take in* energy; it is equally important not to *expend* energy in hard digestive effort.

That is the beauty of Cream of Wheat. Extremely easy to digest, its energy content is quickly assimilated. In fact, digestion begins in the mouth and is speedily completed without extra work.

"Cream of Wheat is always a breakfast favorite in our family", says Mr. Wrigley. In its rich energy and easy digestibility this busy man finds ammunition on which he can rely for a morning's work.

Start in to improve your diet habits tomorrow morning. Try an energy-breakfast—with Cream of Wheat! You will enjoy a new feel of fitness for your work, unhampered by a burdened digestion.

***Send for free sample and recipe booklet***

You can put a delicious new variety in breakfast by eating Cream of Wheat with dates, prunes, raisins, baked apple or with salt and butter. We will gladly send you our recipe booklet which gives 30 splendid ways to serve this famous food—in tempting desserts, meat, vegetable and cheese dishes. We will also send you free on request a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Write Department 106.

*Cream of Wheat*

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
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# Gone!...*The weak spot in men's hose*

We reinforce the toe by a remarkable new way of knitting. Now sheer, webby socks give 3 to 4 times more wear than ordinary kinds.

*Look like Fifth Avenue. Wear like Main Street.*

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MEN who know the science of fine hosiery knitting have made an amazing discovery. An entirely new principle that prolongs the life of smart hose 3 to 4 times. Now it is offered to you under the name of Ex Toe.

In ordinary hose the toe wears out first. So we reinforce it, not through heavy cumbersome thickness but by a new way of knitting.

Months were spent in perfecting this new process. Experts in weaving made hundreds of tests and experiments. Designers built and perfected remarkable new machines. Special thread was selected for its extraordinary strength.

All this to make possible a superlatively fine hose that would outwear ordinary kinds.

The result is a masterpiece in fine weaving. Done so skilfully that you scarcely see where the Ex Toe begins or ends. Your foot cannot feel it at all. You only know it's there because the toe refuses to wear out.

So now America's smartest hose are by far the longest wearing.

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You'll save money. You'll get smartness. You'll get 3 to 4 times more wear. Ask for them by name, Ex Toe hose.

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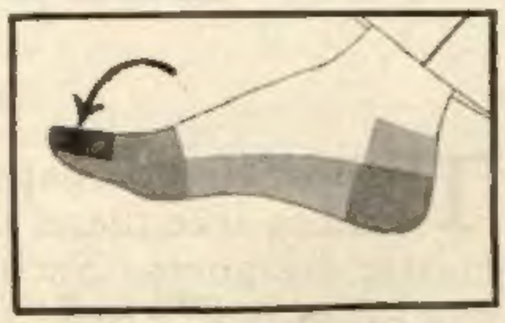
Go today. Get a pair. See how far they'll go. But be sure you ask for Ex Toe. If your dealer can't supply you, write direct.



*All the reinforcement is hidden at the toe. The part the world sees is superlatively sheer and webby.*

*Holeproof Hosiery*

**with the new, long-wear *Ex Toe***

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

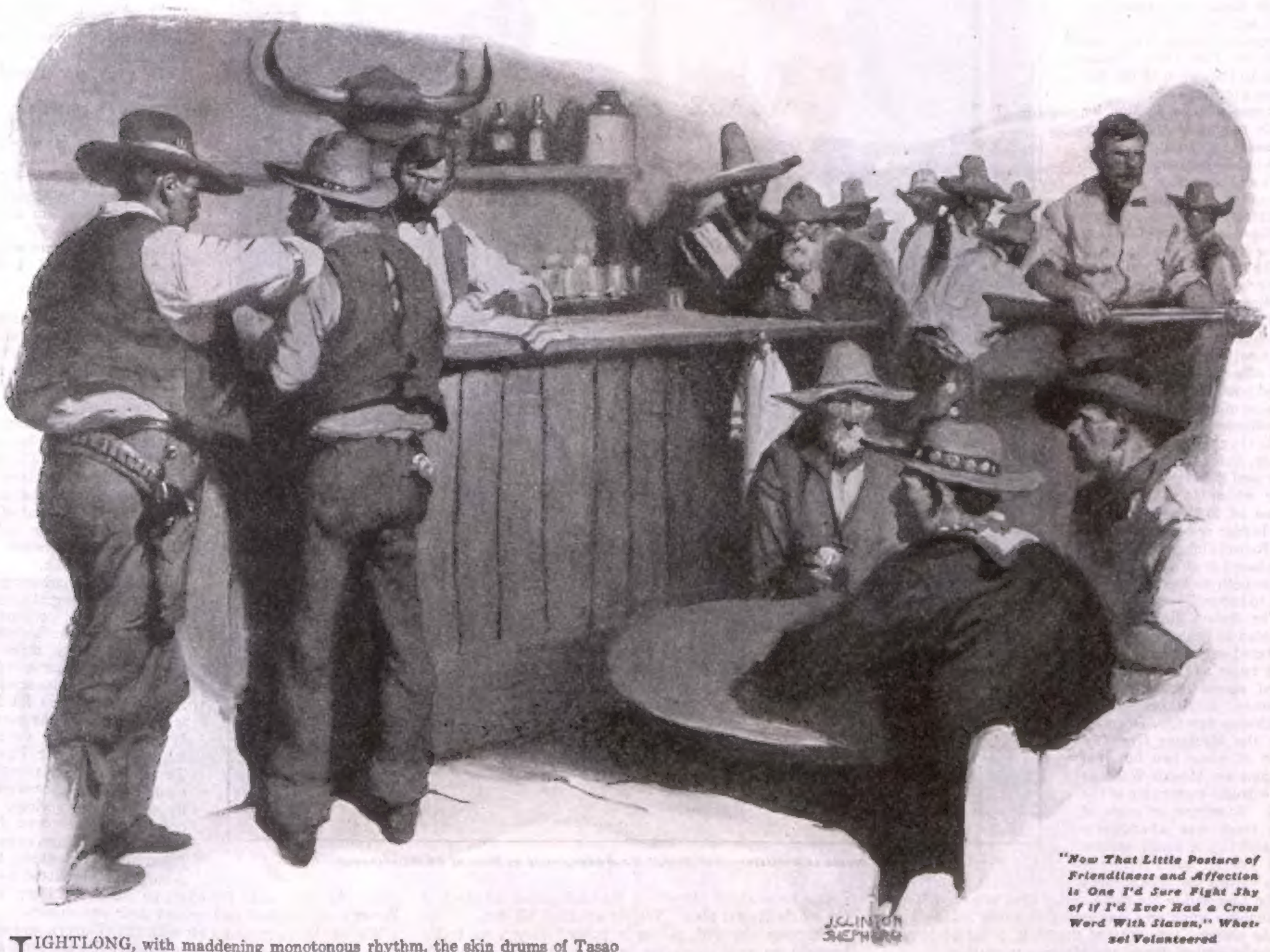
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JUNE 27, 1925 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 52

# SPANISH ACRES

## By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



"Now That Little Posture of Friendliness and Affection Is One I'd Sure Fight Shy of if I'd Ever Had a Cross Word With Slaven," Whetsel Volunteered

NIGHTLONG, with maddening monotonous rhythm, the skin drums of Tasao throbbed from the desert hills above the Valley of Springs. Perhaps the shades of departed generations of Castinados, of Porter, Cates and all those others bowed an ironical welcome to Briggs. And down in the valley the dobe buildings of Pueblo Tasao were untenanted save by the mortal remains of this latest owner of Spanish Acres, who sat in his chair before the portals of his mansion, staring down into the deserted village with unseeing eyes, while the hot sun dried and mummified his frame. Sand eddied through the lanes and drifted in open doorways of the dobe structures. Pueblo Tasao became the haunt of bats and lizards.

I

WHEN the great Southwest became a part of the Union through the medium of the Mexican War, the United States Government, by act of Congress, guaranteed the property rights of those who had enjoyed landed interests under the Mexican régime, provided only that they should appear in court within five years and show formal proof of title. Many an ancient paper, yellowed with age, was brought forth from its strong box: letters from long-dead governors, proffering tracts of land in return for favors, military, political, religious or otherwise. Land was deemed to have little or no value, but it was considered highly desirable to have the good will of the inhabitants; so the benevolent power that had now superseded Mexican authority granted most of these claims, whether or not they had ever been formally recognized by the Mexican Government.

The Castinado estate, a vast tract forty miles by sixty in extent, was formally conveyed to the head of the Castinado family by patent. Not long thereafter, a matter of perhaps a dozen years, it came into the hands of an American, one Allan Porter, through his marriage to the only daughter of the household and the subsequent disappearance of both the elder Castinado and his son.

Thereafter Porter held sway over the great inland empire that had thus come under his jurisdiction, ruling with a hand of iron, his authority unquestioned, since organized law was yet a thousand miles away. He made his own laws and enforced them, imposing his will on the whole countryside.

The Texans, intent upon increasing their holdings, pushed westward with their cows, invading new territory. Every sizable outfit retained a crew of fighting men whose duty it was to hold off all marauders. These men had warred to the border and beyond it, following Mexican, Kiowa and Comanche raiders that had made off with stock, plundering the marauders' herds in return, both by way of reprisal and for profit. These big Texas outfits pushed on and occupied the Canadian and the Cimarron, the broad flat reaches of the Staked Plains. Their fighting men conquered such areas as each outfit desired by force of arms, and having conquered it, they proceeded to retain it in the same manner. It followed quite naturally, after holding it against the marauding Southwestern tribes, that they should also defend it against rival cow outfits that would invade their range.

From warring with Mexicans, Kiowas and Comanches, these powder-burning veterans took to warring among themselves. It was said that the law would never come into these far places, and in all truth it took small cognizance of a man's relations with his neighbors. But eventually, as the country settled up, the law did come in. Little by little, county by county, it made its appearance; feebly at first, the initial efforts frequently futile and short-lived, but persevering until it held sway over another small area and pushed on to get its grip on the next beyond. It was then said that the law would never reach the Palo Verdes, and the process of stretching forth its arm to that far place was long delayed.

Porter's holding lay beyond the Palo Verdes, organized law still so distant that he gave not a thought to it. It was his dream to establish himself as the undisputed overlord of the whole Rolavi Sink, extending east and west from Solado Arroyo to Monab Wash and from the Palo Verde Mountains to the cañon of the Rio Tasao north and south.

It was still the fashion for cattle barons to traffic more or less openly in stolen cows. The old Mescalano Trail led up from the south and crossed the cañon of the Rio Tasao, touching the Rolavi Sink just south of Sand Crawl, an expanse of shifting sands. It was at the head of this trail that Porter's agents had met marauding bands of Apaches and held traffic with them, furnishing them, in return for stolen stock, with arms, ammunition and other requisites that rendered possible their continued evasion of capture by cavalry expeditions.

Roving bands of hard-riding, quick-shooting gentry now used the Mescalano Trail over which to drive stock, stolen off to the south along the border or beyond it, into the Rolavi Sink, where Porter purchased it at a figure profitable both to the plunderers and to himself.

The Rolavi Sink was not adapted to heavy settlement. Watered only by springs and such tanks as could be fashioned across draws by the cowmen, available home-ranch sites were few. One such was the Martinez Grant, a tract of some two hundred sections on Monab Wash at the extreme eastern tip of the Sink. A section or more of this tract was abundantly watered by a small stream that pitched down from the Palo Verdes and disappeared in the vast rent in the earth's crust that was Monab Wash. A similarly small area was available along Solado Arroyo at the western extremity of the Sink, occupied by a few Mormon settlers during the Mormon migration.

The Martinez family, hating and fearing Porter, refused to sell their holdings, so he set out to dispossess them by fair means or foul. Other restless conquering cattle barons came pushing on across the tawny deserts with their cows. Tom Langford, a cowman of Porter's type, bought the Martinez Grant from those who would not sell to Porter. Porter made overtures to buy it from this new owner, but made the mistake of prefacing his negotiations with the threat that he would put Langford out of business in case he refused to sell. And Tom Langford laughed.

"I'm wondering how you'll go about it," he said. "I came into this country to acquire that ground of yourn. You say it's forty mile by sixty? I'll have that little plot in my back yard before I'm through with you or see the last of the Langfords buried."

He almost made good on one point.

He came into the country with a son and an infant daughter, two brothers and two nephews. Before he was through with Porter he saw all the Langfords buried save the daughter and the son.

"That goes for the Porters," the old war horse of Rolavi countered, and he was right. He saw all three of his sons buried before he was through with Langford.

Porter hired a number of the hard-faced gentry who frequented the Mescalano Trail, and made war upon the Langford outfit.

Langford, who was old at the game himself, had brought his warriors with him. Each one set out with the notion to establish himself as the undisputed monarch of the whole Rolavi Sink. Neither attained his end.

*"Only My Name is Hollister—Not José," He Added, as if by Way of an Afterthought*

Customs changed, railroads pushed closer, ox trains brought an ever-increasing swarm of restless humanity pushing westward. An abortive attempt to establish law and order in the Sink failed dismally, for the reason that the population of the Rolavi country was unanimous against such interference. A gold strike created a short-lived mining boom in the Palo Verdes. It died. But while customs changed, the tribe of Tasao Indians altered its mode of living not at all. Indians of the Pueblo type, they dwelt on in their little village as they had since before that day when Columbus set sail across the seas. They had seen the advent of the pioneering Spanish Fathers, the establishing of landed estates, grants from a centralized authority that was beyond their comprehension, yet before whose will they bowed; then the coming of the cowmen. But through it all no man had questioned their right to the village, centuries old, and the Valley of Springs which was their home.

This Valley of Springs, a little oasis touching upon one corner of the Castinado Grant, supported the population of Pueblo Tasao, a village of several hundred souls. The waters of the many springs, distributed throughout an area of perhaps one square mile, were conserved and spread through the ditches of a primitive but practical irrigation system and watered the patches of squashes, peppers, beans and corn, the tiny orchards of peaches, apples, pears, plums and other varieties of fruit upon which the tribe of Tasao subsisted.

Came the day of an occasional squatter, faring on in the wake of the cowmen, settling upon odd tracts wherever water was available, though such spots were pitifully few in this land of little water. But the squatters came; and the cattle barons, fighting to retain control of the open range, drove them forth when they elected to set their claim stakes and fence off some precious water hole.

Porter, his dreams of unlimited power curtailed by Langford's operations, conceived an idea that led to his making various investigations. Shortly thereafter a squatter erected his dobe hut just outside the boundaries of the Castinado Grant and within two hundred yards of Pueblo Tasao.

Porter, the imperious, pretended to fume at this effrontery, but made no move to evict the nester.

"He'd only be followed by some other," he explained. "We can't keep 'em off forever."

Tom Langford scorned this meek resignation; but since the squatter's cabin lay within gunshot of the old Castinado hacienda where Porter dwelt, adjoining Porter's holdings and fifty miles removed from Langford's, the latter did not make a move to evict the intruder. Later came one Jessup, an upstanding human with a wife and three hundred head of cows. He homesteaded halfway between the west line of the Castinado Grant and the habitat of the Mormon settlers on Solado Arroyo at the western extremity of the Sink.

Porter, while harboring one squatter in his very dooryard, could not in all consistency move to evict another whose filing was thirty miles removed. Such a move would cause Langford, his enemy, to suspect the reasons for Porter's leniency in the case of William Owen, the squatter who resided near Pueblo Tasao. The half-section filing made by Jessup, an area scantily watered by springs, was even farther removed from Langford's holdings, so he too failed to move against him. Jessup was permitted to remain. All such small fry could be dealt with later, after Porter and Langford had settled their own affairs.

William Owen traded a bit with the villagers, and managed, no man knew how, to eke out an existence until such time as he could make final proof and obtain patent to his claim. This was granted with small delay. Owen then conveyed title to Porter and disappeared.

Porter had long since dispensed with the few Mexican retainers that had served the Castinado family. He now decided to make another sweeping change of personnel, and he informed the dwellers of Pueblo Tasao that he had no further desire to see them about and that they were to vanish within the week.

The people of Tasao, troubled and uncomprehending, refused to move. They sent a delegation of their hereditary priests to confer. Porter was adamant.

"But our people have dwelt here always," the spokesmen protested. "Where would you have us go?"

"You can go to hell!" said Porter, and closed the interview.

When the people of Tasao refused to migrate, Porter called upon the authorities to evict them.

The resulting litigation, famous in its day, raged through the courts for a period of years. Eventually it was ruled

that the homestead laws must remain inviolate, no matter what the cost. More than three decades had elapsed since that act of Congress wherein the property rights of inhabitants were guaranteed. The people of Tasao had failed to avail themselves of that five-year period of limitation before the expiration of which they should have made proof of ownership. They had put it off for thirty-five years instead, and in the meanwhile a homestead patent had been issued, the title to the land in question then reconveyed, and the claimants had not even troubled to contest these transactions. However just their claims might seem, to allow them would be to establish a precedent that would shake the homestead laws to their very roots, opening the way to all manner of claimants. Tasao must move.

The Government selected a large tract to the south, across the Rio Tasao. Lumber was freighted more than a hundred miles across the desert from the nearest sawmill, and neat frame shacks were constructed in lieu of the adobe village they must leave behind. A troop of cavalry was sent in from the nearest fort to escort the exiles to their new holdings.

The people of Tasao asked for one day of grace, which request was granted by the commanding officer in charge of the bluecoats, and at sunset the tribe filed forth from the pueblo and took to the hills that overlooked their ancestral valley. Some of them failed to return at dawn. Later, their bodies were found on various eminences overlooking the Valley of Springs, where they had elected to die by their own hands rather than to move.

All that night a low weird chant and the throb of skin drums sounded from the hills. Hardened troopers swore fretfully at the appalling monotony of the sound and confessed to a creepy tingle along the spine. Cavalry horses stamped restlessly. But Porter, grim and ruthless, sat on the veranda of the ranch house—sat unmoved while that hollow, never-ending Toom! Toom! Toom! Toom! Toom! Toom! sounded steadily throughout the night as the tribe of Tasao invoked an everlasting curse upon every future owner of the Castinado Grant and Pueblo Tasao till the end of time. Still unmoved, he watched the procession of wretched exiles file across the hills at dawn under the escort of the bluecoats.

Within a fortnight Porter rode from the ranch and returned no more to the Castinado hacienda. His horse, a vicious brute at best, had done him to death on the desert, so the report was spread. And that night the skin drums of Tasao once more throbbed in the hills above the Valley of Springs.

II

FOUR Tasao horsemen threaded the sandrock breaks in the vast cañon of the Rio Tasao by way of the old Mescalano Trail and topped out in the southern edge of the Rolavi Sink. The regular Tasao crossing was some fifteen miles to the east, and the Mescalano Trail had been used but little of late years, being known to but few whites.

Just north of them lay Sand Crawl, a twenty-mile expanse of blow sand, so named from the impermanency of its topographical features. The sands shifted with every desert gale, one hill being whittled away as a new one formed. Sand Crawl was waterless and verdureless. Stock never penetrated this inhospitable area, so riders seldom visited it. The Tasaos, to reach the old Castinado hacienda and Pueblo Tasao, must make a long detour or cross through Sand Crawl. They elected to cross.

The blazing ball of the sun was reflected from the brassy sands with furious intensity. After traveling for an hour through this flaming inferno, the Tasao who rode in the lead reined in his pony and lifted a hand to impose silence upon his companions. They listened. Then a scream, a piercing shriek of mortal agony, ripped through the heated silence.

One of the Tasaos assumed that it was some poor devil dying of thirst, and would have ridden forward to his assistance, but the leader detained him, giving it as his conviction that the man had just met a violent end. Leaving the four ponies in the charge of one, the remaining three crawled to the crest of a sand wave just ahead and peered cautiously forth.

Three saddled horses stood at the far edge of a sand flat some two hundred yards away. One man held two of them. A second man was engaged at some task near the third horse. As the Tasaos watched he stooped to pick up some object and inspected it before tossing it from him into the sand.

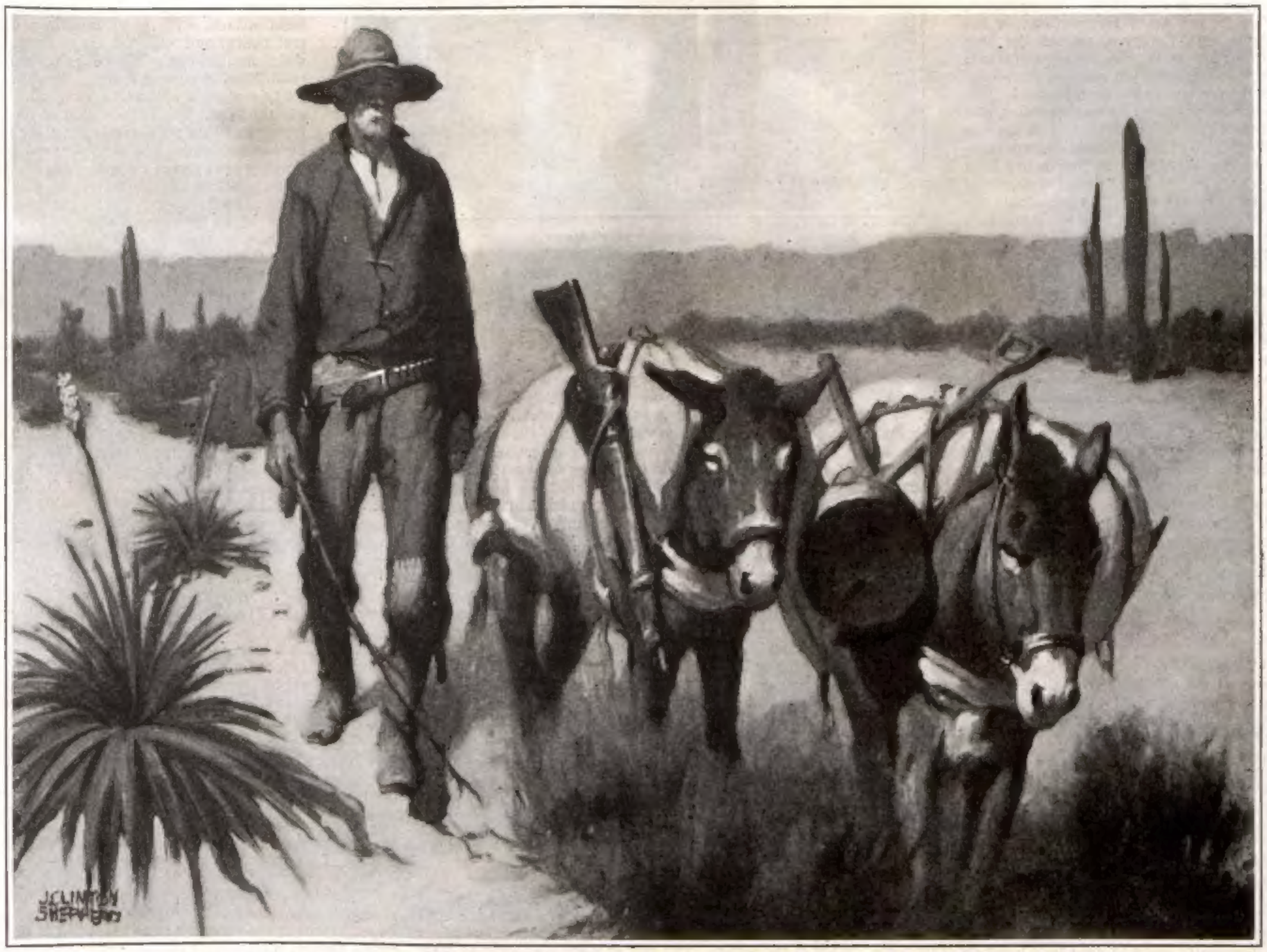
One of the Tasao ponies nickered and the scene beyond became one of swift activity. The man slashed the horse with his hat and made for his own mount, swung to the saddle and the two riders left on the run, disappearing in the maze of sand hills.

The remaining horse sidled away from a dark object that seemed to drag from its left side. The Tasaos understood. Even a very gentle horse will strive to move away from some object that drags close beside it. The object follows and the horse speeds up and wheels away. That something still follows, evidently with sinister intent. The animal, seeking to escape, side-slashes the thing with its heels and stampedes, kicking as it runs. By the time the horse has reached a state of exhaustion, the object has been reduced to pulp or slit to ribbons by those slashing heels. The Tasaos watched. The horse, strangely enough, stood as if petrified, except that at intervals it side-stepped daintily away from the thing that dragged.

The Tasaos eventually rode across the flat, and one of them whirled his reata and put his loop on the horse before it could gain headway. The dead man dragged by one foot from the left stirrup. His boot heel had been pried off with a knife and his foot had been thrust through the stirrup. The knife had been broken in the operation, and it was this that the man had tossed from him into the sand.

Taking the back track of the three horses, the Tasaos studied the signs in the sands that revealed every track as clearly as if made in new snow. The victim had been riding

(Continued on Page 58)




*A Typical Member of the Fraternity of Wandering Prospectors in Appearance and Outfit, Even to the Crown of His Dilapidated Hat*

# THE SENATE AND ITS RULES

## By George H. Moses

*Senior United States Senator From New Hampshire and President Pro Tempore of the Senate*

PILED neatly at the end of the desk of the presiding officer in the Senate chamber are half a dozen books. One of them, as slender as a poet's first sheaf, and probably better thumbed, contains the Standing Rules—which have stood now without substantial change since the foundation of the Government and which, in my opinion, are as firmly footed today as at any time.

These rules are only forty in number; and their structure, to use a word which nowadays is applied to everything from a schedule of tariff rates to a skyscraper, is very simple. They provide for the order of business, for the precedence of motions, for the formation and functions of committees, and for the conduct of debate. It is toward this last that present criticism is leveled.

Debate in the Senate in its early days had few restraints. The previous question existed, but in a rudimentary form only as modern parliamentarians would regard it. It was itself debatable; it could not be used upon amendments; nor could it be applied while sitting in committee of the whole. In this form it stood in the Senate rules for seventeen years, during which it was moved only four times and only three times carried. The revision of the rules in 1806 did not specifically provide against the previous question; it simply was not mentioned at all, and the sanction of 119 years of usage is that it does not exist.

At any rate, no senator has yet had sufficient temerity to move the previous question; and it is significant that practically all of the nearly one hundred efforts which have been made for the amendment of the rules have had the previous question as a base line. This agitation, therefore, is not new. Henry Clay, in the Twenty-seventh Congress, started the long procession; but neither he nor any of his imitators has achieved great success, since only four of the proposals have been adopted. Two of these were produced by war necessity, and one of the twain was discarded when the war was over. Two of them remain and are regularly made use of, and the fourth has been applied only twice. Only one of the quartet has been fortunate enough to perpetuate the name of its author, and it is to Mr. Anthony's credit that the Senate proceeds always on Mondays to the call of the calendar under Rule VIII. This rule provides that unobjected bills upon the calendar shall be taken up in order and that no senator shall speak more than once or longer than five minutes. Toward the end of a session unanimous-consent agreements are had for more frequent sittings under Rule VIII, and it is by means of this rule that the great bulk of the business of the Senate is advanced—an aid thereto, it should be remarked, being a presiding officer who is really on his job.

Debate in the Senate seems to provoke more debate outside the chamber than within it, and I say this notwithstanding the oceans of talk which have so often lapped my feet as I have sat in the chair. I admit that it becomes a bit monotonous to be compelled to listen to the same speech every day for a long period. That frequently happens in campaigning, when it is part of the game; and there is no complaint. So I cannot see that the unlimited debate in the Senate, with its admitted repetition, is really such an irritant as some would have us believe.

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*Senator George H. Moses*

### *Cooling the Tea of Legislation*

THAT debate in the Senate has departed from its earlier manner none will deny. When the chamber resounded to the voices of the mighty, debate was a matter of much solemnity. Proponents of a measure, having amply prepared themselves and, as rumor has had it, having amply fortified themselves, would arise, address the chair, and go to it, for hours at a time, in sonorous phrases such as now would empty the chamber in short order; and the opponents of the measure would follow suit. These men took all the time they needed or wanted to "develop their argument," to use the words that are so often employed by campaign orators; and when they had done so the debate closed and a vote was taken. It is scarcely different in the Senate today. Debate, to be sure, no longer surges in long combers of eloquence. It presents the surface of a much more choppy sea. I remember one day a Western senator—being incessantly asked to yield for a question or for some hostile interjection into the midst of his speech, which he had plainly prepared with painstaking care—who voiced his opinion of these other customs of other days by exclaiming disgustedly, "Mr. President, debate in the Senate nowadays has degenerated into mere conversation." Nevertheless, in the great majority of cases debate in the Senate continues to be real debate. The offenders against whom outcry is directed but whom nobody has yet chosen to name are few in number—and they are innocuous. At the door of none of them can anyone truthfully lay the blame for the defeat of any measure genuinely beneficial to the country by reason of his misuse of the rules of the Senate.

And the rules of the Senate likewise are equally innocent of such a charge. If I were speaking on what one of my more voluble colleagues likes to term "the hustings," I would use the language of that forum and challenge anyone to point out a measure of real advantage to the country which has ever been defeated or even unduly delayed in its enactment through the operation of the Senate rules. But I am writing for the reflective readers of a great periodical, who constitute the largest cross-section of those who will ultimately pass upon this question; and I desist. But I am willing to say that within my own close observation of the Senate and its modus operandi I have seen more than one disastrous or costly measure prevented from passage simply because its opponents have known how to use the Senate rules. Sometimes—yes, indeed frequently—it is not necessary to use the rules for these good purposes at all. I well remember a senator of high character, great ability and large determination once arising when his colleagues were discussing whether to take up a measure of dubious consequence, and remarking significantly, "It will take some time to dispose of it." The bill was not taken up, and the Treasury was saved a good many million dollars.

The so-called filibusters in the Senate have not been numerous. From the Twenty-seventh Congress, in 1841—when, by the way, Mr. Clay made the first of the nearly one hundred vain efforts which have been made since 1806 to amend the rules—from 1841 to 1917 there have been only nineteen occasions when a real filibuster has taken place in the Senate. The first of these may serve to show that even the giants of the golden days of the Senate were men of like passions as we who now sit in their seats; for they spent more than a week discussing the ousting of some Senate printers. But the main truth remains: None of these filibusters produced real harm to the country—though my partisan sensibilities were greatly outraged by some of the results, notably in the failure of the so-called Force Bill in 1891. To this measure a change in the Senate rules as now proposed will doubtless be as a blast from Gabriel's horn; and it requires no lively imagination to foresee other measures of less and of momentary importance which will be driven through under whip and spur if cloture becomes the rule of the Senate as it is in the House, where I have seen a measure involving scores of millions of annual expenditure for all time to come put through with only forty minutes of debate and the time parceled out by the opposing leaders. The founder of this journal, speaking in the Constitutional Convention, and using words suited to the polite customs of that day, described the Senate as the saucer into which the tea of legislation would be poured for cooling before drinking. This purpose the Senate has served admirably by reason of its rules; and if these rules are now to be changed as demanded I fear that many a hot and scalding draught will be poured down the throat of the country.

### *The Voice of the People*

THIS will surely prove the case if the character of Federal legislation continues as it is now. Time was when debate in the Senate dealt with the Constitution, with the questions leading to its interpretation, with the constructive problems which every new nation must attack, with great questions of general policy, and with the sharp demarcation which marked our public affairs under a well-established two-party system. Now the two-party system is subject to some dilution, to say the least. The introduction of the direct primary and the popular election of senators—devices with which I have no personal quarrel, for they have served me well enough—tend to make senators more attentive to what they think to be the voice of the people than to any sense of party responsibility. Such is the enginery of propaganda and publicity nowadays that it is small wonder if a senator who receives, as many of us do, two hundred telegrams a morning urging him to vote thus or so, begins to think that his state is aflame over some pending legislation and that it behooves him to move properly because each step brings him nearer to the next primary. It is said in that jest which so often carries the true word within it, that one senator, on receipt of over twenty telegrams in one day on the same subject, will think his state already arming itself to march, Coxey-wise, to Washington to enforce its demands. Suppose, since a record vote in the Senate rarely discloses more than eighty senators present, suppose there should be forty more like this man—and cloture in effect! When the advocates of stricter enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment begin to realize what cloture means to them, do not forget that there are organizations which can readily be formed to move under the Fifteenth Amendment also.

The present-day character of Federal legislation is, as I have said, vastly different from the legislation of even a generation ago. Then Congress met, passed the supply bills, indulged in some partisan discussion, sometimes struck out on a new line of policy—like the Interstate Commerce Act, for example—and went home, where its members could be sure of remaining peacefully for at least half of their time. Beginning in 1909 and continuing to 1915, Congress was rarely out of session; and from then till now there have occurred only three of the six long recesses which Congress should have granted to the country. Passing the days of the war, it is safe to say that most of the days of these prolonged sessions were devoted to the discussion of proposals which had for their main object the expenditure of public money for purposes which are, many of them, good in themselves, but which never swam within the ken of the most far-visioned of the founding fathers.

That is to say, the acts of Congress now are proposed and fashioned in accordance with the economic necessities of groups of individuals or groups of states who find a centripetal force in the changing conception of the functions of the Federal Government and who come to Congress to demand those things which, a generation ago, they would

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# THE ROUGH-WATER CAPTAINS

## By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

MY SEA experiences began with my being washed out of my cabin bunk in my uncle's fishing schooner when I was seven years old. In the height of the storm my father carried me the length of the deck to a dry bunk in the foc'sle.

It must have been quite a storm; but the crew took it as a matter of course, and so, in my innocence, I took it as a matter of course. I came ashore from that trip with the clear notion that great waves breaking over a vessel was the regular thing out to sea.

Since then I have made many trips to sea, ranging from 76 degrees north to 54 degrees south. In the fishing line, in addition to many trips with American bankers—Gloucester and Boston vessels both—I tried a German craft in the Baltic, an English steam trawler and an old-time smack in the North Sea; also there were experiences with Lapps and Finns in the Arctic. In other lines I recall cattle ships, battleships and ocean liners; colliers, destroyers and cruisers; army and navy transports; an oil ship, a whaler, a Salvation Army life yawl, a racing yacht, seagoing tugs, submarines and flying boats.

I claim no superior knowledge of seagoing affairs because of them. A man may cruise in a dozen or fifteen different kinds of sail and steam craft, as many a vagabond has, and yet be but a poor maritime authority. What I may fairly claim for myself, granting me average intelligence in the beginning, is that I should by now be able to know a real sailor when I see one in action.

These various fishing trips—excluding my boyish experiences—were spread over a space of more than twenty years. I thoroughly enjoyed them, meeting good men everywhere, with here and there a great one, in steam and sail both; but after all these years, I go back to the fishermen of my boyhood for a supreme standard. In enthusiastic moments I rate these bank fishermen of ours as the greatest sailormen who ever lived. Consider them as they go out regularly in what the rest of the world call small vessels—which they themselves rate as fine, big, able vessels—to wrest a living from most dangerous waters: dangerous not because they are in the deep ocean but because they are in the shoal ocean. The good fishing is in the shoal spots, and where the good fishing is, there they must go; or choose to go, say. Given a well-found craft and open water, and a good crew will pretty nearly live forever: given water inclosed by wicked shoals as the regular scene of operations, and the ablest vessel and crew of men that ever lived will some day be caught and lost.

Take those little schooners, their mastheads quite often no higher than the bridge of some big steamship, with rail so close to the sea that a man can lean over it and trail his fingers in that sea—fleets of such small craft are all the time out on the fishing banks. One of them is caught, say—an ordinary happening—in a gale of wind, with the shoal water under her lee and no thousands of steam power to drive her clear; she has to fight the great wind with the force of the great wind itself, to make use of the wicked power that would smother her to beat that same wicked power—how does she ever come safely out of it?

She does ordinarily come safely through it, and the men who bring her through it have very little to say about it afterward. When they do speak, it is invariably in a most casual way and always among themselves, talking as one man talks with another of the ordinary risks of his calling. High winds and rough seas are all part of the day's work—why make a long story of it?

They are great seamen, all the greater possibly because they do not themselves know how truly great they are. If they were not great seamen, we should not be finding a fleet of them still choosing the rough banks for their fishing.

They are also natural adventurers. Every trip a fisherman makes is an adventure. Most workmen know what they will or will not get in the Saturday pay envelope; but not so a fisherman. He sails out knowing not whether he will come-home sharing enough to make him feel like throwing five-dollar bills to the wind, or whether he will make so little as to have to go in debt for tobacco and oilskins. Also, of course, there is always the danger of never coming back. Men who choose that way of living may be lost, as many of them expect to be lost; but be sure they will never die of fright for thinking of it beforehand.

Our American bank fishermen are practically all sons of fishermen. Only men born to bank fishing seem to be able to muster a heart for it. Given such men to start with, train them in their ceaselessly perilous calling, and a great body of mariners must come of it. The pick of them, the men who rise to be great captains among them, make up a wonderful corps. As a boy I used to think that some of them were pretty good; but I had to go knocking around in a big world and come back home again to know how good they were. As a boy I knew some of these great skippers; that is, through my father and my uncle I knew them, and so was allowed to stand by and listen in to them, which served an incurable boyish ambition to be at close quarters with great heroes. As I grew up I came to know more of them. In yet later years I never heard of a new great one among them that I did not want to sail with him. Usually I did.

Such captains as I write of here will be men with whom I have sailed, and I shall select rough-water experiences because men are more truly tested in rough water. I speak of men who never sought a limelight; who would not know, the most of them, a limelight if they saw one; men of such surpassing seamanship are they that, without growing hysterical, we may properly say that if there is

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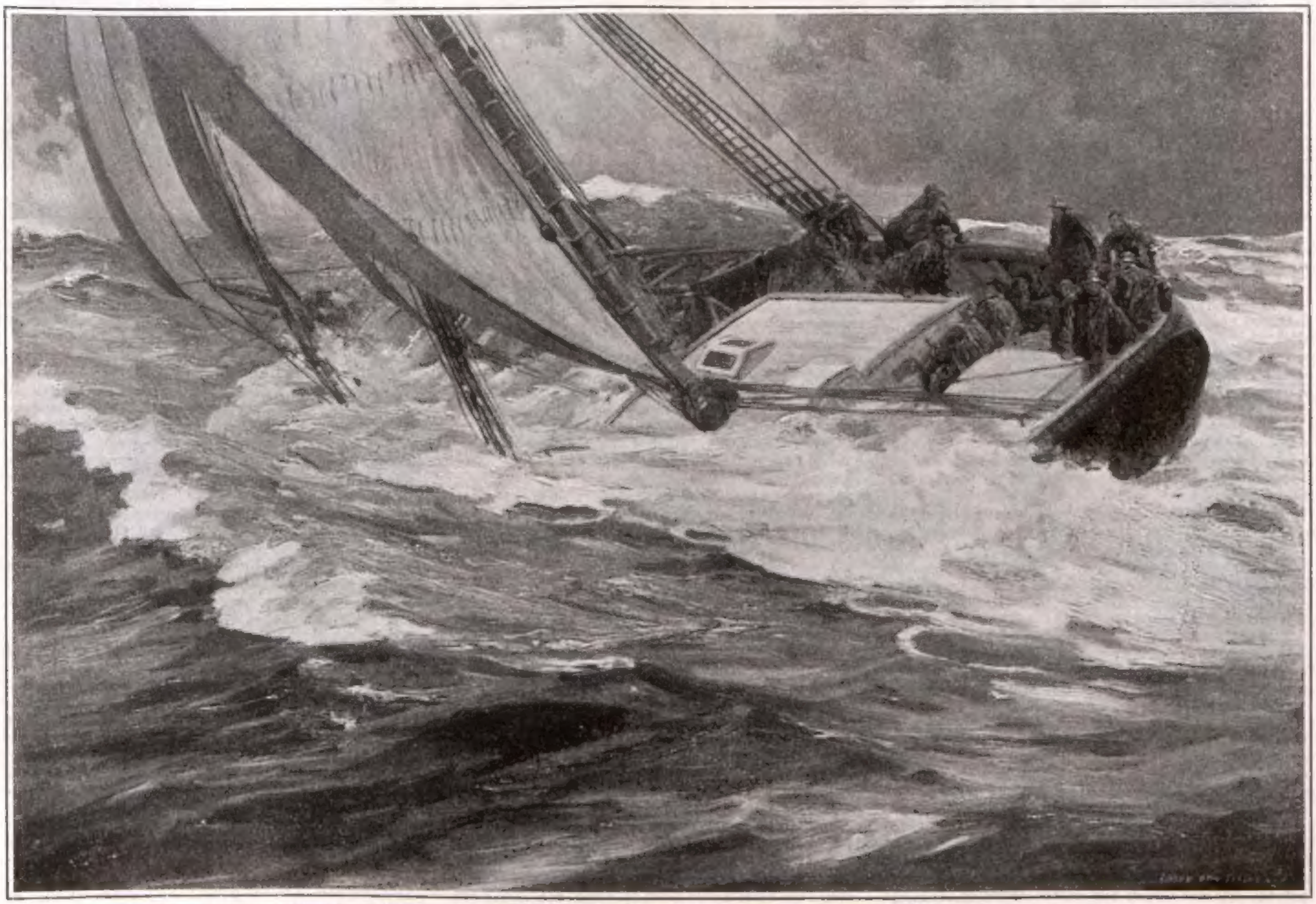

"She's Rollin' Low," Admitted Maurice, "But She'll Roll Lower Yet Before the Salt Comes Off Her"

# WITHOUT THE OPTION

*And Then From the Doorway There Spoke the Most Beautiful Voice I Had Ever Heard in My Life. "Give Me That Cat!"*

## By P. G. Wodehouse

*ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT*

THE evidence was all in. The machinery of the law had worked without a hitch. And the beak, having adjusted a pair of pince-nez which looked as though they were going to do a nose dive any moment, coughed like a pained sheep and slipped us the bad news. "The prisoner, Wooster," he said—and who can paint the shame and agony of Bertram at hearing himself so described?—"will pay a fine of five pounds."

"Oh, rather!" I said. "Absolutely! Like a shot!"

I was dashed glad to get the thing settled at such a reasonable figure. I gazed across what they call the sea of faces till I picked up Jeeves, sitting at the back. Stout fellow, he had come to see the young master through his hour of trial.

"I say, Jeeves," I sang out, "have you got a fiver? I'm a bit short."

"Silence!" bellowed some officious blighter.

"It's all right," I said; "just arranging the financial details. Got the stuff, Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good egg!"

"Are you a friend of the prisoner?" asked the beak.

"I am in Mr. Wooster's employment, Your Worship, in the capacity of gentleman's personal gentleman."

"Then pay the fine to the clerk."

"Very good, Your Worship."

The beak gave a coldish nod in my direction, as much as to say that they might now strike the fetters from my wrists; and having hitched up the pince-nez once more, proceeded to hand poor old Sippy one of the nastiest looks ever seen in Bosher Street Police Court.

"The case of the prisoner Leon Trotzky—which," he said, giving Sippy the eye again, "I am strongly inclined to think an assumed and fictitious name—is more serious. He has been convicted of a wanton and violent assault upon the police. The evidence of the officer has proved that the prisoner struck him in the abdomen, causing severe internal pain, and in other ways interfered with him in the execution of his duties. I am aware that on the night following the annual aquatic contest between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge a certain license is traditionally granted by the authorities, but aggravated acts of ruffianly hooliganism like that of the prisoner Trotzky cannot be overlooked or palliated. He will serve a sentence of thirty days in the Second Division without the option of a fine."

"No, I say—here—hi—dash it all!" protested poor old Sippy.

"Silence!" bellowed the officious blighter.

"Next case," said the beak. And that was that.

The whole affair was most unfortunate. Memory is a trifle blurred; but as far as I can piece together the facts, what happened was more or less this:

Abstemious cove though I am as a general thing, there is one night in the year when, putting all other engagements aside, I am rather apt to let myself go a bit and renew my lost youth, as it were. The night to which I allude is the one following the annual aquatic contest between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; or, putting it another way, Boat-Race Night. Then, if ever, you will see Bertram under the influence. And on this occasion, I freely admit, I had been doing myself rather juicily, with the result that when I ran into old Sippy opposite the Empire I was in quite fairly bonhomous mood. This being so, it cut me to the quick to perceive that Sippy, generally the brightest of revelers, was far from being his usual sunny self. He had the air of a man with a secret sorrow.

"Bertie," he said as we strolled along toward Piccadilly Circus, "the heart bowed down by weight of woe to weakest hope will cling." Sippy is by way of being an author, though mainly dependent for the necessaries of life on subsidies from an old aunt who lives in the country, and his conversation often takes a literary turn. "But the trouble is that I have no hope to cling to, weak or otherwise. I am up against it, Bertie."

"In what way, laddie?"

"I've got to go tomorrow and spend three weeks with some absolutely dud—I will go further—some positively scaly friends of my Aunt Vera. She has fixed the thing up, and may a nephew's curse blister every bulb in her garden."

"Who are these hounds of hell?" I asked.

"Some people named Pringle. I haven't seen them since I was ten, but I remember them at that time striking me as England's premier warts."

"Tough luck. No wonder you've lost your morale."

"The world," said Sippy, "is very gray. How can I shake off this awful depression?"

It was then that I got one of those bright ideas one does get round about 11:30 on Boat-Race Night.

"What you want, old man," I said, "is a policeman's helmet."

"Do I, Bertie?"

"If I were you, I'd just step straight across the street and get that one over there."

"But there's a policeman inside it. You can see him distinctly."

"What does that matter?" I said. I simply couldn't follow his reasoning.

Sippy stood for a moment in thought.

"I believe you're absolutely right," he said at last. "Funny I never thought of it before. You really recommend me to get that helmet?"

"I do, indeed."

"Then I will," said Sippy, brightening up in the most remarkable manner.

So there you have the posish, and you can see why, as I left the dock a free man, remorse gnawed at my vitals.

In his twenty-fifth year, with life opening out before him and all that sort of thing, Oliver Randolph Sipperley had become a jailbird, and it was all my fault. It was I who had dragged that fine spirit down into the mire, so to speak, and the question now arose, What could I do to atone?

Obviously the first move must be to get in touch with Sippy and see if he had any last messages and what not. I pushed about a bit, making inquiries, and presently found myself in a little dark room with whitewashed walls and a wooden bench. Sippy was sitting on the bench with his head in his hands.

"How are you, old lad?" I asked in a hushed, bedside voice.

"I'm a ruined man," said Sippy, looking like a poached egg.

"Oh, come," I said, "it's not so bad as all that. I mean to say, you had the swift intelligence to give a false name. There won't be anything about you in the papers."

"I'm not worrying about the papers. What's bothering me is, how can I go and spend three weeks with the Pringles, starting today, when I've got to sit in a prison cell with a ball and chain on my ankle?"

"But you said you didn't want to go."

"It isn't a question of wanting, fathead. I've got to go If I don't my aunt will find out where I am. And if she finds out that I am doing thirty days, without the option, in the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat—well, where shall I get off?"

I saw his point.

"This is not a thing we can settle for ourselves," I said gravely. "We must put our trust in a higher power. Jeeves is the man we must consult."

And having collected a few of the necessary data, I shook his hand, patted him on the back and tooled off home to Jeeves.

"Jeeves," I said, when I had climbed outside the pick-me-up which he had thoughtfully prepared against my coming, "I've got something to tell you; something important; something that vitally affects one whom you have always regarded with—one whom you have always looked upon—one whom you have—well, to cut a long story short, as I'm not feeling quite myself—Mr. Sipperley."

"Yes, sir?"

"Jeeves, Mr. Souperley is in the sip."

"Sir?"

"I mean, Mr. Sipperley is in the soup."

"Indeed, sir?"

"And all owing to me. It was I who, in a moment of mistaken kindness, wishing only to cheer him up and give him something to occupy his mind, recommended him to pinch that policeman's helmet."

"Is that so, sir?"

"Do you mind not intoning the responses, Jeeves?" I said. "This is a most complicated story for a man with a headache to have to tell, and if you interrupt you'll make me lose the thread. As a favor to me, therefore, don't do it. Just nod every now and then to show that you're following me."

I closed my eyes and marshaled the facts.

"To start with then Jeeves, you may or may not know that Mr. Sipperley is practically dependent on his Aunt Vera."

"Would that be Miss Sipperley of the Paddock, Beckley-on-the-Moor, in Yorkshire, sir?"

"Yes. Don't tell me you know her!"

"Not personally, sir. But I have a cousin residing in the village who has some slight acquaintance with Miss Sipperley. He has described her to me as an imperious and quick-tempered old lady. . . . But I beg your pardon, sir, I should have nodded."

"Quite right, you should have nodded. Yes, Jeeves, you should have nodded. But it's too late now."

I nodded myself. I hadn't had my eight hours the night before, and what you might call a lethargy was showing a tendency to steal over me from time to time.

"Yes, sir?" said Jeeves.

"Oh—ah—yes," I said, giving myself a bit of a hitch up. "Where had I got to?"

"You were saying that Mr. Sipperley is practically dependent upon Miss Sipperley, sir."

"Was I?"

"You were, sir."

"You're perfectly right; so I was. Well, then, you can readily understand, Jeeves, that he has got to take jolly good care to keep in with her. You get that?"

Jeeves nodded.

"Now mark this closely: The other day she wrote to old Sippy, telling him to come down and sing at her village concert. It was equivalent to a royal command, if you see what I mean, so Sippy couldn't refuse in so many words. But he had sung at her village concert once before and had got the bird in no uncertain manner, so he wasn't playing any return dates. You follow so far, Jeeves?"

Jeeves nodded.

"So what did he do, Jeeves? He did what seemed to him at the moment a rather brainy thing. He told her that, though he would have been delighted to sing at her village concert, by a most unfortunate chance an editor had commissioned him to write a series of articles on the colleges of Cambridge and he was obliged to pop down there at once and would be away for quite three weeks. All clear up to now?"

Jeeves inclined the coconut.

"Whereupon, Jeeves, Miss Sipperley wrote back, saying that she quite realized that work must come before pleasure—pleasure being her loose way of describing the act of singing songs at the Beckley-on-the-Moor concert and getting the laugh from the local toughs; but that, if he was going to Cambridge, he must certainly stay with her friends, the Pringles, at their house just outside the town. And she dropped them a line telling them to expect him on the twenty-eighth, and they dropped another line saying right-ho, and the thing was settled. And now Mr. Sipperley is in the jug, and what will be the ultimate outcome or upshot? Jeeves, it is a problem worthy of your great intellect. I rely on you."

"I will do my best to justify your confidence, sir"

"Carry on then. And meanwhile pull down the blinds and bring a couple more cushions and heave that small chair this way so that I can put my feet up, and then go away and brood and let me hear from you in—say, a couple

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*A Sharp Yowl Rent the Air, Followed by an Indignant Cry, and I Turned to See Aunt Jane, on All Fours*

# THE WINTER KILL

## By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"You Just Want Everything That's Been Said Between Us to be Unsaid Again?"

ANDY LINCOURT, his body balanced in the yellow punt knocking against the spiles of the footbridge, looked up at Gertie Roman. She, leaning on that crooked rail, looked down at him, smiled and beat her lashes together once or twice. Queer how like her father she was in some respects. Yet it couldn't be that she was reminiscent of him physically. She was a beautiful woman, and judicious. These adjectives would not apply to Jimmy Roman. It might be that this imperviousness of hers to cold was what had suggested the comparison.

In fact, she must be made of iron, living here at the bridge house clear into January. The cove was rifted with pounded and crystallized brine, offscouring of a persistent southeast sea. Against this the harbor water showed like ink.

"Snowing again on top of everything," he remarked, dropping tools one by one into a hand-sewed canvas bag. He took the painter of the little skiff through a big icy ring at the float's iron-bound corner and looked at the grim sky.

"I hope you don't mind a little snow," Gertie Roman answered. "Dread of winter is a sign of age, they say."

"You are going to tell me that you welcome it then," said Andy.

"What—age?"

"No, winter."

"I'm not likely to winter kill," said Gertie. "You look cold though. Come in and have a cup of tea."

She was asking him in. He had been right then in surmising that she knew nothing of the enmity between Jimmy Roman and himself. Captain Roman was not a conversationalist, least of all with the women of his household. He usually, when he was home, sat in the kitchen in his stocking feet, drinking sour Italian wine and Cuban rum, and making rasping noises in his throat.

Andy, not waiting for a second invitation, went into the little yellow house. Old Mrs. Waite, sitting in the dining room, looked up severely from her knitting.

"Have a walnut," Gertie cried, whirling past him into the kitchen.

He sank his hand into the blue-nubbled dish and cracked a walnut. It was hollow, it chanced. He cracked another. With the third, hollow like the two others, Gertie's shriek of laughter filled the whole house. He took up another walnut and inspected it. It was empty, and glued together.

"Some people's idea of humor," muttered old Mrs. Waite.

"I know her of old," Mr. Lincourt stated.

That was true. He did know her of old, and rather better than he knew her of late actually.

This was true to such a degree that he had been agreeably surprised to hear himself called Andy in those dulcet tones. In grammar school they had sat side by side for singing lessons. Once when he did not sing she had informed against him.

He pondered that, looking over the frost peak on the window. On that windy height over the Huddle the storm signals were set. He dropped his eyes. Gertie Roman, the kitchen doorway framing her, was on her knees, taking ashes out from under the grate. The glow from the under side of the fire touched her face.

"Let me spell you," he said.

The act of taking ashes out of a stove would not ordinarily have nonplused him in the least; but his offer was ill-timed. As he stooped, Gertie straightened. Her shoulder grazed his ribs and rather took the wind out of him.

"She forelaid for that," he thought to himself.

"Poor Mr. Lincourt," she cried. "Please, please excuse me. I'm always falling over people."

"Don't think twice about it," he said. He shook the grate vigorously.

"Last night," she continued, perfectly composed, "I stubbed my toe into that villain of a chest at the foot of my bed, though I knew perfectly well it was there, and just where it was in relation to the other articles of furniture. I do think awkwardness in a girl is simply detestable. It's different with a man. He's expected to be awkward."

"They call me Catastrophe Andy," murmured Mr. Lincourt.

"I know about some of your disasters," she murmured in return. She had one hand on her hip and her long fingers drummed there. "You were torpedoed, weren't you?"

"Three times. Not to mention two shipwrecks in the merchant marine. I'm in hot water all the time, seems's if."

Sipping at the tea she gave him, he glanced at a crayon portrait of Jimmy Roman leaning out from the wall in a massive gilt frame. That bleak eye fixed him with its lidded iron stare as if asking him what his business was with Gertie Roman.

"Expect your father back soon?" he inquired.

"I expect him when I see him," said the girl.

"I look for him any day now," Mrs. Waite announced, widening her eyes significantly.

Out of the house, Andy felt queer-headed, like a man who had had a drop too much to drink. He couldn't very well attribute this sensation to the tea. It must be that he had sat there drinking up that girl—yes, drinking himself secretly drunk. Andy! Andy! She came after him on the wind that was springing up, crying that name into his ear affectionately. He stopped in his tracks. It was like listening to music, but he could not forget that Jimmy Roman was lurking in the background.

Andy's half brother, Harry Cooper, was out of work through something Roman had dropped out against him last time ashore, and Andy was doing odd jobs to keep heat and victuals in that dismal house. He thought now of poor Harry's apprehensive eyes, his twisted body, his snappish wife and four children; and his blood boiled against Roman and the cowardly malice that would strike at such a weakling—and for nothing. What had the Lincourts ever done to warrant such enmity?

"I'll keep clear of that Roman tribe," he decided.

He kept clear by taking Gertie Roman to a dance. In the midst of those gay doings Gertie squeezed his hand to draw his attention.

"I want you to look at Aunt Katy in the balcony."

"Why should I do anything so foolish?"

"Look, I tell you! Isn't she a scream? It's too perfectly killing how she undertakes to be responsible for me. She watches my least move."

"She isn't alone in that," Andy whispered.

The next night, having finished his job on the town side of the footbridge, he was vaulting the rail, when he saw Aunt Katy teetering over the icy planks. She hitched along in a pair of men's rubbers, and no wrap about her body, but a thick knit wool scarf about her head. She believed in keeping her brain warm, Gertie had whispered to him. It was the brain that did the complaining, not the body; and therefore the brain should be wrapped. She put out a bony finger to his sleeve.

"I know your game," she said. "You're coming out there tonight to read that Latin book with her, pretending you've gone back to second childhood. Don't I know what study after school is, huddled up together on a sofa?"

Her black eyes drilled him.

"Put it down to improvement in my education," he grinned, and knocked the heavy spanner in his hand against the rail back of him.

"Don't you improve your education at the expense of what few brains you were lucky enough to be born with," stormed Mrs. Waite. "Why don't you go on back to sea?"

"That's asking me to take a licking."

"Don't I wish only I was big enough to give it to you, and had the strap ready in my hand!" the little lady hissed.

"There's only wreck and ruin on the sea," the man said more seriously. "It's the winter kill."

"Wreck and ruin—that's your portion," the old lady whimpered with a cruel look. "Haven't you put your finger on it though? You, to try your winter killings on that poor unsuspecting girl! You're just a bunch of trouble-ment. It's in your blood to be misfortunate."

"Maybe you tell me this from Gertie," he advanced.

"Let me see anybody undertake to put me up to anything! That girl's an oddity. The nerve of her, telling you barefaced what it was she stubbed her toe over in the dark. A chest, didn't she say? Well, it was that chest of camphorwood Jimmy brought her from India, and she's got it crammed with hand-stitched sheets and pillowcases."

"No!"

"Yes. Smug as she looks, I guess she's one of the susceptibles."

He saw through this. The old lady meant to frighten him by suggesting that Gertie Roman had him in the toils. In fact, he was willing enough, only too willing, to play into that young woman's hand. His dark eyes betrayed appalling interest. The cold spanner hung frosted to the flesh of his bare hand.

"I know you," the old lady hurried on. "I remember the day you were born as if it was yesterday. You only weighed three pounds and I forget how many ounces. You weren't wanted, I can tell you that. I leaned into the basket where they had you, and I thought, 'What a mercy if the poor thing could be taken now, before its troubles begin!' That was my identical thought, and at that time I could have stopped your breath with one finger, like the clock on the table."

"Stop it now, Aunt Katy. Stop it now."

He grinned and bent down toward her.

"Is it such a joke as all that?" cried Mrs. Waite, gathering her powers. "Make light of it if you can. You keep away from Gertie Roman. Don't you let history repeat itself. It was your father that ran off with Jimmy Roman's wife. Took French leave. You didn't know that maybe. Sometimes the parties chiefly interested don't."

The big man stood transfixed, shot through and through.

"You say—Gertie doesn't know this either?"

"Draw your own conclusions," Mrs. Waite snapped.

It had been a week since he had seen Gertie Roman, and now he stood outside her door again. Instead of knocking, he stared at the blistered blue-and-yellow panels. His indecision produced a sort of tide rip in his brain, as if one tide were crawling over the back of another.

He was helped out by the door's opening, of itself, he might have thought; but at once he saw Gertie Roman standing there. Her eyes held a strange friendly brilliance. Her smile was needed to let him into the secret of her heart, since words could not embody anything so rich and fine

"Eavesdropper!" she cried. "Not that you would have heard anything but good of yourself in this house—that is, as long as Jimmy Roman isn't in it."

He had followed her like a sleepwalker and sunk into the patent rocker with its strip of carpet for a seat.

"You think—he might not be too glad to see me round?"

"If he can't stomach friends of mine, he knows what he can do," the girl said, in her capacity of independent woman. "But, candidly, it does make him furious, seeing a man on the premises. It's perfectly incomprehensible to him that any man could be a friend of mine or—well, appeal to me in any way."

"It's a father feeling, I suppose," said Mr. Lincourt.

"Maybe so. At times it's inconvenient, I know that much. We've heard from him, by the way. He's coming in tomorrow night after another load of paving stone."

Paving stone. Andy felt as if the paving stone had been unloaded down his gullet, as if his diaphragm came up against it with each difficult breath.

"He may know best," he muttered indistinctly. "About young men being on the premises, I mean."

"I suppose men are the best judges of what is suitable for women?"

"In cases of this kind, oftentimes. Yes, women are liable to make mistakes."

"Are they, Mr. Knowledgeable? They do it with their eyes open then," Gertie said, bringing her head under the lamp. Her own eyes had a clear valiant light. She at least knew her own mind. She made him feel like a clod. She tapped the tips of her fingers against the green porcelain lamp shade.

"Still," he said, "there must be women that are not so loon-foolish as not to see, in certain cases, which side their bread is buttered on. You take for example, no woman would shoulder catastrophe in a shape like—we'll say, like your humble servant."

Andy felt as if a mysterious compression had been set up about them, and as if the drift of this language, deliberate as it seemed, was only the smooth flow above a cataract. His tongue was too big for his mouth. Jimmy Roman's portrait looked all ears.

"Ask the woman."

Gertie had retreated physically into a little patch of shadow underneath the bracket lamp. But her words slipped into place like clever bolts, barring the way out. Andy's eyes did not get higher than the yellowed keys of the old walnut organ backed against the south wall of the room.

"The man might be afraid."

"I see him. I see him being afraid."

*(Continued on Page 100)*

*"Don't You See?" The Press*

# PEOPLE AGAINST HYLEBUT

## By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Q.: What woke you up, Mr. Hanchett?

A.: No answer.

Q.: Did you hear any strange noise, such as a loud cry or somebody running or a pistol shot?

A.: No I don't think so No, I didn't No, I didn't hear anything. I just woke up I sat up in bed. I mean, I was sitting up in bed

*Grand-Jury Minutes, People v. Hylebut.*

MR. HARRY LORNE HANCHETT was sitting up in bed He was thoroughly awake, as wakeful as ever at midday, and yet the hour was one o'clock in the morning and he had been but an instant before soundly asleep. Whatever had whisked him up from the depths of youthful slumber, and had seated him bolt upright in his three-quarter bed, had departed without trace. He felt for his watch on the chair, put his other hand behind his shoulder and pulled the chain of the reading light. The light did not answer. He turned the globe testingly, and then got out of bed and tried unsuccessfully to turn on the light before his dressing table. He went to the door, opened it and pushed the button for the hall light—again without avail.

"The fuse," he murmured, yawning now.

He saw no light in the hallway of the floor above; he guessed that the cook or waitress up there had tried to use a defective curling iron or some such electric toy, and had blown the fuse in the cellar. The precipitator of the disaster to the house's lighting system had evidently stepped back into bed, setting to Harry Hanchett an example that he, wandering in impenetrable darkness, was now minded to follow.

A faint light came from his father's room at the other end of the hallway; his father's door was open, and the open windows beyond looked down on still and lamplit West End Avenue. The house was still, still as death. Now a motor car, a taxicab with a homewardbound fare, rushed invisibly along West End Avenue, coming with a mounting noise, violating the staid quiet with bluster, receding. Harry leaned on the stair rail and looked down into the black gulf that was the lower floors of the house. But he felt at once a sense of indecorousness; moving stealthily to avoid disturbing his father, he resented the effect of prowling. He had turned toward his room when he heard whispering voices from below.

No one was rightfully down there; no one but the housemaid, who slept in a den off the kitchen in the basement. He started downstairs, remembering where the spare fuses were kept. The stair was carpeted over pads and his footfalls were without noise. He passed through the foyer between the library and the drawing-room, and then he saw two human figures outlined against the glass pane of the street door.

"Who's that?" he called in a suppressed voice.

"Who—who's that?" asked one of the two figures whisperingly. "Is that Harry?"

Harry recognized the voice as that of his father's secretary, Lester Donkard.

"Is that you, Lester?"

"Sh-h! Come here, Harry." Harry went to the two. The other one proved to be the housemaid. Donkard caught Harry's arm and drew him close. "Somebody broke into the house! Look—look at this! He forced the door with this. Look at the door! I heard it upstairs, and I came down. Did you hear it? Did you hear anything?"

"Something woke me up," said Harry, looking at the object barely discernible in Donkard's hands. Donkard turned on a flash light so that Harry might see better, and switched the beam of light from the object to the forced door. The object was a bar of iron about eighteen inches long, turned down at the ends. This thing was later identified as a tool in common use by carpenters and house wreckers and known as a dog. The door had been forced; it was open, the wood of the jamb was chewed and the bolt was still shot.

*Harry's Mouth Opened and His Eyes Took on a Pitiful Stare*

"She heard him going down into the cellar, where he must have pulled the fuse before going to work," whispered Donkard. "Didn't you, Maisie? Did you hear him coming up or going down? Do you think he's in the cellar?"

"Yes-yes," chattered the servant.

"I was just going up to get you, Harry," said Donkard, "when we noticed the door. Maisie wouldn't stay downstairs. We don't need your father, do we?"

"We'd better call the police," said Harry. "The fellow's probably frightened off. We don't need to rouse father."

The circumstance that he had had a rather hectic quarrel with his father decided him. The disagreement and the interchange of flashing words had been occasioned by very little—by nothing, as Harry saw it. His father was a bad-tempered old gentleman, quick to rage, terrorizing his household. Harry's dead mother had been a pathetic figure in her last years, spiritless, placating, drawing flame from her husband by her attitude of expectation. Harry, his mother's child in his ordinary demeanor, and yet with something of his father's bitterness when harried too far, had been verging on an irremediable quarrel with his parent of late. There was probably something pathological about old Hanchett's explosions of rage, something more than allowable petulance or irritability. The Hanchett family history was the subject of medical inquiry in the course of the events ensuing on this night. So Harry, timid, deprecating, knowing that his father was then in a sullen spell and knowing that such spells were commonly followed by days of blandness, was unwilling to disturb him now and to invite him to the anxious inspection of what might prove a mare's-nest

"Let him sleep," he said robustly.

"The lights may be working on the other circuit," whispered Donkard, waving a hand toward the shut door of the library. "And this fellow who broke the door must have been looking for ——"

"The safe!"

"Sh-h-h! I'll go in and see if it's all right before we go into the cellar to fix the lights. Or had we better call the police before going down there? Well, the telephone's in the library. Go upstairs, Maisie. Get out of the way."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Hanchett. I'm afraid to go near it. No, I'm afraid."

"Go upstairs, Maisie," said Harry to the girl.

She had cowered against him. She refused to leave him, and he walked with her to the foyer, when she darted around the newel post with a stifled scream and fled up the stairs.

"Wait by the door, Harry," said Donkard, whose courage was evidently rising. "Here, take the revolver and stand here by the door. He may try to go out by the way he came in, if he's still in the house. Don't hesitate to shoot—those fellows don't stop at murder. I'll go into the library through the drawing-room and music room and call the station house"

He left Harry by the street door, crouching in an angle of the wall, and noiselessly opened the door to the drawing-room, which was in the front of the dwelling. He held his iron bar poised for a blow; he stabbed the blackness ahead of him with intermittent flashes of light, holding the flash light off to the side so that he might not reveal his position to a lurking thug. He vanished at once, and Harry, with weapon presented, strained to see the library door and the stairhead in the foyer. Donkard did not pass through the foyer, but through the music room connecting the front and rear chambers.

Harry heard a muffled cry from the hidden rooms, and then the noise of the folding door from the library being hurled violently back. The library was faintly illuminated. It had been designed for use as an upstairs dining room and behind it was a butler's pantry, with a stairs leading down to the kitchen, and a gaslight was whistling and burning blue in this butler's pantry; and by this fitful radiance Harry saw that someone was advancing on him along the hall. He was nervous at all times, and now his responses hung on a hair trigger.

"Stop!" he called. "Stop, or ——"

His intended utterance was blotted out in an unbearable volume of sound. The darkness before him had been split by a darting flame; he said later that he heard glass falling. The advancing man had fired on him immediately following his outcry, and automatically Harry pressed the trigger.

He remained pressed against the wall. He heard stumbling feet in the gloom before him, and was braced to withstand an assault, when the sound of a falling body came from the library.

"He's shot!" called Donkard. "He's here on the floor. Stay on the door, Harry, in case there are others. This light doesn't work either. I'm going down into the cellar to put in a fuse so we can see. Give me the pistol."

"Is he —— Did you call the police?"

"I forgot. I'll call them now. No, you go in and call them. No, you wait right here. Wait there in the drawing-room. Don't get excited now, Harry. Give me the pistol. We have to have light; we have to have light. We'll be shooting each other next. Wait here—no, wait in there"

Donkard was on the ragged edge of hysteria. He ran to the head of the basement stairs, turned about and went into the library. Harry saw the flare of his flash light He came slowly back to Harry, putting out hands toward him in a gesture of entreaty.

"Harry!" he said. "Harry!"

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

"Keep cool now, Harry. Don't fly off the handle. It was an accident. I saw it, Harry. He must have come up the back stairs, looking for somebody in the house. He must have heard me in the drawing-room, and he ran out thinking to cut me off at the door. He's dead. I think he's dead. You killed him, Harry. But they can't do anything to you. It was an accident. Here's the pistol. You better have it; you shot him, but I saw how it all happened. Take it, Harry. I'm going down to turn on the lights. Keep out of there, Harry, until the doctor comes." And this time he bolted downstairs.

Doors had opened in the upper regions of the house; women were weeping and screaming up there. One of the servants was crying for help from an upper window. And then lights flashed into being in the narrow stair halls. The library was brightly lit.

Through the library doorway Harry saw a man lying on the floor; the man's head rested against the undershelf of the center table, and his body was awry, as if the man had been lifted and flung. The man was not dressed for the street; nor, it would seem, for housebreaking. He wore a sort of flowing robe; it looked like a dressing gown that Harry had seen before. And—and – Harry's mouth opened and his eyes took on a pitiful stare. He walked toward the doorway beyond which lay this nightmarish object, going toward the library as though drawn along. A dreadful fear was closing its slow and relentless hand on his heart.

*II*

THE physician rose from his knees, his lips forming a soundless whistle.

"He's gone," he said.

"Dead?" said Donkard, uttering the word with violence.

The physician nodded.

"It's Mr. Hanchett, isn't it? How did it happen? Did I hear you say Mr. Hanchett shot himself?"

"A housebreaker," said Donkard. "I didn't say that."

"I can't do anything for him, in any event," said the physician briskly. "I suppose you've sent for the police? You may give them my name. This is terrible, Mr. Hanchett. I'm sorry I can't do anything."

Donkard put his finger to his lips, telling the physician to be silent, and ushered him from the library.

Harry Hanchett was sitting in a chair by the window. He sat straight and motionless; he had not moved a muscle for several minutes. On his narrow face, imprinted there as though by reflection from the countenance of the dead man, was that expression of weariness—not at all grotesque or horrible—that one sees almost invariably on the faces of men who have died by violence. It is the last gesture of the departing spirit, and it is the expression of living despair.

"I said the burglar did it," said Donkard, returning and pulling a chair close.

"Why did you say that?" said Harry listlessly. "I did it, Lester."

"It will be better," said Donkard strongly. "Let me manage this, Harry. You've gone all to pieces. I'm calling the police at once, and we must agree on a story."

He looked solicitously at Harry, and then he jumped up and hurried to a cabinet and returned with a decanter of brandy.

"Here, take this down," he said, pouring out a stiff drink and pressing the glass to Harry's lips. "I tell you to drink it! You need it. Something will happen to you if you don't wake up. There!"

He poured the small glass full for himself in turn and tossed it off.

"It was an accident," he said, "a hideous accident, and we can explain how it happened in time; but we'd better be silent about it tonight. Do you know what will happen if we tell the truth now?

"In the first place, you'll be put under arrest at once. The police can't do anything else, although you'll be assured it is merely a matter of form. You'll be taken to the station house in a police patrol. If a magistrate can be found at this hour of the night you will be taken before him. He'll hold you beyond a doubt, even if you're foolish enough to submit to an examination without counsel, and you'll lie in a cell overnight. I'll get you out in the morning of course; but meanwhile there's a good news story on the police blotter; and can't you see what the yellow newspapers will do with it?

"Can't you see the reporters flocking here, questioning the servants, bribing the tradesmen, prying and smelling about and hunting for something to exploit? What kind of damnable insinuations will they base on your trifling disagreements with your father?

"They'll misrepresent and distort everything in their search for a sensation. And will you ever in your life succeed in dispelling the atmosphere of doubt and suspicion with which they will surround you? Positively not. Even if you were put on trial for your life, you wouldn't succeed in freeing yourself of it.

"Consider the attitude of the police, eager to lay hold of a culprit. Consider the district attorney, building his reputation on convictions. Consider the newspapers, absolutely callous. Consider the attitude of the world, prone to believe the worst. Frankly, Harry, I'd rather have nothing to do with this thing. There's nothing to be gained by publicity, and we'd better kill this thing right here."

"But I shot him," said Harry in a dead voice.

"No," said Donkard fiercely; "we were downstairs when he was killed in a revolver duel with the burglar. He must have been drawn down from his room by hearing the burglar leaving. The girl Maisie doesn't know anything about it. I met her here in the hall; she had run up because she had heard someone moving about down there We know now that it was the old gentleman going down to fix the lights; perhaps he'd been reading in bed. He came up the rear stairs, saw the safe open, heard me moving in the drawing-room and rushed out to capture an escaping housebreaker. We'll go ourselves to the district attorney tomorrow, if we think it wise after reflection, and explain the whole thing."

"I don't care, Lester," said Harry. "They can arrest me. I don't care what they do or what you do. Don't talk to me."

"I won't have it!" exclaimed Donkard. "I won't have you dragged through this thing."

He went to the wall safe. The oil painting that had hung before it had been thrust aside and the steel door was ajar.

"The person who broke in here must be a high-class crook," he said. "And he knew very well what he wanted, and where it was: there are two hundred thousand dollars in negotiable bonds here. I do believe he was frightened off in the nick of time; not a blessed thing is missing! That will look bad though. We'd better give the police something to work on, something to keep them harmlessly busy. Here, take these thousand-dollar bonds of Seaboard Light and Power; there are thirty-four of them there. Put them away somewhere for the time being and we'll say they're missing; I'd rather have you do it and take care of them, since they're yours now. Take them; keep them

*(Continued on Page 145)*

# The Cowboy and His Songs

## By WILL C. BARNES

Husha-by, dogies, quit driftin' around
I'm sleepy and tired an' my pony is too.
Lie down and rest quiet; don't leave this bed ground,
An' hark to the song I'm a-singin' to you.
Husha-by, dogies, nice fat little dogies;
Keep chawin' your cuds an' stop driftin' around.

CHORUS

Driftin' around, just driftin' around;
Keep chawin' your cuds, dogies, an' stop driftin' around.

*The Boys at the Old Headquarters of the Aztec Cattle Company, 1885*

MUCH has been written as to cowboy songs and the custom of singing to the cattle at night when on guard over the herd. It has been generally assumed that these musical efforts were meant to soothe the cattle with their sweet sounds. Far be it from me to discount the effect of music, no matter how crude or refined, upon a range cow's nerves. However, some thirty-odd years of cowboy life—some of them mighty odd at that—have taught me to believe that the music has nothing to do with it. And if not the music, it certainly was not what theatrical and musical critics designate as the lyrics, which ran all the way from sacred hymns to some of the commonest doggerel imaginable. The simple fact is that no animals are more readily alarmed at night, when in a mass, than the average range cattle. Let one's pony step on a small twig and break it with a sharp snap; or a wandering hoot owl, with raucous call, swoop down above the herd—whi-a-a-a-sh! Off they go, horns clashing, hocks rattling and heavy clouds of dust rising from their flying feet.

When I was riding one dark night with another man around some twelve hundred head of fine fat steers, my companion sneezed. Now that boy's sneeze was notorious all over that range. It was a cross between the sharp yip-yip of a lone coyote and the shriek of a pair of unlined auto brakes. Every animal was lying down fast asleep. Ten seconds later they were "traveling yonderly," as the boy, the next morning, described their departure. We eventually held them up ten miles from camp.

### *Troubadours of the Range*

HORSES under the saddle for long hours are prone to shake themselves. No end of stampedes have had their origin because some tired cow pony, carrying a sleepy rider round the herd, gave himself a grand shake. A big cowboy saddle—with huge flappy tapaderos, a rope at the horn, thirty-inch leather skirts and a pair of saddle pockets hanging on each side—can, when properly shaken, kick up a noise fully equal to that produced by a tornado tearing off an old tin roof.

Not infrequently the rider lost his balance with this sudden upheaval underneath him and found himself sprawled flat on his back on the ground, his pony gone with the frightened cattle into the darkness and adding speed to their flying feet—the man trying hard to figure out how it all had happened. Therefore on a dark night any sudden or unusual sound is very likely to promote a stampede in a herd of range cattle; and by singing, the cowboys on guard merely furnish a cover to such noises—a counter-irritant, as it were.

Nearly every writer on this subject of cowboy songs has endeavored to cast over the musical efforts of these fast disappearing but picturesque cow persons a sort of halo, sometimes sentimental, often religious, and again fairly worldly in its make-up. They love to assume that cowboy music and verse are native products that sprouted from the plains like the grass the cows fed upon. They ascribe to him and his kind virtues and sentiments peculiar only to the wearers of six-quart hats, hair pants and high-heeled boots.

To be honest about it, no such situation ever existed. The songs the cowboy sang were those he picked up from all sorts of sources—mainly saloons, barber shops, cheap shows and others of his kind. In almost every outfit I ever worked with there was some one man who was the troubadour of the bunch. He generally had a clear musical voice, a lively imagination and a very retentive memory. Several I can recall when given a worthwhile suggestion could make up almost unlimited yards of doggerel to fit almost any subject or incident.

For the greater part, the favorite songs in cowboy camps or around a herd at night were written by men who probably never knew of a cowboy or saw a round-up. The words of many of these songs were changed to suit their new environment. Lorena, Sweet Belle Mahone, Juanita, Old Folks at Home, Annie Laurie, Father, Come Home; Nellie Gray, were prime favorites, but often with several new verses added by some local poet. Nearly always the original words were manhandled in a most brazen, reckless manner.

Some writers on this subject have claimed to find a deep religious feeling in many of these songs of the round-up camps, but ninety per cent of such songs show a decided lack of any religious element.

Prof. John Lomax, of the University of Texas, who has delved into the history of cowboy songs and done much to preserve them, is sure he can detect in them a genuine cowboy music. My own experience of many years of active life on the cow ranges of the Southwest, beginning in 1880, backed by a fairly good musical education hammered into me before I took to the open range, does not lead me to the same conclusion.

There were, of course, a large number of such songs of purely local origin written by cowboy poets whose thoughts found expression in jingles and rimes. They were fitted to the music of old-time ballads by their authors and are found in every collection of cowboy songs. I would not, however, call them distinctive or particularly original in any way.

On the other hand, all the best, most widely known of the range songs came to the West—or at least found their way into the range country—from far-distant sources. Some of the very best so-called cowboy poetry in existence has been written by college men who knew little or nothing of the real life and work of the ranges. They were clever writers of clever verse who imitated the cowboy songs and verses as successfully as actors do when they are cast to represent or characterize a person they never knew or saw. Owen Wister, for instance, was never a cowboy in any sense. Yet his Virginian will always be considered as a classic in its pictures of the range country in the Northwest. Some of George Pattullo's earlier stories of the Southwestern cow country are unusually well told, and ring true; yet at that time he was a tenderfoot just out of an Eastern school and with a very limited experience on the cattle ranges.

*Will C. Barnes, From a Photograph Taken at Prescott, Arizona, August, 1885*

### *Tenting Tonight, With Variations*

MANY of the older songs unquestionably came into the West with the veterans of the Civil War. They had sung them in their camps and bivouacs, and as thousands of these men drifted West right after the war, they carried their songs with them. One such veteran I well recall. He came from Boston, and the one song he had learned in the army was Tenting on the Old Camp Ground. A few seasons on the Southwest ranges, however, and his war song had been changed to suit his new occupation. I can hear him now, jogging around a herd of steers in Northern Arizona on a dark night, singing away at the top of his fairly musical voice. He had the old tune all right, but the words badly mixed with local color:

*I'm a-ridin' tonight round this damn bed ground;*
*Ridin' on a sore-backed hoss.*
*An' I don't care a cuss what happens to the cows,*
*For I'm gitten forty dollars an' found.*
*Forty a month an' chuck-wagon grub,*
*Forty a month an' found.*
*Oh, think of the joys of a cowboy's life*
*While you're ridin' round the old bed ground.*

Then there was the Hoosier Kid. He came from Muncie, Indiana. Nobody in the outfit but the wagon boss, who kept his time, knew his real name. His folks, he told us, came to Indiana from Arkansas, which, as one puncher remarked, "was enough to hang the Injun sign on

anybody." His one and only song was the old hymn which he declared he had learned at Sunday school as a little boy—I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger. Night after night he rode around the herd, singing this old-time hymn in a voice that lacked every necessary musical quality. There were three verses, and he would sing them over and over again. Is it singular that he was known as the Pilgrim?

*I'm a pilgrim an' I'm a stranger;*
*I kin tarry, I kin tarry but a night.*
*Do not detain me, for I'm a-goin'*
*To where them streamlets air ever a-flowin',*
*I'm a pilgrim an' I'm a stranger,*
*I kin tarry, I kin tarry but a night.*

We tried hard to teach the Hoosier Kid the well known Texas Ranger song, which told, in a multitude of verses, of the doings of one Sam Bass, himself a Hoosier, which opened up in this style:

*Sam Bass was born in Indianer; it were his native home,*
*And at the age of seventeen young Sam began to roam.*

Cowboys Branding a Calf

*He first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be,*
*An' a kinder-hearted feller you'd seldom ever see.*

Sam was a wild one even in those early days, for, according to the song—

*Sam used to deal in race stock, one called the Denton mare.*
*He matched her in scrub races an' took her to the fair.*
*He used to coin the money; he spent it just as free.*
*Sam always drank good whisky wherever he might be.*

Sam then went to the Black Hills with a herd of cattle, where he—

*Sold out in Custer City an' then went on a spree.*
*A harder set of cowboys you'd seldom ever see.*

The Northwest, however, didn't seem to suit the Indiana puncher; and after robbing a Union Pacific train, he went South, where he found things more to his liking.

*Sam made it back to Texas all right side up with care;*
*Rode into the town of Denton, an' all his friends were there.*
*His life was short in Texas; three train robberies did he do.*
*He robbed the mail an' express cars an' all the passengers too.*

But Sam had help on these jobs, for the song tells us that—

*Sam had four brave companions, each one a reckless lad—*
*Richardson, Jackson, Joe Collins and one they called Old Dad.*
*Four more bold and daring cowboys the ranges never knew;*
*They whipped the Texas Rangers and ran the boys in blue.*

### The Odyssey of Sam Bass

THIS verse was always a source of genuine sorrow to a loyal Texan. I once knew a cowboy from Wyoming who had drifted down to the Arizona ranges. He started a good sized riot one day in the round-up camp by remarking in a very sneering, sarcastic manner, after this verse had been sung, "It only took one measly Hoosier kid to lick five Texas Rangers and part of the United States Army." Two long, keen Texas boys resented deeply this insinuation on their fellow Texans' nerve. It took two of us to drag one of the Texans off the prostrate form of the gentleman from Wyoming, in whose mouth the Texan was twisting round and round the muzzle of a sawed-off six-shooter, with which he loosened about every tooth in his antagonist's head.

"I didn't aim to kill him," was the Texan's comment as he slipped his hog leg back into the holster, "but just wanted to give him somethin' that 'ud make him remember the Alamo."

He certainly remembered it while the soreness in his teeth lasted, which was quite some time.

Sam couldn't stand the pace, however, for, according to the ballad—

*He met his fate at Round Rock, July the twenty-first.*
*They pierced poor Sam with rifle balls and emptied out his purse.*
*Sam Bass is now a buried corpse; he is six feet under clay,*
*And Jackson's in the bushes a-tryin' to git away.*

The Texas boys could never forgive Sam Bass for being "born in Indianer." From their point of view such a hero should by all rights have been born within the boundaries of the Lone Star State.

In the early days of the open range, with plenty of open saloons, every drinking place had a singer or two on the pay roll to attract customers and liven up matters. Often they were women who sang songs in shrill, quavery voices, some highly sentimental, some sacred and many vulgar. The most satisfactory of these saloon singers were colored men, mostly from Texas, who played guitars, banjos or the violin, and sometimes possessed really musical voices. These singers did much toward keeping up the range songs and spreading them through the cow country.

One of these wandering minstrels of the gentler sex used to sing a ballad bearing the title, The Cowgirl's Lament, which started off in this style:

*My mother, she's dead in a lonely grave.*
*My father, he ran away.*
*My sister, she married a gambling man,*
*An' I've been led astray.*

CHORUS

*If I'd 'a' listened to my mammy,*
*I wouldn't be here today,*
*But I quit my home and family*
*An' throwed myself away.*

*I married the cook of the S. U. bunch;*
*A bow-legged galoot was he.*
*His head was as bald as a Chihuahua pup;*
*But he couldn't keep up with me.*

L. W. Burham, December, 1889

The lady who sang this lament had a most voluminous repertoire of songs along similar lines, including the following, which was said to have been written by a famous woman living in the Indian Territory, and known as Belle Star:

### The Bucking Broncho

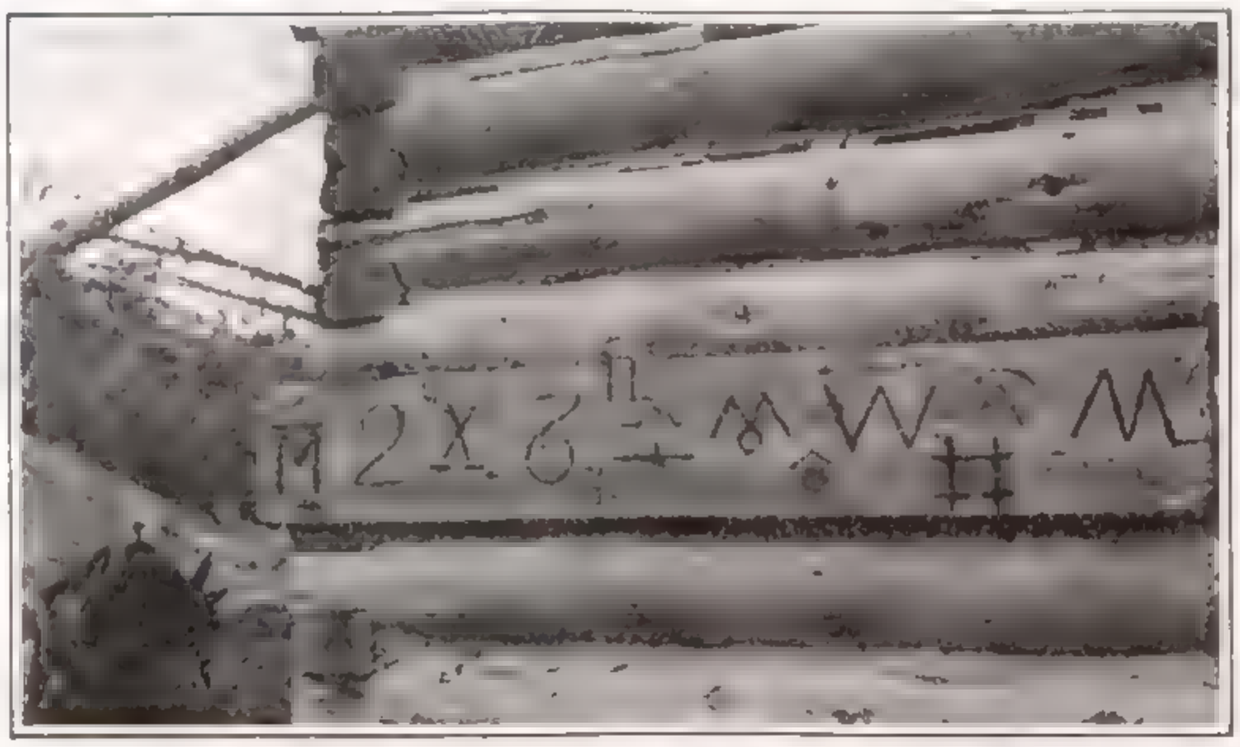
*MY LOVE is a rider, wild broncos he breaks,*
*Though he's promised to quit it just for my sake.*
*He ties up one front foot, the saddle puts on;*
*With a swing and a jump he is mounted and gone.*

*The first time I met him, 'twas early one spring,*
*Riding a broncho, a high-headed thing.*
*He tipped me a wink as he gayly did go,*
*For he wished me to look at his bucking broncho.*

*The next time I saw him 'twas late in the fall,*
*Swinging the girls at Tomlinsen's hall;*
*He laughed and he talked as we danced to and fro,*
*And promised me never to ride on another broncho.*

*He made me some presents, among them a ring;*
*The return that I made him was a far better thing—*
*'Twas a young maiden's heart, I'll have you all know;*
*He'd won it by riding his bucking broncho.*

(Continued on Page 122



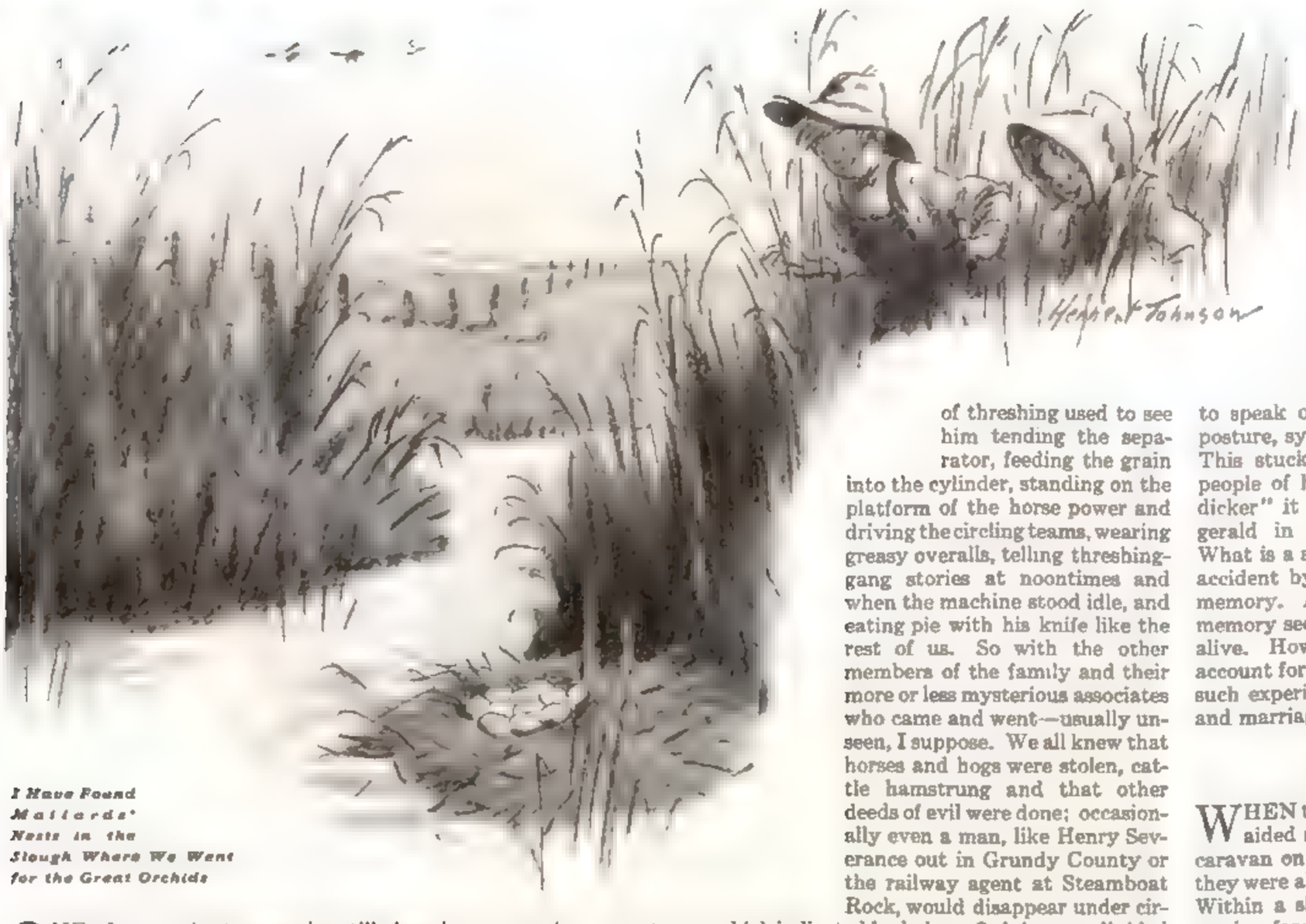
Cattle Brands Burned on a Board

The Chuck Wagon of a Range Cattle Outfit

# ONE MAN'S LIFE

## By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON



*I Have Found Mallards' Nests in the Slough Where We Went for the Great Orchids*

ONE of my earliest memories still rings in my ears in one wild scream after another—a woman's shrieks of agony. These outcries related to Midwest history which has been admitted into the books—my own novels among others. It is of value, for it illuminates the picture of a temporary phase of our frontier life; a picture which is fast growing dim as we recede from it on our voyage down the stream of time.

There lived among us a veteran of the California and Colorado gold rushes named Rhodes, Peachy Rhodes, who had two excellent daughters; also a family who afterward became notorious as outlaws. One of them was accused of having made derogatory remarks as to the character of the Rhodes girls. Our old gold hunter, taking the law and a rawhide whip in his own hands, gave this eighteen-year-old boy a flogging which filled his boots with blood from his back. The boy swore vengeance, and secretly armed himself with a sharp butcher knife with which to kill Peachy Rhodes.

### Outlaws at Home

OUR neighbor, Mrs. Millslagle, whose little turkeys I had gathered like flowers, had a daughter Julia, who at the age of sixteen was married to a young fellow named Charley Voiles. One day Charley met the outlaw boy and his knife, and had a quarrel with him. The boy stabbed Voiles through the heart. The fate of Peachy Rhodes was diverted and Julia Millslagle Voiles was a widow. My parents had me with them in the village that day. My mother was called to Julia when the body of her husband was brought home. I have no memory of anything which I saw; but I have always remembered the screams of the poor girl, one shriek after another.

Most people have difficulty in visualizing the life of a community with a gang of outlaws in its midst. They think of a body of men living like the Doones in their valley or in some secret glen like that of the merry men of Sherwood Forest. As a matter of fact, our outlaws went about among us like our other neighbors. They carried on their farms, and the eighteen-year-old boy always went with what we called a threshing gang; and we who had jobs of threshing used to see him tending the separator, feeding the grain into the cylinder, standing on the platform of the horse power and driving the circling teams, wearing greasy overalls, telling threshing-gang stories at noontimes and when the machine stood idle, and eating pie with his knife like the rest of us. So with the other members of the family and their more or less mysterious associates who came and went—usually unseen, I suppose. We all knew that horses and hogs were stolen, cattle hamstrung and that other deeds of evil were done; occasionally even a man, like Henry Severance out in Grundy County or the railway agent at Steamboat Rock, would disappear under circumstances which indicated foul play. Opinion was divided as to the guilt of The Gang, as we gradually came to call our Doones. Most of the discussions of this were more or less secret. Things were growing worse, but the outlaw family had many friends and no direct evidence against them could be adduced.

*The Bobolink Was the Chum of My Boyhood*

He who feels that the use of one's own life experience in the creation of fiction militates against originality does not know how fiction is produced. All fiction is autobiographical. The novelist starts, anyhow, with what he has known in heart, brain and environment. This is true even of such novels as Vathek or Frankenstein or Wuthering Heights. In fact, all art of every sort is autobiographical to this degree, at least, that it has the same relation to the realities in the life of the artist as that which aerial navigation bears to the land. Every flight begins on the ground. The novelist, however, has this advantage: He may begin with something like pure autobiography and then develop his character in the freer air of fancy. He can merge two or even more characters into one. And when his creation begins to live in the pages of his story, it takes on an individuality of its own and reaches heights or sinks to depths never attained by the original, which grows dimmer and dimmer as the work of art begins to throb with its own life. That is what makes novel writing so much fun.

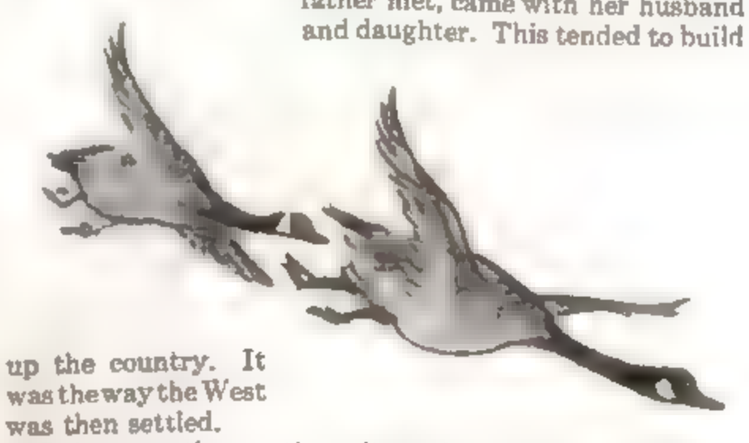
It is the screams of Charley Voiles' wife which I remember after all these years. And my next memory is that of a sound too. It is the crying of my little sister, Margaret, when I was three years old—plus two months—and she was giving tongue for the first time. My sister Stella, my niece Laura, older than either of us, and myself, were playing in the firelight of the winter's evening when a strange sound came to our ears. We began speculating as to what it could be. One thought it must be a little lamb. Another guessed a kitten. We were soon told, however, that the doctor had brought a sister to us.

I do not remember my first sight of the baby. I remember only that sound. Do sounds more than sights impress the infant mind? Or pains?

I had an experience which, if pains count, should have been indelibly impressed on my memory. I was learning again how to walk after the paralysis. My mother was cooking fried cakes—as we always called doughnuts—in an old-fashioned round-bottomed spider, a utensil like the lower half of an iron kettle, provided with a handle. She had finished the batch, turned out the hot lard and set the spider down for a moment, when I, clad in nothing much, and so weak from my poliomyelitis that I fell down at every breeze, came wabbling by—and sat down on the hot spider. It was a tragedy. From it originated a family expression. My Uncle Matt Coleman, when told about my status as of a brand snatched from the burning, and probably realizing that it was a stroke of real misfortune for me who had no legs to speak of to be obliged to fall habitually in a sitting posture, sympathetically told me it was "a hard dicker." This stuck in my memory, and I was fond of telling people of how I had burned myself, and what a "hard dicker" it was. The phrase sounds odd now; but Fitzgerald in the Rubaiyat said nearly the same thing. What is a sorry trade but a hard dicker? Call the spider accident by either name, and it is still absent from my memory. Adult experience leads me to believe that the memory seeks to bury our agonies and keep our pleasures alive. How else save by forgetfulness of pains does one account for the eagerness with which people rush to repeat such experiences as surgical operations, bad investments and marriage after divorce?

### A Brother Found and Lost

WHEN the people of that little hamlet on the Iowa River, aided and abetted by the flood, stopped our father's caravan on the east side of the stream, they knew what they were about from the viewpoint of community growth. Within a short time my aunts were married and began rearing families. Our relatives and friends left behind in the East began loading their goods into covered wagons and plodding out over the old Ridge Road with bulbs of prairie homes. A married sister of my mother came with a large family. My sister Armenia, almost as old as my mother, and a dear friend from a time before my mother and father met, came with her husband and daughter. This tended to build up the country. It was the way the West was then settled.



But presently another dispersion began. Armenia's family and my brother James Orison Quick went on across the plains while I was still in Anteland. There, as soon as the Civil War broke out, Orison enlisted in the Army and was a member of the celebrated First Colorado Regiment of Volunteers. I never saw him until we were both elderly men. And so queer were our family relations that I had the experience of meeting for the first time, after I was grown up, another brother, Alfred, who as an infant went with his mother, my father's first wife, when the separation took place which made my immediate family circle possible. I came home for the holidays from a school of which I was principal, and found there on the farm a brother and his wife and little son who were all entire strangers to me. My younger sisters had, prior to this time, established contacts through correspondence with both these distant and unknown brothers; but I never did. I not only found my brother at home but found him very ill. The first night after I met him I watched by his bedside, and one midnight within a week he died in my arms. There is something in kinship. I had come to feel toward him a sentiment which I should not have felt toward a stranger, and with no reason so far as I can see even now.

From the house where I was born, I believe, we moved into the village of Steamboat Rock and lived there for a while during the Civil War. I am writing of things which the world as a whole has forgotten; and I must speak of the intellectual, moral and spiritual atmosphere of that time as I knew it in my earliest recollections and learned of it from the conversations which I heard. These are things of immense importance in the life of a people, but which the historians often fail to perpetuate.

If there is anything in prenatal influences—which I believe the students of embryology deny—I surely was affected by the historic factors of the winter of 1860 and the summer of 1861. For the war was coming on, and my mother was in intense anxiety for my sister Armenia and her family, who were crossing the plains from Omaha to Denver City, as it was then called, and were at one time given up for lost. One report came to our people that they had all starved, and another story was to the effect that the wagon train had been attacked and all its members killed and scalped by Indians. I was one of those children who cried easily; and my mother, who differed from the embryologists, used to say once in a while that it was no wonder, for she had wept over her food that sad summer at almost every meal as she thought that Armenia and Orison and the rest had starved; and my weeping fits were more likely than not to occur at mealtimes.

### *A Prairie Defense Council*

MY UNCLES, Matt Coleman and Sam Hall, and my Grandfather Coleman were Republicans; but my father was a Democrat. He had been a Democrat before the war, and it took more than one war to change a Dutchman. He voted for Stephen A. Douglas against Lincoln; but when it came to the election of 1864 he refused to support McClellan and cast his vote for Lincoln. He was above forty-five years of age when the war broke, and physically disqualified for service; but he willingly allowed his son of sixteen years of age to volunteer and serve.

I think, therefore, that the superpatriots, who in any war always gather in the grocery stores rather than at the front, were a little severe in calling my father a Copperhead; but in their fervor they did so. Any Democrat was a Copperhead in our locality, if these grocery-store soldiers were to be believed, no matter how many minor sons he might have at the front.

One day when my father was working about the place that same Charley Voiles, who was afterwards slain, came to him as an emissary of the Council of National Defense down at Harvey Robertson's store.

"I come to tell you," said he to my father, "that we—that is, they down at the store—are talking of running you out of town."

Father grasped his pitchfork in anger.

"Throw down your fork, Quick," said Charley; "throw down your fork!"

Father stabbed the fork down in the direction of China.

"Charley," he exclaimed, "there's men enough in this town to carry me out—but not enough to run me out!"

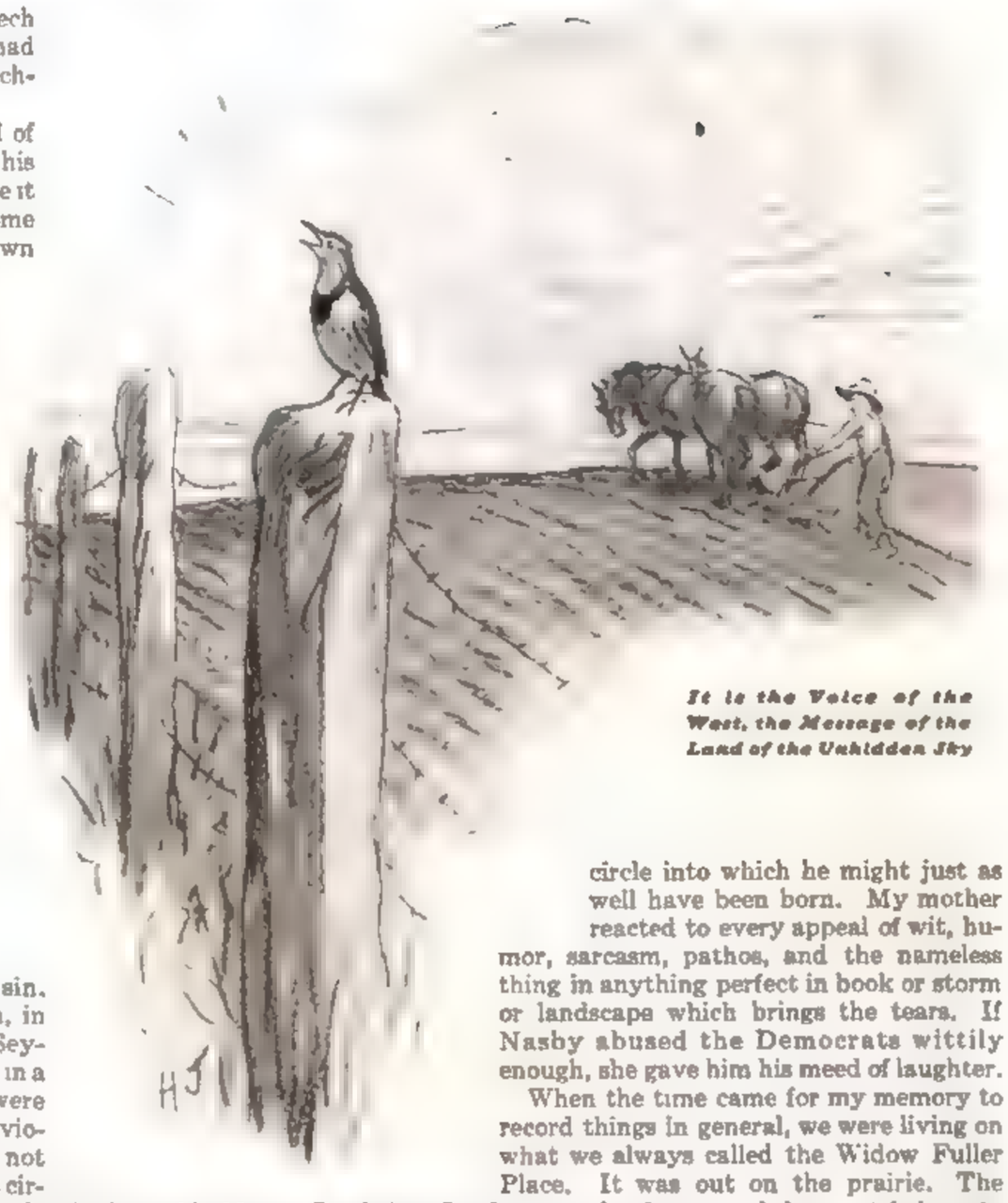
It was agreed that father should go with Charley and face the Council of National Defense, whose accusation was that he had made treasonable remarks in criticism of the Administration. They went. My father called upon them to repeat what he had said. This they seemed rather reluctant to do in the face of the belligerent Dutchman, but finally did so. Father repeated what he remembered to have said, and they admitted that perhaps that was correct. Then, after they had told him they were through with the inquisition, with a sweeping impeachment of the veracity of anyone who represented his speech as having been other than what he had stated, father went back to his pitchfork.

I have often heard my father tell of sleeping that night with an ax by his bedside, and of his firm resolve to use it in case of forcible invasion of his home by the mob bent on ridding the town of a Copperhead. It was a mighty good thing for the mob—and for all of us—that they did not come. Such incidents show the stress and strain that civil war brings on any people.

I remember the election of 1868. For one thing, my father, for the only time of his life, came home slightly under the influence of liquor. He was so cheerful and happy—a marvelous thing—that I was quite elevated until I saw the stern look in my mother's eyes and heard the trenchant rebuke she administered to her spouse for this enormity. Father shamefacedly went through the process then colloquially called wilting, and explained apologetically that it was cold and he only took enough, he thought, to warm him up. Intemperance in our family was the unforgivable sin.

It is history that at this election, in which Grant was opposed to Seymour, the women of the family were in a state of great anxiety while the men were at the election. They were afraid of violence. The passions of the war had not subsided. The newspapers of widest circulation in Iowa seem to have been Greeley's weekly New York Tribune and its rival, the weekly Toledo Blade, in which the bitter humor of D. R. Locke did much to keep alive the rancors of the war. This humor put my mother in a difficult position; for it was Republican humor, and she was one at whom it was directed; but when Locke's great creation, Petroleum V. Nasby, stated that the people of Confedrit X Roads were the most patriotic people he ever lived upon, or some other bit of sarcasm, she would hold back her risibles a moment and then burst out laughing.

The Colemans were all humorists, and I think Uncle Matt could have made good as a clown in any theatrical



*It is the Voice of the West, the Message of the Land of the Unhidden Sky*

circle into which he might just as well have been born. My mother reacted to every appeal of wit, humor, sarcasm, pathos, and the nameless thing in anything perfect in book or storm or landscape which brings the tears. If Nasby abused the Democrats wittily enough, she gave him his meed of laughter.

When the time came for my memory to record things in general, we were living on what we always called the Widow Fuller Place. It was out on the prairie. The Doubting Castle was a log house and does not belong to the history of Iowa proper. For the people who lived in log cabins in the timber were, as I have said, not real prairie dwellers. They lived as did their ancestors in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and also in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

### *Southern Blood and Tradition*

IOWA was settled as a Southern state by people who lived, in the thin fringes of forest along the streams, the lives of woodsmen. In her history there was a long conflict between the Northern and Southern streams of influence. Prior to the war our senators and representatives—men like George W. Jones, Augustus C. Dodge and John P. Cook—took their places with the Southerners in Washington. This was proper if they were truly to represent the

(Continued on Page 166)



*I Had an Old Army Musket Which, I Think, Was the Worst Shooting Gun Human Ingenuity Ever Produced*

# A SWEET BUSINESS

## A Close-Up on the Candy Industry

## By Clara Belle Thompson

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

A TALL, substantially built woman entered a candy store with a diminutive Japanese spaniel in tow. "I always buy what Christopher likes," she explained to the waiting saleswoman. She turned to the small dog, tugging at his pink ribbon leash. "Come, Christopher, come to mother!"

But Christopher did not come, so presently she began to reef sail, and Christopher was pulled, like a tiny mountain climber, up the cliff of her skirt. She gathered him in her arms. "Now tell mother what you want," she said, holding him near the display of candies. Before the salesperson was able to make a move, Christopher's little tongue flicked up a chocolate cream, cleared off the chocolate and dropped the center into the tray again.

"All right, Christopher, you shall have some of those."

But it was not all right with the saleswoman; or with the manager, who came forward and removed the tray.

"Madam, there is a pound and a half of candy here," said the latter. "Your animal has indicated that he wants it all. One dollar and fifty cents, please." Then to the saleswoman: "Wrap this lady the candies from the tray, separating the one that has been used by giving it a foil."

The customer protested, "I never buy more than fifteen cents' worth for Christopher, and you have no right to call him an animal."

The manager made no answer, but he looked the woman steadily in the eye. After a moment's silence she opened her purse and extracted a dollar note and a silver half dollar. As she picked up her package she sniffed and said to the general public, "Nasty man, wants Christopher to be sick."

Christopher might have had his limitations in candy consumption, but apparently his masters have none. The figures are astonishing.

### *Everybody's Eating It*

MORE than $500,000,000 worth of candy is consumed annually in the United States, with New York City disposing of one-tenth. Philadelphia consumed approximately 2,500,000 pounds in the Christmas season of 1923, at a cost of $1,250,000. As high as $6,000,000 worth of candy is purchased throughout the country on single peak days, with an average of more than $1,000,000 regardless of season.

A Midwestern city of 450,000 inhabitants took a candy census. It found that 92.5 per cent of its people were buying candy, with all over eighteen years of age interested in box productions. Its report shows the yearly use of 7,823,640 pounds of boxed candies, 29,000,000 individual bars, and 7,000,000 pounds of bulk candy.

The figures make it apparent that nearly everyone is buying candy, and it is literally true.

When I asked confectioners who ate candy the answers were: "Persons from one to one hundred years old." "Men, women, children."

But they are not all eating it to the same extent, or buying in the same manner. Men from fifty to sixty buy the more expensive kinds generally, while those from thirty-five to forty do the largest amount of general purchasing. When men purchase for their own use, as about one-fifth do, they are interested in small units—bars, sample bags for fifteen cents, one-quarter-pound boxes that slip into an inner pocket. Candy bought in this way acts as a finisher for luncheon or as a tide-over for a late dinner. Though the volume is considerable, it is not comparable to the amount that men buy as gifts. There seems to be no sentiment or good wish that cannot be expressed by candy.

As a week-end token, for the train, as a birthday or graduation remembrance, for holidays, the box of candy is suitable, but the use is not novel. But as a means of condolence ——

A young man of thirty-five approached a counter of fancy candies. "Do you have any boxes with black ribbons or black trimmings?" he asked. "Or solid black boxes?"

The girl looked doubtful. "In black? You mean solid black?"

"Yes."

"We could make you one," she said. "But we have none in stock, as they would suggest grief rather than happiness, as candy should."

"I Mixed the Notes," He Said

"Exactly," agreed the customer. "That is just what I want. You see, my cousin's wife died, and everybody will send flowers. He has no end of friends, so I thought I would send him a little something that would show my sympathy and at the same time give him a chance to forget himself. His wife is dead and cannot enjoy the flowers; but he is crazy about candy."

The girl entered into the spirit of the occasion and eventually a lavender box of black and white candies was evolved to the complete satisfaction of the young man. "I'd like to bet that this will give Jim more pleasure than all the rest of the funeral put together," he said appreciatively. "So sad, yet tasty!"

He was evidently right, for, in the months that followed, a number of others came to duplicate the box he had bought, and the occasions were similar.

But oftener than a regret for a lost love, candy acts as a strengthener of a present one. A man who represents the third generation of candy dispensers is very familiar with what he terms the love cycle.

### *A Cure for Heart Trouble*

"I HAVE seen it too many times to be fooled," he said. "A young chap comes to the counter, picks out a fancy box without asking the price and, with fingers shaking, hands a twenty-dollar bill to the salesgirl. He will give this exhibition about half a dozen times, then he gives an order. 'I'll want a two-pound box of your special every Wednesday and Sunday,' he says. The special will cost about two dollars. After three, four, five or six months he discontinues the two-pound box and begins to buy a pound once a week. That indicates that he is engaged and beginning to save money. Still later he stops at the store and gives a second order: 'I want a five-pound box of your very best, and be sure to have pink ribbon.' I recognize the honeymoon symptoms, and am not surprised when he does not appear for several weeks. I know he is on his wedding trip. On his return he begins to buy a good grade of candy at sixty or seventy cents the pound, with occasional lapses into more extravagant purchases at longer intervals. After a couple of years he stops altogether, and presently his wife will wheel the baby into the shop and purchase her twenty-five cents' worth for herself. When the baby is five or six he begins to come in with his five or ten cents to get his own candy. As his money increases, his amount of candy likewise grows in proportion, but he still buys for himself. Finally, when he has become twenty one or two, he picks out a fancy box without asking the price and, with fingers shaking ——"

"Hands a twenty-dollar bill to the salesgirl," I interrupted. "I have the cycle."

But the candy course of love does not always run so smoothly. Many a young man stops at a candy counter and, after surveying the piles of exquisite boxes, says helplessly: "Give me a box that looks as if I were sorry for what I said."

And the saleagirl will bring out a demure package of blues and grays that houses the most delicious confections, and ask: "Did you want to include a card?"

Very often they do, but the appropriate sentiment is difficult to express. A dark little man who had agonized over the wisest selection spent half an hour over the pasteboard square. Finally he handed the note to the attendant and queried: "You lak' dat, if you yong 'Merican girl who been mad at Tony?"

"Of course," she agreed, as she read, "'This are sweat, but you be sweater.' Only I would put two e's in sweet and leave out the a."

"A'right," said Tony. "I don' mind."

The younger men quite often take the girl at the counter into complete confidence in regard to their heart troubles.

"My girl's sore," remarked a man without preliminary. "And I am too busy for a long lovers' quarrel. What shall I say in the note?"

The salesperson wrinkled her brow in thought. "Who was to blame?" she inquired.

The man laughed mirthlessly. "Me, of course. Did you ever know a woman who was at fault? Never mind, I have it. Listen: 'With love from one of your fifty-seven varieties.' How's that?"

"It is an unusual message," commented the young woman.

"You bet it is. As a matter of fact, she wants me to think that she is all-fired popular. She is not, but if she thinks that I think so—well!" He left, not ill-pleased.

Another chap began his selection of suitable bonbons with this remark: "I can only spend six dollars. Have you any six-dollar box that looks like ten or twelve dollars?"

The candy situation was thoroughly canvassed until a six-dollar box was filled and looked like fifteen dollars. The man's pleasure was tempered with a hidden worry. But it did not stay concealed.

"Do you know, I really cannot afford the six dollars. But the girl is very rich, and I have so little. Do you think she would marry a poor man?" He waited anxiously for the answer.

"Why don't you ask her?" came the suggestion. "It would be a pity to waste your six dollars if she did not care for you."

"But I would never have the nerve," he objected. "It's no use."

"If you could not talk you could write," persisted his adviser. "Why do you not put a note in the box?"

So at the bottom of the box there was placed a small flat envelope which contained the donor's card and the words: "He is included with the candy if you will have him."

A few days later a pretty young girl visited the confectionery. "Did you suggest to Tom that he put a note in my box of candy?" she asked the only person behind the counter.

As Tom happened to be the name of the poor young man, the salesperson feared that she had.

"Well," said the girl, "you saved me a lot of trouble. Tom has been in love with me for two years. I knew it, the family knew it, but the lobster would say nothing, and I have given him every known opportunity. I had almost reached the point of eloping with him, but I was not sure how it was done. Licenses, I mean, and all that. Here, I've brought you something." She laid a small box on the counter and took a brisk departure.

### *Say It With Sweets*

SOMETHING proved to be a pearl bar pin, with a note of thanks for distinguished service.

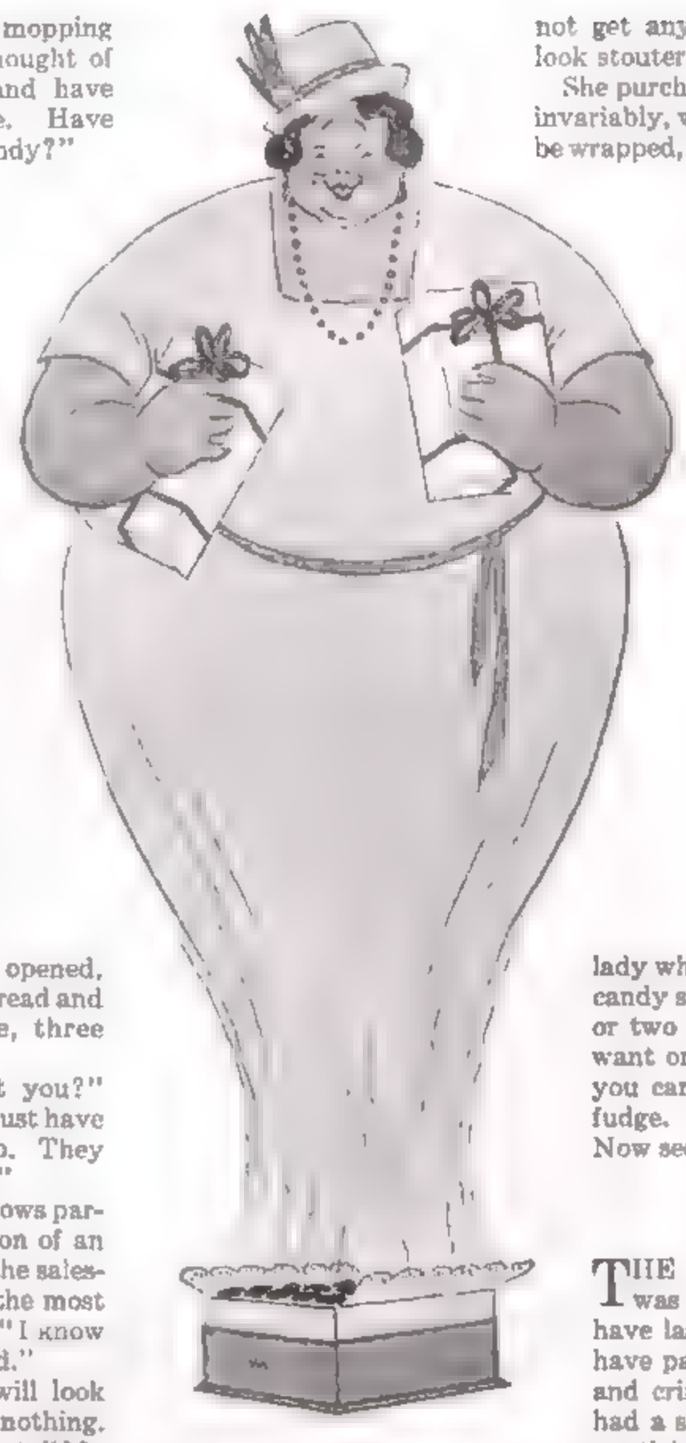
The young men are not only meticulous about the card and the candy, they are also very much concerned over the color of the box and of the ribbon. Often they describe the girl who is to be the recipient in order to get the proper color background. But more frequently they want to match the box with the boudoir shades, with which they seem to be conversant. One man has a fiancée who vibrates to various colors.

Unfortunately for him, the vibrations are not constant. He may leave her successfully vibrating to blue, only to find her the next evening in a yellow phase. There is then nothing to do but to whisk to the confectioner's and exchange the blue for a yellow box. But his patience is not inexhaustible. "When we are married," he confided to the candy man, "this exchange business is going to stop. The first box that she wants me to bring back will vibrate her out of candy entirely. You wait and see!"

Older men are not so particular about colors, and they seldom include cards. They have their purchases delivered more often too. "Just send it; she will know from whom," they say generally. But not always.

A man who is at least sixty-five rushed into a candy shop recently the minute the doors opened at nine in the morning. As a regular customer, he sought the girl who always served him.

"I mixed the notes," he said by way of explanation, mopping a dripping brow. "I thought of it about two o'clock and have not slept a wink since. Have you already sent the candy?"



"It is in the delivery," answered the girl. "But I will see if I can stop it. You want all three boxes back?"

"Yes," was the reply. "The one for my wife, the one for my stenographer, and the other one. I know they are mixed, but not in what way."

He sat down to wait for the girl's return, but he could not remain still. He paced back and forth the length of the shop, muttering an occasional word to himself. Finally the girl came back with three boxes in her hand.

"That was a narrow escape!" he ejaculated. The boxes were opened, the cards taken out. He read and compared, once, twice, three times.

"Wouldn't that beat you?" was his comment. "I must have dreamed the card mix-up. They are absolutely all right!"

When an older man shows particular care in the selection of an expensive box of candy the salesgirl will often say with the most innocent of expressions, "I know your wife will be pleased."

Sometimes the man will look self-conscious and say nothing. Occasionally he will repeat, "My wife! Ha, ha, ha!" But there are times at which he will answer as a fine-looking old gentleman did.

"My wife would be pleased if she were living, but I know my daughter will be."

Daughters and wives and sweethearts are not hopefully waiting for a man to present them with candy, however. They buy a great deal for themselves and for one another. They are less interested in fancy boxes, moreover, and more in price. Where a man would buy a two-pound box, a woman wants a twenty-nine-cent special. A loose bag of bonbons is a great comfort in a morning's reading or at a matinée or on a drive.

Stout women who are regular patrons at a candy shop very often give reasons to accompanying friends why they must have candy. It prevents some of them from having indigestion, it tones others up when they are weary, it acts as company to still others when they are alone. If unaccompanied they often feel it incumbent upon them to make a remark appropriate to the subject to the salesperson.

One very heavy woman—she weighs at least fourteen stone—said to the salesgirl: "I like your candy, but I must not get any heavier. You tell me if you think I look stouter."

She purchased a pound of caramels a day. Almost invariably, while she was waiting for her package to be wrapped, she would say, "Phew, it's hot. I might get a cool drink." Thereupon she would sit down to a banana split or a cream sundae. The woman expanded and expanded until finally the salesgirl's conscience hurt her. She determined to speak her piece. So when the woman asked her if she noticed any difference in her size, she answered, "My eyes are not very good. I am sort of—sort of color-blind. I wish you would not rely on me too much. I think you are all right, only—only ——"

"Only what?"

"Well, if you want to be sure, why don't you weigh yourself?"

The woman flushed and said, "You impertinent little thing. I shall certainly report you. No, don't wrap up the candy; I do not want any of yours." She flounced out.

Older women make of candy purchasing a small rite. They are not in a hurry, and enjoy the bright displays and the young faces behind the counter.

"Get a box, dearie," was the invariable opening remark of a little old lady who made three regular visits a week to her candy shop. "Now let's look." After a minute or two of satisfying looks she would begin, "I want one of those and two of those. Let me see, you can put in one coconut bar and a piece of fudge. Yes, and two of those and one of this. Now see how much it weighs, dearie."

### *A Candy Nightcap*

THE weight being correct, the matter of a bow was up for consideration. "What color did I have last time? Pink, was it? All right, let me have pale blue then. And mind the bow is big and crinkly. I could not enjoy my candy if I had a slinky bow. Ah, that is pretty. Here is a car ticket so you'll not have to walk."

The ticket was always presented, but it is not clear what the salesgirl was supposed to be doing for transportation on mornings and evenings that the little old lady missed her visit.

Of course a large volume of the candy trade is done with repeaters—that is, persons who make a regular practice of buying candy on certain days from special shops. Many persons keep a jar of candy filled on the library table, on the buffet, in the boudoir. A woman who had worked in a candy shop for thirty years made a point of eating half a pound of sweets a day, and often in the evening while taking a walk for exercise she would develop such a candy craving that she would be obliged to buy ten or fifteen cents' worth to tide her over until she connected with home supplies. She kept a bowl of candy in every room of her home—and she weighed one hundred and two pounds.

A man with a young son and daughter had a standing order for a pound of candy a day. He bought mainly with them in mind, although both he and his wife liked a couple of pieces of candy before retiring. But liking was as far as he reached; by night the candy container was always cleared completely. Once he concealed a small box of candy behind some books, but he forgot the entire circumstance. When the housemaid found it three months later, neither he nor the young people were able to use it. Finally he chanced upon a box of candy shaped like a book. He bought it and put it carefully between Shakspere Complete and Pippa Passes. That night he carefully slipped it out and served his astonished wife with sweets and to spare. They have both kept the secret intact, and though the candy jar is always empty by nightfall, they have their candy nightcap undisturbed.

Holidays give an immense impetus to the confectioner's trade. Millions of people who do not buy candy any other day must have it for Sunday. The Saturday business is enormous and is steadily increasing. Personal holidays are, also, generally reflected in candy purchases.

It requires a very carefully chosen box of candy to nest an engagement ring or a rope of birthday pearls or a wisp of French lingerie. For that reason the making of candy containers is an art in itself. Chinese brocade, Japanese lacquer, tooled leather, bits of fine tapestry, laces, appliques, gold

(Continued on Page 86)

# WHITE FLANNELS

## By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

YOU will say that Johnny had a gift for it. Of course he had. It is not given to many to judge distance with so delicate a precision; nor to hit so freely and easily, with the whole weight of the body flowing into the arm. But it was really Johnny's mother who made him use the gift and rise so high so much higher than was comfortable.

Johnny's father was a thick-set man, a man with a body made for carrying more than his share of a steel rail. Johnny's mother was slim and quick, like so many people who are very clean and very ambitious and never give up. Johnny's father worked for the railroad; and what with bad weather and lay-offs, he hardly averaged seventy dollars a month. He had got more in New York, but Johnny's mother was bound Johnny shouldn't grow up in a tenement. She more than made up the difference. She had a garden in Connecticut, and chickens; and she did fine laundry for the Pitcairns. That was how Johnny got the white flannels.

The Pitcairns live—have always lived—at Fair Harbor. But Fair Harbor is no longer the same. The old families used to own it all. Now the rich people from New York have bought the shore front and built country houses; and the Poles have bought a good deal more of the rest than you'd think.

Johnny Jacobs lived in the part of Fair Harbor that is called Polacktown. He was not a Pole. He was a Hungarian. But what—to those whose ancestors came over with Governor Bradford—is the difference? Polacks and Hunyaks and Dagos—they are all foreigners. Their daughters do not make good servants and their sons will not work the land except when they work it for themselves.

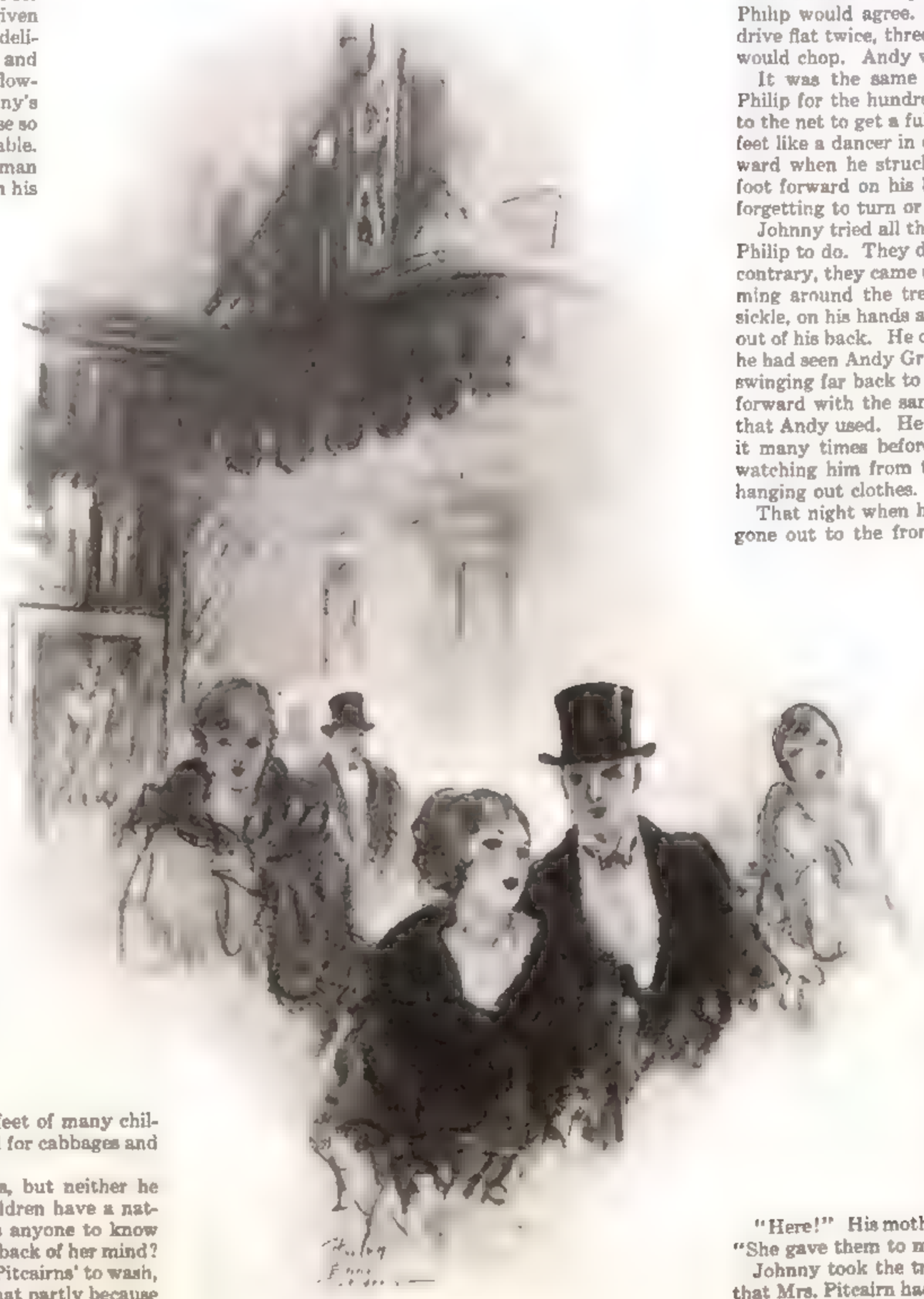
Polacktown is a bare little street between the railway station and the town. At one end is the big blank brick wall of the coal yard. At the other is a rocky hill. There are no lawns, because the narrow space in front of the houses is worn bare by the feet of many children; and in the rear the land is all used for cabbages and chickens and grapevines and woodpiles.

Johnny was different from the others, but neither he nor they knew how different. Most children have a natural grace of movement. And how was anyone to know what Johnny's mother had always in the back of her mind?

She used to take him with her to the Pitcairns' to wash, whenever he wasn't in school. She did that partly because she didn't want him getting into mischief with the other boys who ran wild in Polacktown. But she had a deeper reason. She thought if the Pitcairns saw him they would like him and he would come to know them. She knew that she was the Pitcairns' laundress and spoke English with a foreign accent and would always be a servant in their eyes. She asked nothing more than she had for herself. But she asked everything for Johnny. Hadn't Johnny been born in America?

Her idea of what the world held out to Johnny was exaggerated by a tragic need. She had lost two babies because she did not know how to take care of them. She had talked to the doctor about it when Johnny was born. The doctor had recommended a trained nurse. She had said she didn't need a nurse. The doctor had replied that the baby did. He would die otherwise, as the others had. So she had the nurse and learned about sterilizing bottles and preparing food. The baby had lived and, living, carried all her hopes.

Johnny must have an education so he would not be working all his life on the section gang. Johnny must have manners so he would not feel at a disadvantage with Americans—with people like the Pitcairns, when he became one of them. She used her eyes and ears at the Pitcairns' and learned about things that were unknown to Polacktown—things like toothbrushes and manicure scissors and taking a bath every day. She did what no other mother in Polacktown had ever done—she called at the school when she had not been sent for. Other mothers in that neighborhood went to tell the principal lies about why their children were out of school and thus avoid being fined



*"Why Don't We Walk?" Johnny Asked. "Let's," She Said, and Put Her Arm Through His*

under the truancy law. Johnny's mother called on the principal to ask where she could buy a dictionary. She astonished Johnny's teacher by demanding that Johnny learn to speak English as Americans did—without an accent.

The summer Johnny was thirteen, when the other boys in Polacktown had jobs weeding onions at forty cents a day, Johnny had a job helping the Pitcairns' gardener at fifteen dollars a month. Philip Pitcairn was home from prep school for the summer, and his father had Andy Graham up from New York twice a week to teach him tennis. Between Andy's visits, Philip took Johnny away from the gardener a couple of hours every day. Philip needed somebody to knock balls to him so he could practice volleying. Philip would take his place six feet back from the net and Johnny would stand in the other court and knock balls to him endlessly. Philip wanted the balls just so. He got savage when Johnny knocked them over his head or into the net. But when Johnny put a good many in succession where Philip wanted them, Philip was inclined to be generous. Before the summer was over Johnny had accumulated dozens of old balls and two discarded but still usable rackets and a surprising knowledge of how the game should be played. He had listened and watched while Andy Graham was teaching Philip what was called form.

Philip had learned to chop, which comes easier to everybody than a flat drive or a topped one, and, once learned, often prevents a player from ever mastering the harder, faster stroke. Andy would demand that Philip drive flat. Philip would agree. They would start in. Philip would drive flat twice, three times; and then, feeling pressed, he would chop. Andy would stop the game.

It was the same with footwork. Andy would show Philip for the hundredth time how he must turn sidewise to the net to get a full free swing; how he must shuffle his feet like a dancer in order always to have his left foot forward when he struck the ball on his forehand, his right foot forward on his backhand. But Philip kept right on forgetting to turn or forgetting his feet.

Johnny tried all the things that Andy Graham exhorted Philip to do. They did not seem hard to Johnny. On the contrary, they came easily. Once, when he had been trimming around the trees in the Pitcairns' sideyard with a sickle, on his hands and knees, he stood up to get the kink out of his back. He did a backhand drive in pantomime as he had seen Andy Graham do it. He turned his body, and swinging far back to his left with the sickle, he brought it forward with the same smooth swing and follow-through that Andy used. He liked the feel of it so well that he did it many times before he looked up and saw his mother watching him from the drying yard where she had been hanging out clothes.

That night when he had had supper and his father had gone out to the front steps to smoke, Johnny's mother produced a pair of white flannel trousers.

"Where did you get those, ma?" he asked.

"I want you should call me mother," she said. "Philip Pitcairn doesn't call his mother ma."

"What if he doesn't?" Johnny said. "I ain't Philip Pitcairn."

Johnny's mother gave him a quick look and her face flushed.

"You're just as good," she said fiercely.

Johnny was embarrassed by his mother's show of emotion. He tried to laugh.

"It's nothing to laugh at," she said.

Johnny said nothing. He had noticed for the first time that his mother had an accent—an accent that was foreign to his ear. He had a premonition, vague enough, of being somehow different from his mother, of life's taking him away from this immaculate room, with its shining range, with its familiar oil lamp hung over the table on chains, with its white-enameled sink and scrubbed drain boards—this room that had always been home to him.

"Here!" His mother held out the white flannel trousers. "She gave them to me for you."

Johnny took the trousers. He knew his mother meant that Mrs. Pitcairn had passed the trousers on because they were too small for Philip. But what did his mother expect him to do with white flannel trousers?

"Well?" his mother said.

"What do you want me to do?" Johnny asked.

"Try them on, dumb-head."

Johnny went into the bedroom and took off his overalls and put on the trousers. They were just about right. He walked into the kitchen to let his mother see them.

"Your shirt!" his mother said, as he came into the light.

"What's the matter with my shirt?" Johnny asked. He fingered the sleeve of his blue chambray shirt. "It was clean this morning."

"Go and put on a white shirt," his mother ordered.

Johnny went obediently back into the bedroom and put on a white shirt. When he came out again his mother smiled with pleasure.

"Fine!" she said. "You look fine! The shirt should be flannel, too, but you look fine."

She made him walk up and down while she raised the shade of the lamp so as to get more light on him. Johnny felt foolish. The awful thought occurred to him that she might make him wear these clothes in Polacktown.

"You don't expect me to wear these clothes, ma."

"Call me mother," she said.

"Do you?" Johnny asked.

"Mother," she said.

"Mother," he repeated after her, though he almost choked at the unaccustomed word.

"You do not have to wear them now," she said. "But some day you will wear white flannel pants like Philip Pitcairn, and play tennis."

"I don't like white flannel pants," Johnny said.

"You will learn," his mother said.

He did not like the white tennis flannels because he could not imagine ever feeling at home in them, as Philip Pitcairn did. He liked tennis. He had conceived an intense admiration for Andy Graham. He thought Andy Graham was a wizard. But he could imagine playing tennis, some day, as Andy Graham played it.

II

WHEN school began again, Johnny took the rackets and balls that Philip had given him down to Polacktown. There was no tennis court in Polacktown, but there was the wide brick wall of the coal yard, with a more or less level space of well-tramped clay in front of it. Johnny and the other boys quickly invented a game that was a combination of tennis and handball. The others played with careless exuberance. Johnny had got Andy's religion, which was form. He tried always to stay far enough away from the ball so he could hit it with a full easy swing, as Andy hit, instead of stabbing at it any old way. Some of the other boys beat Johnny in consequence. But he persisted. When he got a chance to practice alone, he would stand far back and serve at the wall. The ball would spat against the brick and come flying back. As it came, Johnny would gauge it, take the quick shuffling steps that Andy took, turn sidewise as he swung his racket far back, and hit the ball flat, with that turn of the wrist on the full follow-through that gives a bit of top spin. He could play the same shot over and over and over against the wall.

Philip Pitcairn was astonished the next summer to discover that Johnny could outdrive him. When Philip got over his chagrin, he insisted on showing Andy Graham what Johnny could do. Andy stood chewing a straw while he watched Philip and Johnny play a set. Philip knew how to come in to the net on a short drive and kill the next shot with a volley. But he did not get many short ones. Johnny would stand behind his base line and drive. He had to scramble to get the ball often enough, but he would not hurry his stroke; always the full back swing, always his weight coming forward, always the full follow-through. It looked as if he were sending the ball deep and fast without any effort at all, without ever leaning on it.

"Where did you learn that?" Andy Graham asked Johnny when the set was over.

"Why—why," Johnny stammered, "from you."

"Been playing against a wall?" Andy asked.

"Yes, sir."

"It's a good way," Andy said. "If you can learn how to volley and lob and smash, and how to serve and how to cover a court—you may be good some day."

"Yes, sir," Johnny said. He felt a bit dashed as he went off to weed the Pitcairns' garden. Hadn't he held Philip, who had played tennis for years, to 6-4?

Philip cheered Johnny up after Andy had gone.

"That's his way," Philip explained. "But I know he never saw anything like it in his life. Did you see him chewing a straw?"

"Yes," Johnny said.

"Well," said Philip, "when Andy Graham gets so wildly excited that he just can't hold himself in, he chews a straw. It's his way of keeping himself from throwing his hat up in the air and giving three cheers.

"From now on," Philip continued, "you get your share of the volleying when we practice, and I'll show you all I know about the overhead stuff; and after a couple of years, I'll have you down to the interscholastic at New Haven and we'll show these prep-school boys something. You're going to play tennis."

Johnny reflected that, from a quite different point of view, this was the prophecy his mother had made. But it was hard to believe. He did not want to believe it. He knew he could learn the game. But he couldn't see himself playing it, in white flannels, with the sons of rich men. The idea was more than troubling; it was fearsome. Philip saw the doubt in Johnny's face.

"You're going to high school, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," Johnny said.

"That's all you need to be eligible," Philip said.

Philip would have carried out his plan to the letter if Johnny hadn't balked. Johnny insisted, two years later, that he wasn't good enough for the interscholastic, and Philip could not shake him from that position.

Philip could not shake him because he did not suspect that Johnny's real fear was not at all of making a poor showing in the matches, but of all the rest of it—the social things.

He would not conceal his origin, and pose as belonging among a lot of prep-school boys about to enter Yale. And yet he shrank from exposing himself in such company as a son of Polacktown, as a boy whose father was a day laborer and whose mother did washing for the Pitcairns. Didn't Philip realize that it would be embarrassing when somebody asked him what his father did?

Philip happened the next year to write Johnny, asking him down to New Haven. Johnny couldn't conceal that letter from his mother. She had to see it. When she had read it, she threw both arms around Johnny's neck. It meant to her that the thing she had planned so long had at last come about.

"I knew," she said. "I knew that you and Philip would be friends."

"He isn't asking me because we're friends," Johnny said bitterly. "He's asking me because he wants to put something over. He thinks he can get me down there as a dark horse and I'll beat everybody and win the tournament."

"What's a dark horse?" asked Johnny's mother.

"An unknown—somebody they've never heard of."

"Maybe," said his mother, "you will beat them all."

It was of little moment to Johnny's mother whether he won the tournament or not. She did not know what a tournament was. All that she wanted was that he be a part of it, that he appear in that other world as Philip Pitcairn's friend.

Johnny picked up his fork and traced the pattern of the red tablecloth under the hanging lamp.

"You are a big, strong boy," she said.

Johnny straightened up, expanded his chest, and spreading his arms wide, slowly bent them at the elbow until his fists touched his shoulders. He was eighteen now and stood six feet—a lean, long-muscled, big-boned boy with a homely, blue-eyed, freckled face.

"Yes," he said, "I am big and strong; but what's that got to do with it?"

"If you are bigger and stronger, why shouldn't you beat them?"

Johnny smiled patiently. His mother would never understand how little being big and strong meant. Did she think you passed Andy Graham at the net by being big and strong? Did she think you could feel at home with Philip Pitcairn just because you were big and strong?

"Well?" said Johnny's mother.

"I probably could beat them—at tennis," Johnny said grimly.

Johnny's mother looked at him—a long, inquiring look. Johnny did not look back. He looked instead at the pattern of the red tablecloth.

(Continued on Page 84)

*No One, Meeting Him, Would Have Guessed That Johnny Had Not Been Born to the Life He Lived*

# OUR HIGHWAY AUTOCRAZY

## The Confessions of a "Hearse Driver"—By Stuart N. Lake

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AS AN automobile driver, I'm a sap. Concrete information to this effect, couched in unmistakable expletive, comes to my ears from the curling lips of other motorists who pass me on the road.

Flivvers, bugs, touring cars, limousines, stages, even trucks with trailers shoot around me in endless parade, with nine out of ten drivers grinning derisively over their right shoulders and shouting caustic comment upon the manner in which I clutter up the public way. But I plug right along, certain beyond a reasonable doubt that a goodly percentage of my contemners will be encountered again.

They'll still be riding in motor cars at the second passing—will those who stepped on it and jeered—shiny black motor cars with plate glass, a selected mortician beside the driver and followed by a flock of curtained limousines which are throttled to a crawl.

There was a time when my motoring was conducted on the theory that signs by the side of the road were for small boys to shoot at with airguns. The City of Buffalo to me, for example, was not 396 miles from New York; it was nine hours in any kind of an automobile. Habitually I drove from Manhattan Island to Albany at a pace averaging better than fifty miles an hour, all the cops in Yonkers, Tarrytown, Ossining, Peekskill and Poughkeepsie notwithstanding.

At this period of my existence the only person other than myself with whose motoring habits I was not irritated beyond ability to sit in any automobile seat but the driver's was a man whose earlier hobby had been participation in Vanderbilt Cup Races when those classics of motion were open to amateurs. This individual, with whom I was not only contented but happy to ride, owned at the time of which I write a motor car rated at two hundred horse power. The system which he had worked out for covering the country was simple in that but two rules were involved: One, to disregard all regulations formulated by others than himself; two, to carry an ample supply of currency. On the rare occasions when some police officer was able to catch up with him, my ideal automobile driver without quibble posted the amount of bail demanded to cover appearance in court, and drove on at the same speed as before, dismissing the incident from his mind as closed and the cash as a sop to the law. Only a shortage of funds kept me from following this method in detail.

I sank to the level of keen delight astride a motorcycle. A well-intentioned employer for whom I made daily trips from New York into New Jersey furnished me with one of these contraptions, upon which, after short practice, I became the outstanding menace of the trans-Hudson highways. Fifty miles an hour was the minimum speed at which I negotiated the sharp descent from the top of the Palisades to the Fort Lee ferry. Double lines of traffic on the grade meant nothing but additional opportunity to display my dodging skill.

### An Upsetting Incident

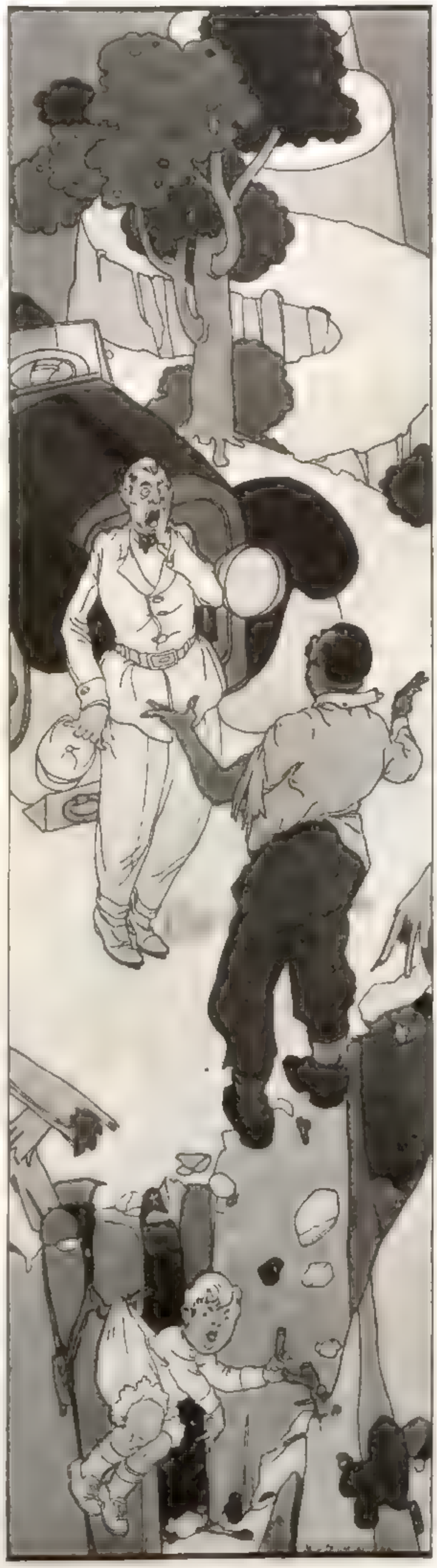
POSSIBLY my Fort Lee experiences had some bearing on an entertainment which later I staged before certain startled citizens of Mount Vernon. I happened one day to be in the office of a New York man who was summoned to the Westchester suburb while his own car was in the shop, and I offered to drive him. After a mildly exhilarating dash through Harlem and the Bronx I headed into the maze of traffic on a bridge which spans the railway tracks and so leads to the Mount Vernon four-corners. I was clocking, I imagine, some forty miles an hour.

"You turn left here," my companion suggested as we shot down the steep incline. Ahead the pavement of the street intersection had been virtually replaced by the slippery steel of frogs and switches for the guidance of trolley cars.

I turned. So did the coupé which I was driving. Following a complete and collective somersault we stopped against a curb, the coupé standing on its roof, and we, inside, on our heads.

After crawling out through a window my passenger paid his call while I got a garage man to turn the automobile right side up. We cleaned out the broken glass and as the engine still would run I was ready to drive into New York. My companion had no more sense than to ride back with me.

I suppose there were plenty of warnings posted on that Mount Vernon bridge which, had I cared to read and heed them, would have kept me from taking the skiddy turn at a speed greater than fifteen miles an hour.



"Went Over the Edge," He Informed Me. "Nobody Hurt"

Eventually I pursued my theory of automobiling to a point where it colored my whole existence, so much so that during our recent affair in France the most meaningless thing to me in the whole lexicon of war was, "Hey, soldier, you can't stand there!"

Greatly to the disgust of numerous sailors and marines employed at thirty dollars a month to utter this cry whenever a soldier hove into view, I did stand "there," wherever it was, and the important point is that I got away with it too.

Whatever may have been the outcome of various arguments, pro and con, concerning what good, if any, resulted from the World War, I know of one distinct benefit which may be ascribed to the conflict, a benefit which bears directly upon the welfare of my fellow citizens but which the international debaters appear to have overlooked. This may be found in my unequivocal assertion that the mode of motor travel for which I should have been jailed has been relegated to the limbo of a dead past.

Comparison of the battlefields of Europe to our American highways may appear far-fetched to some, but it didn't seem so to me when I studied the statistics as to the number of deaths caused by automobiles during 1917 and 1918 and contrasted these with the number of those killed in action while serving in the A. E. F.

### The National Speed Obsession

AFTER the war I was a bit cautious when it came to trying conclusions once more with American motordom. It so happened, in addition, that the first motoring in which I participated after my return from France had to be with someone else in the driver's seat. Even after I was able to resume this responsibility I was forced to be content with a leisurely pace. For the first time in my life I read while I rode.

At this, which might be termed the psychological point of my motoring career, the representative of an automobile club chanced to show me a list of the standardized warnings for guidance of the motor-mad which his and similar agencies have erected along practically every mile of highway in these United States of A-mania for speed. Signs bearing the hopeful suggestions, the club official told me, are posted from San Diego, California, to Eastport, Maine, and from Key West to Puget Sound. At the top of the list I spotted the laughingstock of the land.

"City Limits—Speed 20 Miles an Hour," read the joke I sensed at a glance, the figures subject to change in keeping with various municipal laws. Signs like this are prominently displayed at short intervals along all streets in all American towns for the purpose of keeping motorists out of jail and pedestrians out of the hospital. If anyone dreams they are taken seriously it must be that newspapers are cast aside unread.

Some quirk of fate may have ordered that I am to witness more demonstrations of motor mania than are observed by the average man, and with the list of signs fresh in mind it seemed that I scarcely could drive downtown after a pack of cigarettes without seeing yet another one fail. Within one six-hour period I saw two shocking scores added to the debts which twentieth-century motorists will owe to posterity, if they let any survive.

At noon I stood near a street corner. In front of me, halfway to the street-car track, was a broad white line painted on the pavement, and at the end of this line, to divert an ever-flowing stream of motors, there stood in plain view a huge warning: "Safety Zone—Keep to Right."

In the space set off by line and sign stood a young man waiting for a street car. Down the street came a big sedan, driven, very evidently, by an owner with sense enough in some things to attain quite noticeable success. I recognized him as an acquaintance. Did he heed the message on the sign?

There was the sickening thud of metal striking something soft.

When I found courage to look up, the sedan had stopped halfway across the street intersection, and the prospective street-car passenger was clinging frantically to the radiator cap and one headlight. Discovery that some ugly bruises and a ruined suit of clothes constituted the physical damage for which he might be held responsible moved the sedan driver to opine that fortunately his car was equipped with good brakes.

"Otherwise," he observed, "someone might have been hurt."

In the second accident which I witnessed on this same trip downtown, justice was meted out. One of the most dangerous corners in the city is a veritable maze of intersecting, interweaving street-car tracks, not to mention the waves of motor traffic which surge across it night and day. Therefore the curb lines leading to the corner, the center lines of the streets, and all other strategic points are plastered with signs which state in emphatic crimson: "Left Turn Prohibited."

Toward evening I saw one of the community's most promising young men drive his cut-down speedster into the intersection on high and attempt a left turn behind the traffic officer's back. He crashed head-on against a street car which he had not noticed, and died in a local hospital.

For a time I occupied a dwelling but a short distance from a fire station. The street in front of the building where the motorized fire-fighting apparatus was housed was wide and straight. For a block either way from the station it was marked again and again by signs which read: "Slow—Fire Station—Danger."

With every alarm of fire turned in, a siren screeched to wake the dead with announcement that the apparatus was coming out. In one short month of my observation four automaniacs chose to vent their hatred against all regulations on that particular motor engine. Each ended where he belonged, in a heap against the curb. How many similar demonstrations of mental deficiency were to be witnessed in the same length of time in front of a few thousand other fire stations throughout the country, I am unable to state from statistics at hand.

I have been in automobile accidents and I've ridden in countless cars that were halted alongside the highway while some hard-boiled individual in goggles and khaki parked his motorcycle long enough to write directions about when to tell it to the judge. But I can see readily enough that all such experiences, as well as those which I recount here, might have been entirely wasted if an almost endless succession of calamitous events had not transpired under my very nose at a time when circumstances forced upon me the leisure in which to think. Surgeons and speed cops, I discovered, get all the wild ones finally, and I was moved to fervent prayer that never again will one get me.

Enforced rest for which, if I am to be entirely truthful, I must disclaim all responsibility, ridded my brain of the national obsession for speed. Motormania, as far as I was concerned, gave way to the perfectly normal determination that neither medical man nor minion of the law ever would pick me up as the result of my own reckless driving if I might win the struggle to stay sane. Such a phenomenon—psychiatrists inform me—is not beyond reason's realm.

Possibly it would not be out of place here for me to reveal a fact which stamps me, so far as I am able to ascertain, as unique in an internal-combusted world. Within the last five years, or since I resumed automobile driving after the war, I have not been so much as warned, let alone arrested, for an infraction of any rule intended to govern the conduct of motorists along the public way. In all the miles and hours I've driven since 1920 I have not been mixed up in any automobile accident in which there has been the vaguest intimation that I was at fault. I carry full protective insurance on my automobile against collision, property damage, injury to others and myself, yet the company assuming the risk has not paid out one cent on my account.

### *A Fool and His Gasoline*

ON THE strength of such a record, run up in such a world, I think I'm entitled to talk.

Physically able to handle a motor car as well as ever before and owning one of the most powerful automobiles which American manufacturers produce, I remember enough of what I was, to be certain that I could drive rings around ninety-nine out of every hundred drivers who pass me on the road.

Yet my proudest boast today is that if times have not changed, I have. Now I believe in signs, not only believe in them but follow them to the letter—that is, such signs as have to do with the conduct of motorists upon our jammed highways.

It is not so much a fear of arrest, a fine or imprisonment that holds me under the speed rates fixed for any road as it is a bigoted belief that limits imposed by law are pretty close to the pink ones as far as my own safety is concerned. Sixty miles an hour may do passing well for a professional racing driver confined to a motordrome, but in the channels of daily intercourse, as I have figured things out, it hardly seems compatible with the welfare of humans who aim at three-score years and ten.

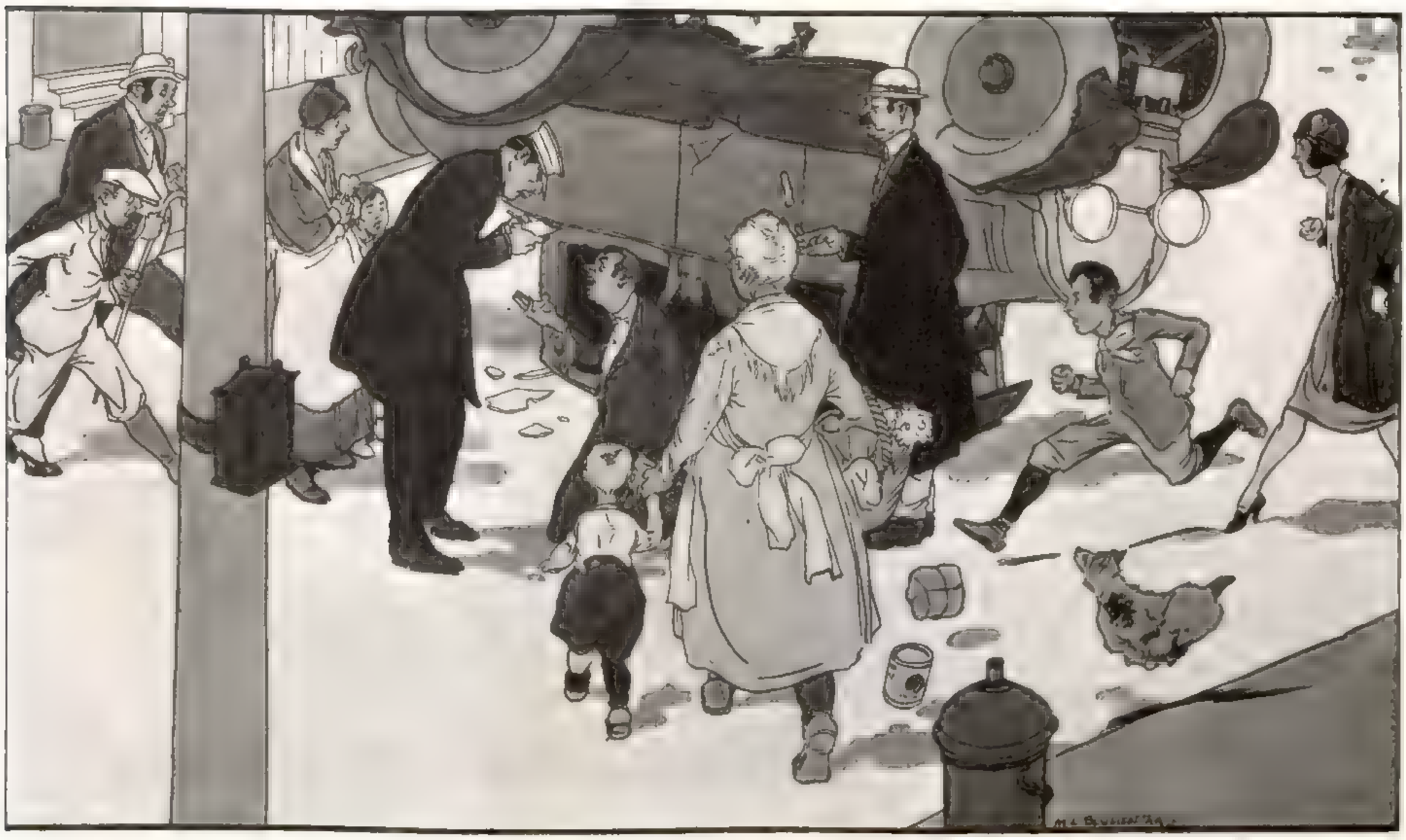
As far as all that goes, the few rules which speed cops are empowered to enforce are of minor importance when set against a score of others based on knowledge of what a gasoline engine can accomplish if aided and abetted by an idiot or a fool. Violation of the speed cop's warnings may lead a motorist to jail at intervals. Violation of any one of some twenty-odd regulations undignified by places in the statutes can lead him to a hearse—just once.

There's the sign, for example, which carries a flaming red arrow bent as the nature of the road may direct and bearing one of the most timely suggestions ever offered to the driver cursed with a leaden foot: "Slow—Dangerous Curve."

Until recently I had a friend—in the truest sense of that word—with whom it was my custom to go each week on a picnic excursion into the hills some sixty miles away—that is, I started out with him, he in his car, I in mine. Usually I arrived at the picnic spot to find that he had been waiting for me an hour or more. Coming back down the long winding grades into town took me about three hours; my friend would make the journey in a few minutes more than one.

On the occasion of one back-country excursion I rode with my friend in his car instead of driving my own. My best recollection of the trip is that during the wild climb upward my end of the conversation was limited to a reiterated and remonstrative "Holy smoke!" while the positively insane return journey for me was one long drawn out "Great Scott!"

We took the downward slope of an 8 per cent grade at sixty miles an hour. Ahead of us loomed an arrowed sign. Beyond it, I knew, was one of the worst S curves in the state, running between banks and chasms alternating on either hand. I rode in the front seat at the driver's side; in the rear were his wife and young son. My frenzied friend was too busily engaged in holding his car on the road to do more than shout over his shoulder occasional compliments to his speed, at which his wife and boy seemed able to laugh. All I could do was to pray.



*After Crawling Out Through a Window My Passenger Paid His Call*

Oh, we made it without mishap. As I stepped from the car in front of my home, however, I found breath to announce that I was through. "Never again with you," I declared, and my friend laughed at my lack of nerve.

"They call that Dead Man's Curve already," I maintained, "and I don't intend to have it rechristened for me."

Two weeks later we went on another picnic to the same spot, this time with me looking after my own transportation. Starting home my friend taunted me with an offer to wager he'd beat me to town by two full hours. He jeered good-naturedly at my reply.

In due course of time and in my best law-abiding fashion I went into the notorious S curve with my engine throttled down as far as possible and my foot on my brakes. As I rounded one of the sharpest bends at approximately ten

*Continued on Page 76*

# THE DARKER HORSE

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE Wildcat and the sawed-off Demmy, laboring in a big city junk yard, enjoyed a variety of heavy jobs which had failed to lend much spice to life. Lily, the mascot goat, tethered near the scene of the heavyweight juggling act, was engaged in nibbling rust from a crowbar and wondering what had become of Lady Luck.

Unloading sections of three-inch steel pipe up and over the high sides of a coal car takes skill and strict attention to business. The trick of letting go of a grizzly bear or a heavy lift is sometimes difficult. Now, with a long section of the heavy pipe balanced on the high side of the car Demmy complicated matters by indulging in one of his recurrent mental lapses and let go of his end first. The Wildcat's end of the pipe kicked up with the abruptness of a snake-bit mule. Fearing to let go, unable to detach himself from the buck-jumping problem, the Wildcat grunted a quick battle cry and cleaved unto his personal earthquake.

Coming back to earth, he swooped feet first to a landing stage decorated with a tangle of cargo. He landed standing up. For the next ten seconds he stood hitched, as rigid as an Egyptian mummy. He batted his eyes against an internal story of painful sensations, involving fractured back teeth, a kinked spine and an upset panorama of Chicago after the fire.

He reached up to see about his neck, and finding it in its accustomed position, he turned his head to where the popeyed Demmy, on tiptoe inside the coal car, was surveying the battle ground and counting the survivors. Demmy congratulated the Wildcat.

"Boy, you sho rid dat piece. Eagle blood—dat's whut you is got in yo' veins. Did de good Lawd need somebody to set de pace fo' a flyin' squab of racin' angels, He sho pick you."

"Don't try to pacify me none! Clomp down on yo' congratulations. You got to be mo' keerful, Demmy, else de fust thing you knows us busts a piece of dis pipe. Ol' boss Tiger-Face tell you dis mawnin' handle it gentle. Fust thing you knows, us loses two jobs."

"I wasn't mindin' de pipe, Wildcat. All Ise skeered of is was you hurt."

"Takes mo' dan skyrocketin' wid a ol' iron pipe to fracture me. Don't pay no mo' 'tention to me. Keep yo' mind on yo' job. Lif' up when I lif's up, an' leave go when I leaves go—dat's all you is got to agitate yo' remainin' brains."

The Wildcat climbed back into the gondola and stooped to grapple with another section of pipe. He interrupted his work program and straightened up.

"Demmy, right now I ax you, whut's eatin' on you? You been ponderin' an' gittin' absentminder an' absentminder all day long. Seems like de sunshine in yo' soul is clouded up blacker dan yo' complexion. Somebody git yo' roll?"

"I still retains my roll."

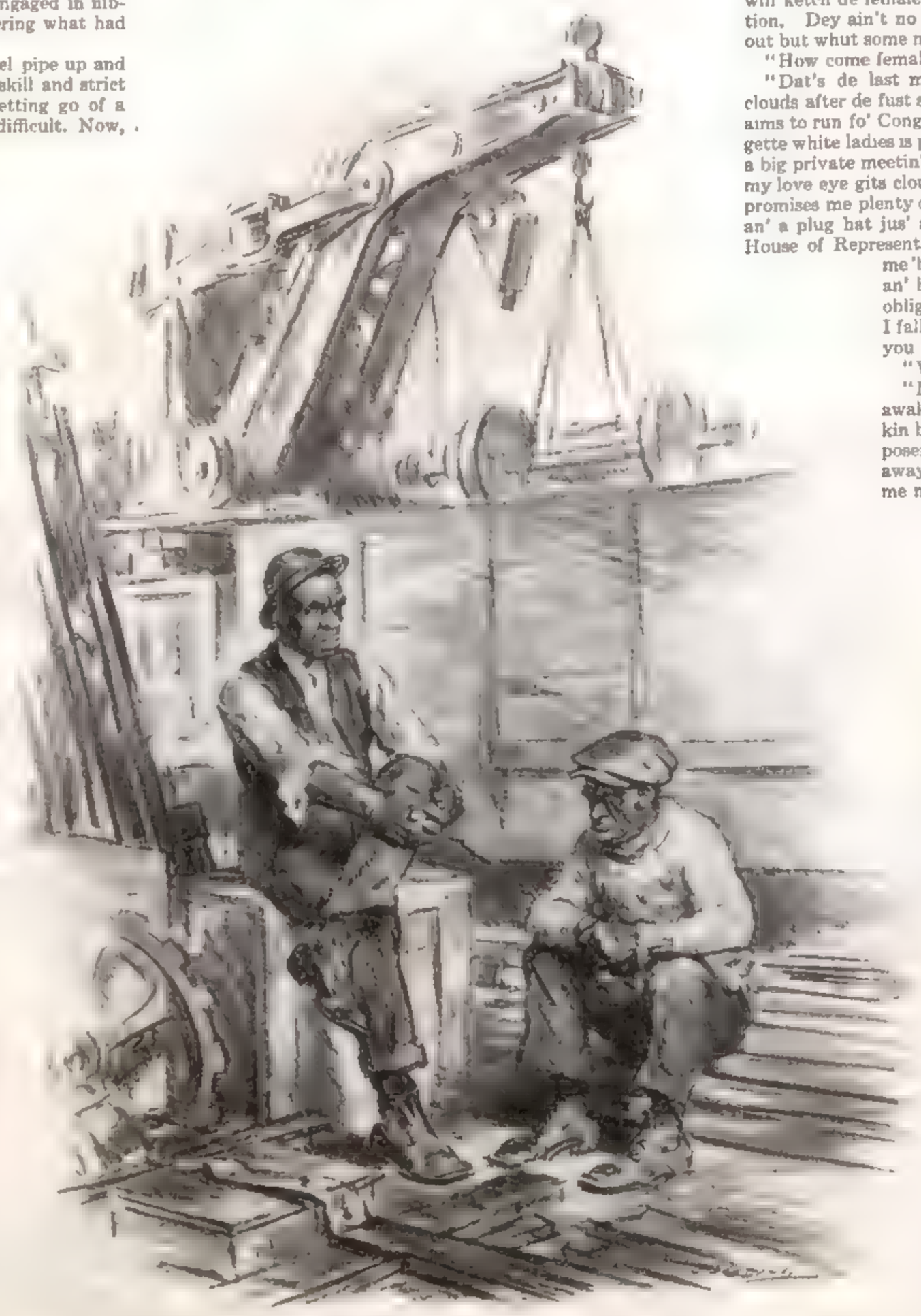
Reminded of the fate which had threatened him throughout the week, Demmy suddenly drooped.

"Dis work bearin' you down?"

"Wildcat, I don't mind dis work. It ain't dat what I minds."

"Den whut does you mind? Here us is settin' close to Lady Luck, eatin' steady, thrivin' on middlin' wages, an' you mopin' like a swamp owl. Whut 'bout dat trombone de boss let you keep outen de junk? Whut 'bout de plug hat he donates to me along wid dat busted drum? Dis job is a gol' mine set wid diamonds, an' yo' lamentations is fairly shakin' de nails outen de mourners' bench."

Demmy was silent for a moment, and then—"I admits us is got good jobs, Wildcat. Dat I grants you. I appreciates de slip-horn whut de boss let me keep. You sho got a fine plug hat an' a middlin' good drum salvaged outen de incomin' junk; but"—he hesitated—"it's dis political Emuna Swan. Dat woman's got me hogtied on de verge of matrimony, and you knows how frantic I is to remain single."



"Mebbe She Won' Git 'Lected, Demmy; Den You Kin Claim de Breach of Promise"

The Wildcat drew a long breath and took his hat off. He wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"Lawd, Demmy! So dat suff'agette Emuna Swan woman is de Bible class where you tells me you is de entertainment committee all dese nights, whilst I sagitates 'round wid de boys. Looks like you sho needs a trainer."

"Looks like I done got one, Wildcat. All I needs is a insurance policy 'gainst fire, cyclones an' flatirons an' wedded bliss."

"I say you does—an' her weighin' forty tons mo' dan a ellafump. Huh! Did you an' her have chillun, de only way you could raise 'em is wid a derrick. When I seed you an' her together de fust time it 'minded me of a ol'-time bicycle wid de big wheel leadin' de little one. Retreat is yo' motto. De best thing us kin do is to overtake de last west-boun' train."

"Kain't retreat, Wildcat; too many folks knows me. Ain't got wages enough to carry us fur enough away f'm Emuna. Befo' Emuna got 'lected presidump of de Colored Politics Club de matrimony whut threatened me was private. Now she done aim to broadcast her love affair all over town. She figgers dat de romance will ketch de female vote in dis comin' Congress 'lection. Dey ain't no place in dis country I could hide out but whut some nigger would find me."

"How come female votes?"

"Dat's de last move. Emuna keeps treadin' de clouds after de fust splash into notoriety, an' now she aims to run fo' Congress. Half a dozen of dese suff'agette white ladies is promotin' de enterprise. Dey was a big private meetin' in Emuna's house last night, an' my love eye gits clouded wid de fogs of fame. Emuna promises me plenty of hack ridin', tailor-made clothes an' a plug hat jus' as soon as she gits 'lected to de House of Representatives at Washington. She tells me 'bout de ten-thousand-dollar wages, an' how anxious de bootleggers is to oblige us congressmen, an' right den I falls. I tells Emuna, 'Yas-sum, does you git 'lected, us gits married.'"

"Which was you, drunk or sober?"

"Middlin'; but I was wide enough awake so dat whutever I said an' done kin be used fo' breach of alimony purposes. Naw, suh, Wildcat, retreatin' away f'm dis trouble ain't gwine do me no good."

"Mebbe she won' git 'lected, Demmy; den you kin claim de breach of promise."

"Kain't be no such luck. Dem white ladies is puttin' up campaign money enough to buy all de nigger votes in town. Emuna was middlin' popular to begin wid. Now she is got a clear field wid all de votes in de district."

"Whut's de man's name runnin' against her?"

"White man name' Murphy; but dat don't mean nothin' wid Emuna's blue Republicans. Naw, suh, Wildcat, dey ain't a chance of Emuna gittin' beat; an' when she goes to Congress, I goes wid her. Dis mawnin' when I th'owed dat anvil down on my foot I was thinkin' how much pleasanter a pussonal funeral would be dan whut's comin'."

"You got to remember de ten-thousand-dollar salary, Demmy, an' mixin' up equal wid all de high-toned folks in Washington."

"Ain't needful to salt de quiverin' wound, Wildcat. You knows how much quality folks dey is in Congress to begin wid, an' furthermore how much chance us has of 'filiatin' wid white folks. Only reason dese strange white folks mixes wid us is dey want somethin' us is got—dat is, mebbe exceptin' dese white-lady uplifters dat's colorblind."

The Wildcat, seeing no escape for his companion, was silent for a while; but a savage excess of emotion marked his disposal of the next three sections of heavy pipe. He boosted the last section up and over the high side of the car and slammed it into the clutch of gravity with an exertion that bulged the veins of his forehead. Then, in a truce with fate, he sought a happier theme.

"Demmy, right now I kain't see no way out. All I wishes is dat us could knock a hole through de brick wall of dat bonded whisky warehouse over dere an' git drowned in likker. Wid de ol' demon rum fightin' against yo' female congressman, de chances is Emuna takes de count. I wishes I could drink myself an' you blue in de face so as to forget yo' troubles."

Demmy smiled sadly.

"Dat don't do no good, Wildcat. De main trouble wid gittin' drunk is you always got to git sober again sooner or later."

"It helps fo' a little while, Demmy. Forgettin' dis Emuna Swan an' yo' career as a congressman's husband fo' fifteen minutes is better dan rememberin' it all de

time. Us is got wages. You come wid me to a place I knows, an' us 'sorbs enough gin to drown yo' high-flyin' Swan."

"Ise wid you, Wildcat, but us kain't do no all-night drinkin'. De white ladies is visitin' Emuna again at eight o'clock tonight, an' I got to rally round."

"I goes wid you. Ise curious to see whut kind of white folks is settin' Emuna on a monument and promotin' yo' doom. I wouldn't min' seein' you married to a cookstove woman, but you is better off single dan tied up wid one of dese suff'agettes. Dey ain't got no business minglin' in politics nohow. Puttin' wimmin in politics is like puttin' sugar on a egg. In de fust place, if de egg is good, it don't need no sugar; an' if it's rotten, de sugar gits dat way too. As long as a ornery, triflin', no-account man kin persuade a woman to take up wid him, as long as wimmin is either all heart an' no head or else no head an' no heart, it don't look to me like de best of 'em is able to improve politics none. Right when dey gits reformin' ev'ything, some male serpent comes along an' de vote whut couldn't be bought wid money is th'owed away fo' love. Naw, suh, Demmy, as long as wimmin keeps spendin' dey money in beauty parlors fo' facials instead of brainials, dey ain't likely to be much help in runnin' de country. But cheer up, Demmy! I ain't got no business loadin' you down wid general remarks. You got yo' own pussonal suff'agette problem to worry 'bout. Nemmine, boy, Lady Luck rallies round an' saves us some place. Remember, it's always darkest befo' dawn."

"I knows it is, Wildcat—but so is Emuna."

II

FOLLOWING Demmy's reluctant admission of the obligation binding him to the carbon-colored suffragette, seeking a brief relief from the slough of impending matrimony, he and the Wildcat headed for a bootleg establishment which enjoyed deserved popularity in the heart of the black belt.

The club was run by one Jeff, with whom the Wildcat was on terms of first-class friendship. Up to date, the same quality of friendship had not marked Jeff's attitude toward Demmy.

Now, lately informed as to Demmy's potential importance in the community, the proprietor of the club, sensing the value of influence to be won in high places, spread himself to welcome the Wildcat's diminutive companion.

"How is you, Wildcat? Dog me if here ain't my ol' friend Demmy! Demmy, how is you?" Jeff looked across the smoke-laden expanse of the club. "You boys come on into my private sanctimony; dis place is kinda crowded."

"Sho will, Jeff." The Wildcat was not a bit reluctant to do his drinking apart from sudden friends whose affiliations meant unreciprocated dents in the likker money.

The private office was occupied by half a dozen negro friends of the proprietor at the time the Wildcat and Demmy entered. They were seated around a table on which was a collection of glasses and three bottles of alcohol. The group was silent at the moment the newcomers entered. Jeff stepped to the front.

"Gents, shake hands wid my friend Demmy, whut is financed to de forthcomin' Congress represen'tive f'm our district. Demmy is somethin' of a stranger in our midst at dis moment, but I knows you boys will rally round an' make him welcome." He indicated the Wildcat. "You already knows dis dice-gamblin' boy f'm Tenn-o-see. Does you crave lunch or anythin', press de button an' when de boy comes, tell him whut you want. Scuse me now. I got to agitate round wid de customers."

While Jeff was mingling with his patrons in the main room of the club, the reception committee in the private office extended a welcome to the Wildcat and Demmy. The Wildcat, reclining in a chair, batted his eyes into consciousness somewhere around midnight and regarded the inert form of the matrimonial candidate, stretched out beside him on Jeff's desk. He shook the somnolent Demmy and was rewarded with a plaintive moan. From Demmy's reluctant lips came a mumbled protest:

"All right, Emuna, git de preacher."

"Shut up, fool, you ain't got dat fur yit! Wake up, Demmy; us is late fo' de political meetin' at yo' finance's place. Rise up on yo' hind laigs, mule, an' us travels."

At half-past twelve, the Wildcat and Demmy started for Emuna Swan's residence. In the Wildcat's brain was a faint hope that Demmy's tardiness and his physical status might promote a battle which would disclose a way for retreat from the terms of the matrimonial compact; but the greeting accorded the pair at the hands of the ponderous congressional candidate banished the Wildcat's hopes. Clad in a voluminous flannelette kimono, Emuna Swan welcomed the late arrivals with a warmth that exceeded their reception at the club.

"Dis bein' a congressman's husband is middlin' fair in spite of de drawbacks," the Wildcat reflected, seated at ease on a plush sofa in Emuna Swan's parlor, engaged with a goblet of the hair of the dog that had so recently bit him. He noted that Emuna made no move to offer Demmy a companion glass.

He stilled the buzzing in his ears in time to catch the endearing phrases showered down upon the victim of love's young dream.

"Demmy honey, de white ladies was here until 'leven o'clock, supplyin' de sinews of war. De Boston lady give me another thousand dollars fo' barbecue expenses, an' de English lady promised to orate some speeches fo' me, to gether in whutever votes dat us couldn't git no other way. I tells her much obliged, but at de same time, honey, you knows dat nuthin' kin stop us f'm goin' to Congress. My Lawd, baby lamb, how proud yo' steady mammy will be when she sees her li'l' Demmy festooned in a plug hat an' Prince Albert clothes an' a fawn-colored vest, waitin' in front of de White House whilst I consults wid de President 'bout how downtrod us darkies is."

The Wildcat visualized Emuna's sketch of her impending husband and added a descriptive detail:

"Dah yo' is, Demmy, dressed up like a rainbow, settin' soft in de back seat of a monstrous big autobeel an' a-smokin' on a two-bit see-gar."

The thought of the two-bit cigar prompted a sudden craving for tobacco. The Wildcat reached into his vest pocket and produced two able-bodied cigars. He passed one of them to Demmy. "Light up, Demmy. Dey comes single at de moment, but bimeby you buys 'em by de box."

The lighting-up process was interrupted by a violent tirade from the gentle Emuna

"Demmy, hand back dat see-gar! Whut I tells you 'bout nicotine in de system? An' me de vice chairman of de local Nicotine Curse League. Hand back dat see-gar!"

The reformer modified her tone a little in a formal deference to her other guest.

"Go ahead an' smoke, if de habit is sot on you," she said to the Wildcat. "Smoke if you craves to, but as fo' Demmy, I fo'bids him touchin' de vile weed."

(Continued on Page 115

*One Gathered From Miss Bawthwell-Rully's Impassioned Flights That a Conference on Women's Wages Had Been Held in Washington*

# DOWN THE STRETCH

## By Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell

IN HALF a century on the turf a fellow who buys horses for himself or trains them for others is bound to run across all kinds. Beau Gallant, a brown colt by Jim Gore out of Bonita Belle, was one that stands out in my mind as being of a special type. He wore the black, white sash, blue sleeves, my racing colors, for the first time as a two-year-old in 1900. I soon learned that his specialty was running a distance. He was a natural stayer, the best two-year-old over a route I ever saw in all my years of racing. It took him a couple of furlongs to get in his stride; but once he had hit it, there were few horses of his own age that could beat him over a route, and few horses from the older division that would lead him home. It took me some time to learn that it was impossible for him to use his high speed in the early part of a race as well as in the stretch.

*Mr. Hildreth, Jockey Mack Garner and Mr. August Belmont, at Belmont Park, June, 1916*

Once I trained him for speed only, hoping to overcome his habit of getting away from the post slowly. It was for the Great Eastern Handicap at Sheepshead Bay and I was afraid that the other horses might get so far away from him in the early running that he would never catch them. But in spite of all the hard work I'd put in on him, he went about the job in the usual way. He was far out of it in the first three furlongs, but at the finish came along with his usual rush and won easily.

Beau Gallant was entered for the Matron Stakes on October second at the fall meeting at old Morris Park, the track which was the favorite gathering place of the fashionable people of New York. The Matron Stakes is one of those events every horseman likes to win, because it always draws a smart field and it gives the stamp of quality to the filly or colt that comes home in front; and it was worth something more than $16,000 that season.

### *Trailing the Field*

THE day before the race Billy Pinkerton gave Mrs. Hildreth a beautiful little Maltese dog named Rags.

"That's a lucky sign," I told Billy, thanking him for the gift. "Dogs have always brought luck to me. Keep your eye on Beau Gallant tomorrow."

"Hope you're right, Sam; but haven't the Keenes entered Commando in the Matron Stakes?" Pinkerton asked.

I told him they had.

"And do I understand that you are hoping to beat Commando with Beau Gallant?" he continued.

"That's my foul purpose. I've thought right along I had a chance, but now I'm more convinced than ever "

"Why?"

"Rags. I'm telling you dogs are my lucky charm. Mrs. Hildreth is going to take Rags up to Morris Park to see the race. That cooks Commando's goose."

Commando was the leading youngster of the year; and as my horse had picked up a penalty for winning a stake a week or so before that Matron, the Keene colt had a one-pound advantage over Beau Gallant—124 to 125. And besides all other things in his favor, he would have Henry Spencer in the saddle—Spencer the Iceman, so called on account of his cool way of handling a horse in a close finish. Johnny Bullman had the leg up for me, a hustling, energetic rider who could get the most out of a horse as sluggish in the early stage as Beau Gallant was inclined to be. I wasn't worried over any advantage the Keenes might have in jockeys.

Considering the good record Beau Gallant had made, I was surprised on the day of the race to find the books quoting twenty and thirty to one against his chances. But a long price will never scare me away from a horse I have confidence in. I know they say around the race tracks to this day that Sam Hildreth won't bet heavily unless a short price is chalked up against his horse, but that's more of a tradition than anything else. The truth is I usually have to be satisfied with a short price, and that's probably how the idea started. At any rate, the odds on Beau Gallant that day suited me exactly. If you could look over some of the old sheets you would see how well I liked the quotations in this instance, although I've made it a rule not to bother much about betting on the bigger stakes. There's enough satisfaction in winning those—and usually enough financial reward.

On the six-furlong straightaway at old Morris Park, over which the Matron Stakes was run, there was a sharp dip in the track a short distance off from the starting post. Beau Gallant was so slow getting away that when the field hit this dip he was still on the crest of the hill. His position in the race made him look twice as big as any other horse. You couldn't mistake what horse it was, even with the naked eye. He was so far behind the other racers that most of the crowd thought he'd been left at the post.

"What race is that horse running in?" one of the funny fellows in the throng called out, referring to Beau Gallant. Some people standing near by roared with laughter at the joke. But I didn't. It got me a little riled.

"He's running in this race and he'll win—if you want a little bet," I called back. The funny man thought that was a better joke. He laughed all the harder.

### *Mud Larks*

AT THE three-furlong pole I saw Beau do what I knew he would. He'd found his stride. One by one he picked up the flying leaders and passed them. To the crowd in the stands it seemed as though he'd suddenly dropped out of the clouds. A roar went up to warn Spencer the Iceman of his danger. But there was no stopping Beau Gallant by this time. He was simply eating up ground, taking two bounds to every one of the other horses. Fifty yards from the wire he had collared Commando and in the next ten jumps had passed him. Over the finish line he flew a half length in front of the Keene champion and going so fast that Bullman had to tug with all his strength to bring him to a standstill. The Parader, another good horse, finished next to Commando.

When I walked over to the judges' stand to see Beau unsaddled I found James R. Keene standing at the rail looking very much bewildered.

"Who owns that horse that just won?" he asked.

"I do."

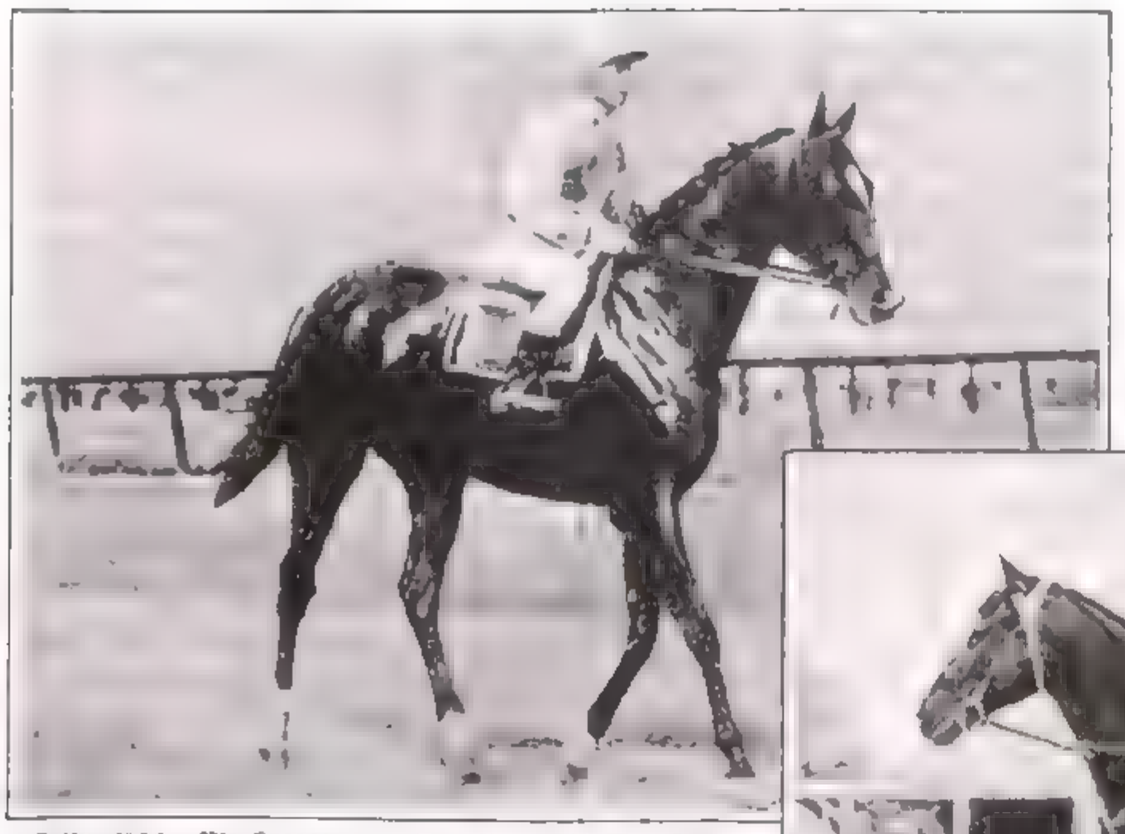
"I can't possibly understand how you beat me in that race, Mr. Hildreth. I never even saw your horse until the finish."

"Neither did anybody else, Mr. Keene, except myself. That's the peculiar thing about Beau Gallant. You never see him until the finish of a race—and then he's the biggest thing in it."

I had bought Beau Gallant for $4000 from Mr. Madden. He won about $25,000 in stakes and purses for me and I sold him for $15,000.

I have always had a leaning toward horses with personality. There is the solid handicap horse that carries high weight and is always doing his best. I like him. There are the sprinters with a great burst of speed that break away from the barrier like scared rabbits and are hard to catch for five or six furlongs. I like them. And those that can run any distance, from five-eighths to a mile and a quarter, over a wet track or dry—I like them too. But I don't like the horse that has no specialty and is unreliable. I mean I don't like to have that kind in my barn. The other fellows are welcome to them. It is the character of the horse that appeals to me most—his personality, his ability to do something the general run of horses can't do.

*An Early Picture of Mrs. Hildreth With Her Maltese Dog, Rags*

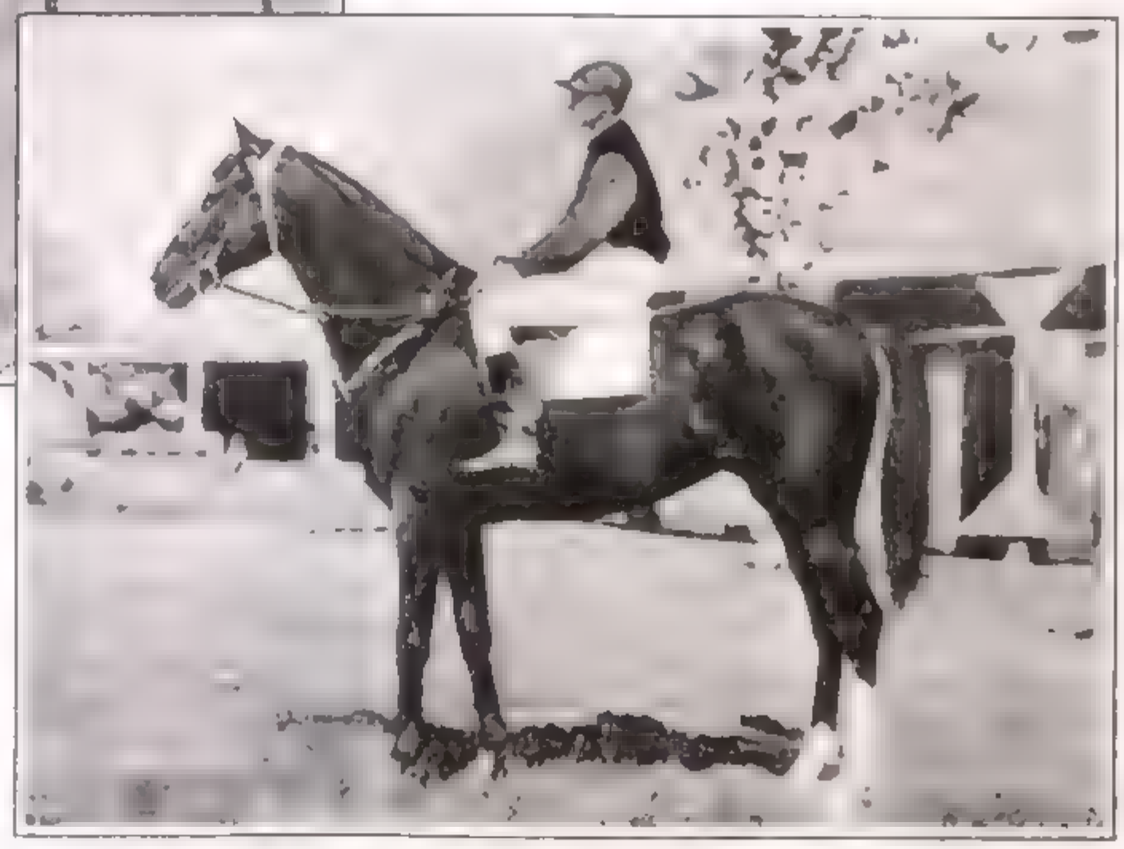


*Colin, 1905. His Career as a Two-Year-Old Was Sensational. He Started in Fifteen Races and Was Never Beaten*

Waring, a son of Massetto from The Sweeper, was of this mold, the most dependable three-year-old in my string at the time Beau Gallant won the Matron. I had bought him from Madden as a two-year-old for $3500 and turned him over to Frank Taylor to train. Early in his career he went lame, but we patched him up and he turned out to be a mighty useful horse, the best mud runner I ever handled. Waring could run almost as fast on a muddy track as he could in fast going, and he could sustain his speed for any distance. On May 1, 1902, he won the Worth Handicap at Worth, Illinois, for me at one and one-sixteenth miles, and a few days later he beat a field of fast sprinters in a short race The only time he wouldn't run well was when his jockey would try to hold him back off the early pace. It wasn't in Waring's make-up to jog along in a race, waiting until the stretch had been reached to show his heels to the other horses. If his rider didn't let him run his own race, he would choke up under the pulling, shorten his stride and drop back beaten.

What makes a good mud runner? I've often been asked that question and I've never been able to answer it to my own satisfaction. I've seen all kinds run well on a slow track, long-striders and short-striders, big horses and small. Most of the get of Hastings, the line that sent Man o' War to the races, ran well in heavy going. The small hoofs of the Hastings horses were supposed to furnish the explanation—maybe correctly. And yet I've seen horses with large hoofs turn out to be the best kind of mud larks. When you make up your mind that a certain kind of horse is better equipped than other types to run through the mire, and you're ready to put it all down in black and white for the benefit of future generations, along comes a representative of the type you have indexed as inferior mud runners to upset your calculations—different size, different action and different hoofs. And now that I've said that, I'll sit back and wait for the blow-off. Thousands of form students, who burn the midnight oil poring over the records, trying to figure out from the past performances why some horses run well in the mud and others don't, will seize upon that as proof that I'm not all there.

Out of the mud-running habits of Thoroughbreds I can draw two definite conclusions. One is that this quality is usually passed from the sire to his sons and daughters. The other is contrary to one of the pet traditions of the turf world. How often have you heard it said that a truly great horse can run in any kind of going? It's a maxim that's made the rounds so thoroughly most people accept it as a law. I challenge it. I know it's not true. I've had many a fine race horse in my stable that couldn't run a lick in the mud.



*Hermis, 1900—the Little Red Horse. As a Four-Year-Old He Rose to the Front Rank and Gained World-Wide Fame*

Hourless was the most notable example of all. This handsome son of Negofol, owned by August Belmont, was one of the greatest Thoroughbreds that have ever worn racing plates on the American turf. But in the mud he was hopeless. He'd sprawl and lose his footing and would be outclassed by a horse he could beat by a city block on a fast track. And it will take a great deal more than Hourless' inability to untrack himself in heavy going to convince me that his name doesn't belong right up in the front rank of the best horses this country has ever seen.

You can go a little further still into the mystery of what produces stamina, speed and courage. What makes a good race horse? There again you run into contradictions and confusion. In the case of some horses the answer is simple. Man o' War, Purchase, Grey Lag, Salvator, Hanover and Thoroughbreds of that type speak for themselves. You see quality written in every line of them. But what of Roamer, the champion of a few years back? And Old Rosebud, a brilliant performer of ten or twelve years ago? And even Sarazen, the fastest three-year-old of last year?

*(Continued on Page 158)*

*The Grand Stand of the Bennings Course, Washington, D. C., Where the United States Racing Events Were Held in 1906*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1925


## The Publicity Clause Interpreted

IN VIEW of the fact that such a large proportion of both houses of Congress consists of lawyers, voters have valid ground for complaint in the fact that so much of our legislation is loosely drawn and is so often susceptible of conflicting interpretations. Business men employ lawyers not only for their knowledge of the law, but for their supposed ability to draw bills, contracts and other important papers with unusual clearness. They pay attorneys to express their intentions so explicitly that they may not only be understood, but that they cannot be misunderstood. In national constitutions a certain degree of vagueness may be desirable, for such documents usually deal with broad principles whose application may, and probably will, vary from generation to generation. Experience teaches that it is wise to allow the courts a certain degree of interpretative latitude. Statutes, however, should be just as explicit as their framers can make them.

Some months ago the newspapers printed page after page of personal and corporation income-tax payments. The air was filled with blasts and counterblasts of indignation and rejoicing. Most of those who voted for the Revenue Act were either hunting an alibi for the adoption of the publicity clause or were pointing with pride to the discomfiture of income-tax payers who were shown up in all their disgraceful wealth or unsuspected poverty or in their reprehensible fondness for tax-exempt bonds. No one knew precisely what the publicity clause meant; and so the Government resorted to the courts to find out.

The publicity section was written in pure Washingtonese, an orotund, mouth-filling language, perhaps, but one which sometimes conceals almost as much intent as it reveals. It required a body no less learned than the Supreme Court of the United States, our highest source of secular revelation, to put the clause into unequivocal English. The court said: "Information which everybody is at liberty to acquire, and the acquisition of which Congress seemed especially desirous of facilitating, in the absence of some clear and positive provision to the contrary cannot be regarded otherwise than public property, to be passed on to others as freely as the possessors of it may choose."

This decision dispels every mist of doubt. The Treasury Department knows what Congress intended. The people know. Congress itself knows. If the taxpayers at large desire a publicity clause, they can preen themselves in the knowledge that they have one which has been sustained by the highest court in the land. If, on the other hand, they are convinced that Congress acted without due consideration of the consequences in exposing private business to the gaze of the curious, to the study of business competitors and to the tender mercies of the compilers of sucker lists, they know the remedy and they know how to apply it.

## Prices and Trusts

THE trust problem has perplexed the country for many years, but in one respect it has almost ceased to trouble. Formerly the people feared mere size in business units, but this no longer affrights. The Standard Oil Company was compelled to break up into many fragments, but several of these are larger than the parent company used to be. Mr. Ford, a single individual, has interests larger than most of the trusts and monopolies against which the whole power of the Government was launched less than twenty years ago.

Most remarkable of all has been the change in policy toward railroads. Less than two decades ago great combinations or consolidations of railroads were barred on the theory that they would prove harmful to the public welfare. But the Transportation Act of 1920 opens the way to precisely the same form of combination, encouraging those that are voluntary and even contemplating compulsion if voluntary action fails. As a result, negotiations have been active for several years looking toward such groupings. Several are in process of active formation; and public interest is very slight, but approving rather than disapproving.

Early in the era of large-scale business organization in this country the organizers were not always so considerate of the public welfare as they have since learned to become. This found its counterpart a little later in blind, unreasoning opposition to practically all large organizations. But now a sort of compromise has been worked out. Its details and administrative processes are not perfect, but as President Coolidge has said, "Its theory is definitely established and well understood. . . . Whether a business unit is good or bad is to be determined not by its size but by its practice. No business is allowed to set aside the law of supply and demand, the rules of open bargaining and fair competition."

Here is progress, but unfortunately not so much as the President seems to imply. One aspect of the trust problem, that of mere size, is pretty well out of the way. But the question of competitive or even of fair and reasonable prices now vexes the country even more than bigness ever did. One devil has been thrown out of the body politic, but twenty new ones have entered in.

Less than two years ago one branch of the Government brought complaint against the New York Sugar and Coffee Exchange on the ground that the type of trading there resulted in an alleged manipulative advance in the price of sugar which was calculated to mulct the consumer. At about the same time another branch of the Government issued a statement in reference to the New York Cotton Exchange complaining that the type of trading there beats down prices, thereby giving to the seller a smaller price than he would otherwise receive. In both cases what is known as future trading was aimed at.

Attorney-General Jesse W. Barrett, of Missouri, in an address before the National Association of Attorneys General last year, discussed the subject of monopolistic prices and efforts made to combat them. He then added that "one of our members made the statement that he was seeking light as to the situation regarding gasoline and oil; that he had heard the —— Oil Company was about to start a price war in his state and he intended to be ready for them and make them suffer if they did."

To the ordinary citizen, unaccustomed to the benevolent niceties of the law, this sounds like damning them if they do and damning them if they don't. It is almost impossible even now to pick up a newspaper without reading that this or that group, association or combination of business men is being prosecuted, or at least investigated, because of the prices charged for their product. But confessedly there is no general harmony or unity with regard to the marks or characteristics of competitive prices.

Says H. Parker Willis, an economist who has given much thought to this subject:

"There is a vagueness about both statutes the so-called antitrust and the so-called trade-commission laws – which from the beginning has left our economists and lawyers in doubt about the meaning of their authors. Efforts have been made to clarify them, and almost multitudinous cases have been brought under them before courts of all grades. The result has been lengthy and learned decisions, many of them traversing one another in important particulars, and practically all of them carefully hedged about by restrictions and limitations which have given rise to fresh uncertainties. . . .

"The outcome has been anything but happy from the standpoint of the public, and especially of the business man. . . . Results have been confusing, lacking in unity or consistency."

To speak more plainly, all these prosecutions of trade associations and other business groups, because their prices are too low or too high or lacking in competition for any one of a score of different and contradictory reasons, accomplish nothing as far as the public can judge.

Under modern conditions, price making and quoting practices are of necessity most complex. In the same way the competitive character or reasonableness of a price is difficult to arrive at or even to recognize.

But difficulty is no excuse; our complicated business system cannot survive unless man is able to handle it. Too much the making of laws bearing upon economic questions has been left to political advantage, sectional rivalry and class interest. Economic issues have not been thought out, and lawmakers have covered up their own and the popular confusion with vague legal phrases.

"To the courts is given the impossible task of deciding the meaning of these ambiguous statutes," says Prof. Frank A. Fetter, former president of the American Economic Association. "Laws on economic matters are written like political platforms, so that they may mean all things to all men. . . . Because of this, a great deal of unmerited criticism has been directed against our higher courts. The public having dodged its responsibility for clear thinking and decision between the definite alternatives presented, and the legislators having dodged their responsibility, the question finally comes to the ultimate tribunal, which must render judgment, even though it be by a vote of five to four or four to three. At such a time a large part of the public complains, whichever way the decision goes. But has not the public itself to blame when it leaves public policy on economic matters to evolve by judge-made law—a slow and costly process?"

It is time for the business and economic talent of the country to take up this problem in dead earnest. Take one illustration only. Can no one tell us what is a sound public policy toward gasoline prices? At present it would appear as if some prosecuting attorney pitches into the oil companies with a loud whoop whenever gasoline prices go up or go down or merely remain stationary. This may be good politics, but it is mighty poor business and economics. Such snipe shooting gets us nowhere; it merely serves to irritate and hamper business enterprise, if that be the goal desired.

Mr. Hoover is an overworked man, but the public has confidence in his efforts to bring some measure of order into the confusion of industrial and commercial practices. As Secretary of Commerce, and because of his own efforts, he is in a position to crystallize opinion on these subjects. But it will not be enough to define the principles of trade association either for the participants or for the guidance of lawmakers.

Those in authority must explain to the general reading public in simple comprehensible terms the essential facts about the price structure of the complex civilization in which we live, as well as what manner of prices is in the public interest. Is this impossible of accomplishment? It is arduous to force the public mind to concentrate on general questions unless personalities are involved. But we are in a quagmire now. There must be a way out.

# THE LOG OF A JOB BROKER

## On Your Own—By Kenneth Coolbaugh

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

SINCE the first human slid from grace or a coconut tree some men have created jobs and others sought them. Thus probably it will always be. Yet I sometimes wonder how much of enduring value we bestow upon a man when we give him just the job he thinks he wants.

There is Drew, for instance, who this morning threaded his way through the crowd which stormed or patiently picketed the office. Soft-spoken, slight of frame, forty-odd, almost diffident in his approach, he gives the impression of one who, having reached the green, is in doubt as to which club to use; his "Good morning" as muffled as the first day he came to me months ago.

"It's a desperate case," an old friend of mine had telephoned. "Desperate. I've known him for years. I've racked my brain and braced everyone I know, but he can't seem to fit in. I don't know what's the trouble. A complex, maybe. . . . What's he done? Well, he's been in educational work chiefly. Taught for eight or ten years - high school. Then with the state for a time handling publicity in connection with farm marketing. That's his forte, I think, but he'll take anything for the present, except maybe selling; he's not cut out for that. He's been out of a job so long he's had to break up housekeeping and ship his wife and children up the country to her parents' home. I'll write him to see you."

A day or two later when he came in with a note of introduction there was little to add to the background I already had. Though literally he was willing to take anything, there seemed to be nothing for him. As he expressed it: "Employers know I'm simply hunting a potboiler until I can get the kind of work I really want. They know I wouldn't and couldn't afford to stick."

Like many white-collar men, he found himself denied jobs he could well do because, ironically, he was superequipped.

Several attempts I made to find a groove for him were futile. Nevertheless, he kept in almost daily touch with me for a week or more. Then I missed him for several days until he dropped in late one afternoon. He toted a brief case—the same one he had this morning.

"Can't I interest you in something no cultured family should be without? No, that won't do," he smiled grimly. "I'll have to polish up on the approach. Never use the negative in your questions. It suggests a negative answer. They told me that at the office. I came in to let you know I am still on the market and to ask you to keep me in mind.

"I took this up"—he handed me a ream of advertising literature—"because I believe in it. It seemed to be the best of the boiling. I'm not a salesman, Lord knows, but I reasoned it out the other night. I know something of books and history; if I couldn't sell these I couldn't sell anything. No, no actual sales so far, but a few good prospects. They tell me over at the office I ought to start producing the next few months on account of the Christmas trade. After the holidays—well, they didn't predict, but it's bound to slump, so don't forget me. If I were cut out for selling I would see this through because I believe in it; but I'm not, so there you are."

A month before the new year turned the corner I ran across him on the street during the noon hour. "A job with the state came through this morning," I told him. "One pretty much in your line and which may develop into something worth while." I outlined it to him.

"That salary's more than I average," he injected.

"It might pan out as a real opportunity."

"A life sentence, with good behavior? Let me think it over." I did not urge him.

The next morning his final answer came over the wire: "You had better count me out. Thanks a lot, though, for remembering me. Maybe it's a mistake, but I'm going to see this job through. I'm hitting it a little better each week and just beginning to get by on expenses. It still goes against the grain, but I believe in what I'm selling. If I were only more of a salesman."

This morning marked no change in his speech or bearing. There was nothing of elation or sufficiency as he laid on my desk the card I have before me.

"You'll be glad to know I'm on a little different mission this time," he said, tucking the card in the corner of my

(Continued on Page 178)

He Came Through: They Always Do, It Seems, These Builders of Things We Take for Granted

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

### Stereopticons

*SHE dropped a dainty handkerchief,*
*And he,*
*Behind her walking slowly,*
*Didn't see*
*The laughter in her pensive eyes,*
*So bright;*
*He only saw a chance*
*To be polite.*

*He picked it up.*
*And then she turned around.*
*Her face, her voice were wonderful!*
*"You've found*
*My handkerchief?"*
*She asked, between the smiles.*
*It blinded him!*
*It banished afterwhiles!*

*He's married now—*
*It cost him just three bucks!*
*Some days he works*
*Repairing motortrucks.*
*Her handkerchief*
*She washes out at night,*
*And dries it on the windowpane,*
*Stretched tight!* —*Eodie Marr.*

### Ballade of the Sophisticated Grad

*I ROWED four years on the College Crew,*
*I sang four years in the College Choir;*
*I'm skilled in writing an I O U,*
*My clothes the latest in smart attire,*
*My brow, once low, is slightly higher;*
*In trousers wide I ape a gob—*
*But frantically I now inquire:*
*Where, oh, where, can I get a job?*

*I've got twelve bags of billets-doux,*
*I strum my ukulele lyre;*
*My hair is dark, my eyes are blue,*
*My pipe's the best in seasoned brier.*
*I'm also quite a versifier*
*And can rime knob with mob or squab—*
*But tragic is my need, and dire:*
*Where, oh, where, can I get a job?*

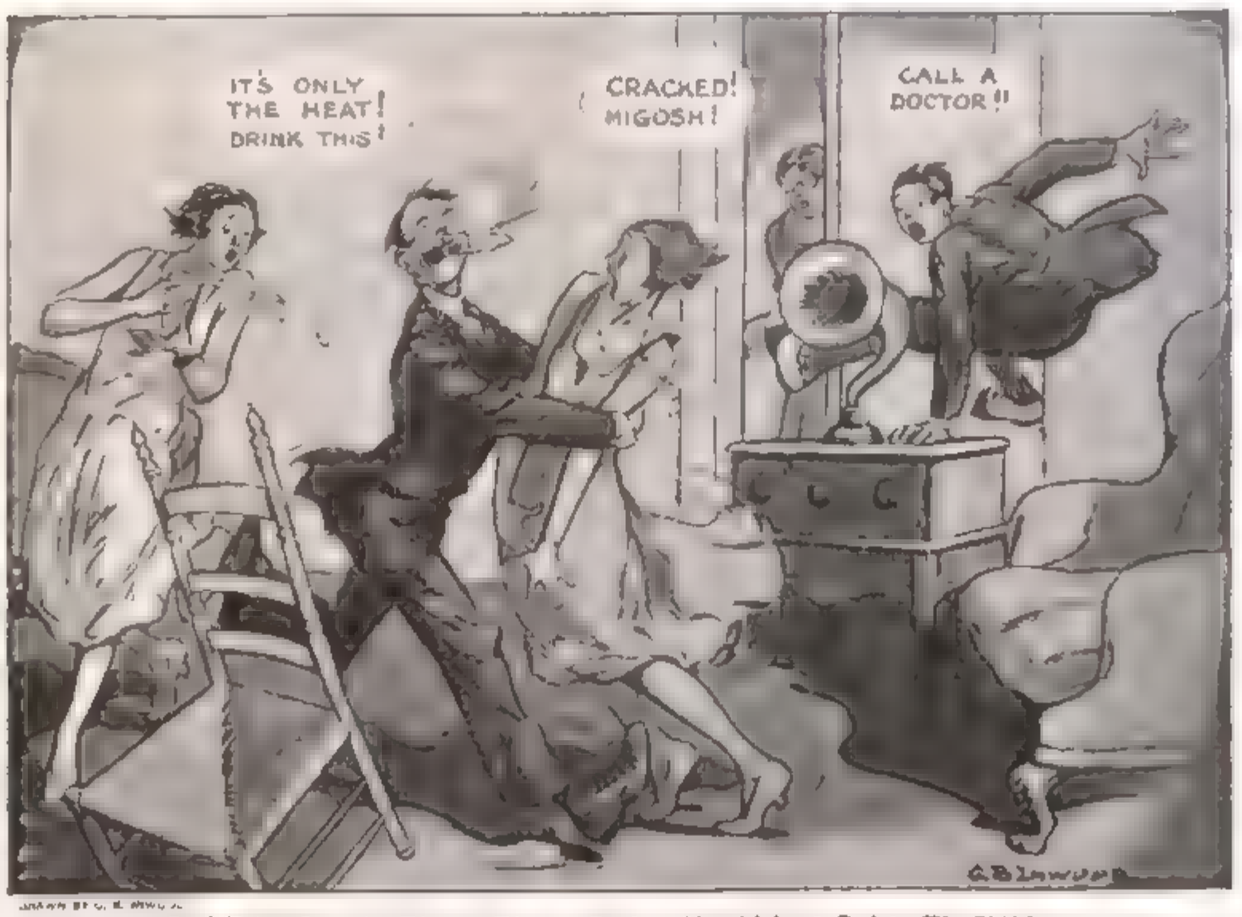
*I speak the tongue of Timbuctoo*
*And must admit that I inspire*
*Chorus girl and ingénue.*
*(Yes, at times I play with fire);*
*Flaming hearts I (yawn) acquire—*
*Beauties for my photos sob.*
*But I'll be good as a hooded friar—*
*Where, oh, where, can I get a job?*

*L'Envoi*

*Banker, Broker, Uncle, Sire,*
*Heed my plea with fear athrob;*
*Note I tremble and perspire*
*Where, oh, where, can I get a job?*
—*A. Lippmann.*

### Poor Papa!

LITTLE LUCY, the dimpled darling of the films and the highest-salaried baby in all Hollywood, dismissed her father with a gesture of finality.




*Dad Tries Out the Theory That a Father Should be a Pal to His Children*

"You might just as well run along now," she said. "If you've squandered your allowance you'll have to stay at home for the rest of the month, and listen to the radio. Not another cent do you get. The argument is closed, and I warn you that it won't do a bit of good to come hanging around the nursery with a martyred look on your face."

"But, daughter," remonstrated the man, "you don't understand. I'll pay it back out of my next month's allowance. It's just a loan."

"No use!" said the tiny tot peremptorily. "Not a bit of use. What's more, I don't care to be bothered about it any further. I'm due on the set in a couple of hours, and this is the first chance I've had to play with my dollies in a week."

"But why can't you be reasonable?" pleaded the father. "I only want a couple of hundred. Bill Snicken's kid doesn't make half as much as you do, and yet he gets an allowance twice as much as mine. I don't see ——"

"That will do!" broke in the youthful star severely. "One more peep out of you, and I'll see that your allowance is cut off altogether. I'm getting sick and tired of your extravagances anyhow. Now beat it!"

The man picked up his hat and reluctantly departed.

"Darn!" he muttered vehemently when he was outside the door. "Next thing I know, I'll have to get a job and go to work."

—*Harry L. Roberts.*

### Mother Goose for Antique Collectors

I

*SING a song of auctions,*
*Pile the car with junk;*
*Four-and-twenty warming pans*
*And a horsehair trunk.*

*When the car is started:*
*"Catch that spool-turned bed!"*
*"Bobby, take the bureau*
*Off your sister's head!"*

*Father's at the steering wheel,*
*Lapp'd in luster wares;*
*"Mercy! Was that grandma*
*Or those Windsor chairs?"*

*"Mother, hold the highboy!"*
*Shades of Duncan Phyfe,*
*Tomorrow comes another sale;*
*Gosh, what a life!*

II

*Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,*
*Daddy's below in Ye Chippendale Shoppe,*
*Gouging and sawing and patching with glue,*
*Making old furniture where there was new.*

III

*To auctions, to auctions*
*To buy a glass plate.*
*"That never saw*
*Sandwich!*
*Of course it's too*
*late."*

IV

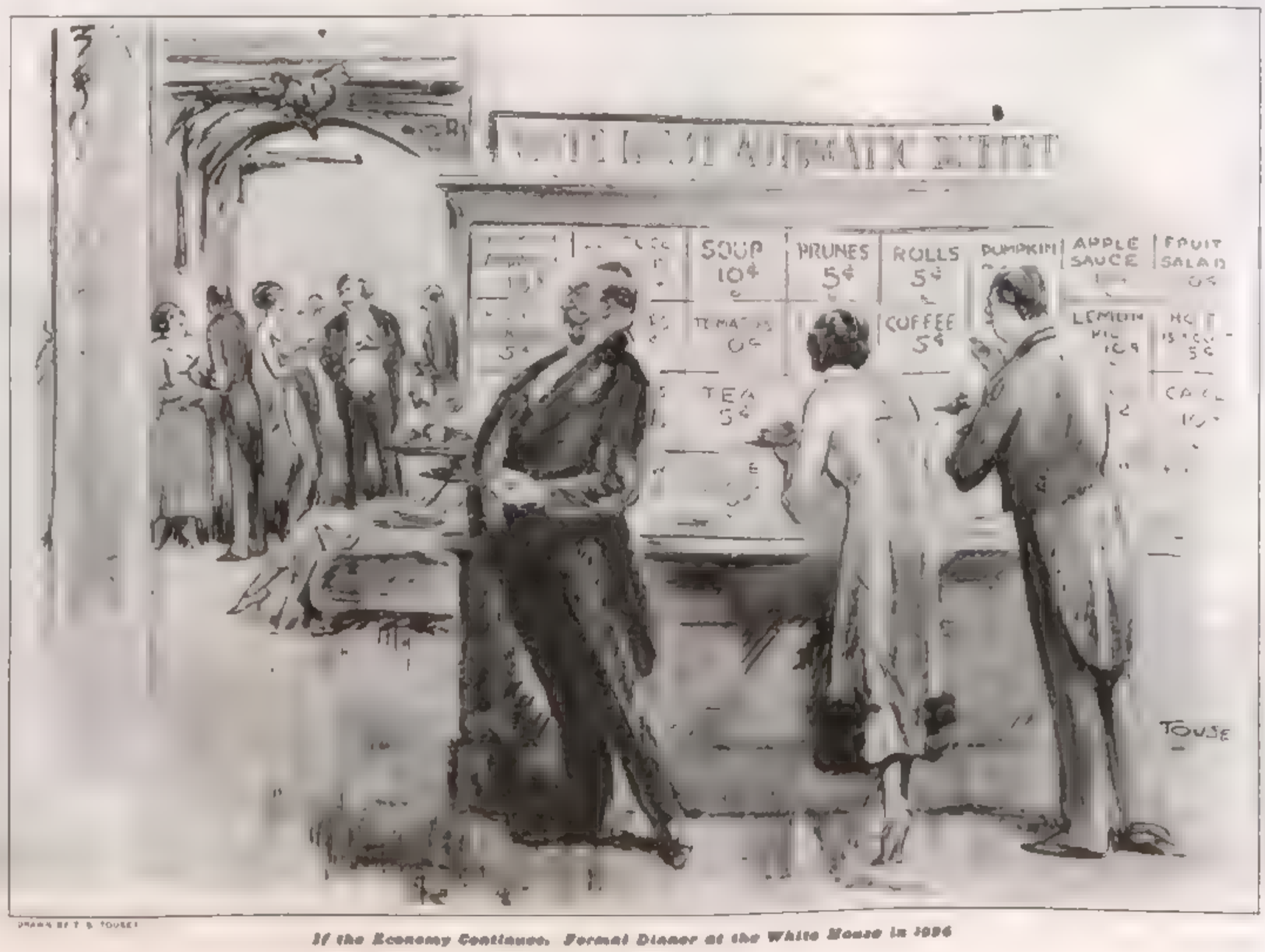
*Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, faker's man,*
*Age me a candlestick quick as you can.*
*Dose it with acid and batter it well,*
*Mark it Louis Quatorze, and lookut it sell!*

V

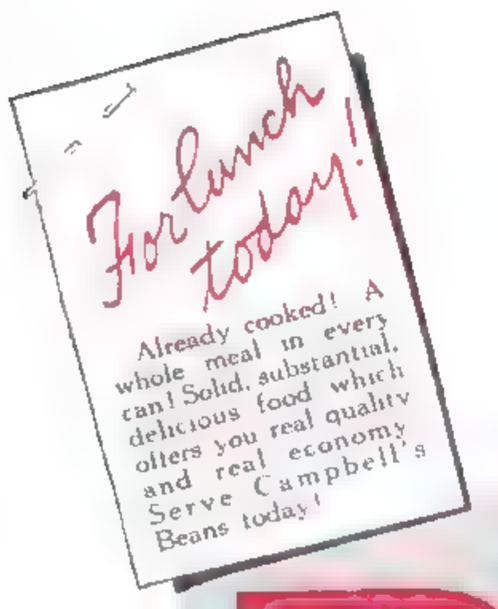
*I saw the Mayflower sailing in,*
*Sailing in, sailing in;*
*I saw the Mayflower sailing in,*
*On Forefathers' Day in the morning.*

*The Brothers Adam were at the wheel,*
*J. Wedgwood piped with a tarry zeal,*
*While Sheraton frisked in a sailor's reel,*
*On Forefathers' Day in the morning.*

(Continued on Page 110)




*If the Economy Continues. Formal Dinner at the White House in 1936*


For lunch today!
Already cooked! A whole meal in every can! Solid, substantial, delicious food which offers you real quality and real economy. Serve Campbell's Beans today!

# Buy the beans with the most delicious Tomato Sauce ~ Campbell's

Buy them the first time on their reputation—the beans that millions of others buy and like. After you eat your first plate of Campbell's Beans, you'll forget their reputation and remember only how good they taste—the beans your appetite will want every time. Insist on getting Campbell's!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

# SAM IN THE SUBURBS

## By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XIV

ACROSS the way from Tilbury House, next door to the massive annex containing the offices of Tiny Tots, Sabbath Jottings, British Girlhood, the Boys' Adventure Weekly and others of the more recently established of the Mammoth Publishing Company's periodicals, there stands a ramshackle four-storied building of an almost majestic dinginess, which Lord Tilbury, but for certain regulations having to do with ancient lights, would have swallowed up years ago, as he has swallowed the rest of the street.

The first three floors of this building are occupied by firms of the pathetic type which cannot conceivably be supposed to do any business, and yet hang on with dull persistency for decade after decade. Their windows are dirty and forlorn and most of the lettering outside has been worn away, so that on the second floor it would appear that trade is being carried on by the Ja— & Sum—r— Rub— Co., while just above, Messrs. Smith, R-bi-s-n & G——, that mystic firm, are dealing in something curtly described as c——. It is not until we reach the fourth and final floor that we find the modern note struck.

Here the writing is not only clear and golden but, when read, stimulating to the imagination. It runs:

THE TILBURY DETECTIVE AGENCY, LTD.

J. Sheringham Adair, Mgr.

Large and Efficient Staff

And this conjures up visions of a suite of rooms filled with hawk-faced men examining bloodstains through microscopes or poring tensely over the papers connected with the singular affair of the theft of the maharaja's ruby.

On the morning, however, on which Sam Shotter paid his visit to Tilbury House, only one man was sitting in the office of the detective agency. He was a small and weedy individual, clad in a suit brighter even than the one which Sam had purchased from the Brothers Cohen. And when it is stated in addition that he wore a waxed mustache and that his handkerchief, which was of colored silk, filled the air with a noisome perfume, further evidence is scarcely required to convince the reader that he is being introduced to a most undesirable character. Nevertheless, the final damning fact may as well be revealed. It is this—the man was not looking out of a window.

Tilbury Street is very narrow and the fourth-floor windows of this ramshackle building are immediately opposite those of the fourth floor of Tilbury House. Alexander Twist therefore was in a position, if he pleased, to gaze straight into the private sanctum of the proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Company and obtain the spiritual uplift which could hardly fail to result from the spectacle of that great man at work. Alone of London's millions of inhabitants, he had it in his power to watch Lord Tilbury pacing up and down, writing at his desk or speaking into the dictating device who knows what terrific thoughts.

Yet he preferred to sit at a table playing solitaire—and, one is prepared to bet, cheating. One need not, one fancies, say more.

So absorbed was Mr. Twist in his foolish game that the fact that someone was knocking on the door did not at first penetrate his senses. It was only when the person outside, growing impatient, rapped the panel with some hard object which might have been the handle of a lady's parasol, that he raised his head with a start. He swept the cards into a drawer, gave his coat a settling tug and rose alertly. The knock sounded like business, and Mr. Twist, who was not only J. Sheringham Adair, Mgr., but the large and efficient staff as well, was not the man to be caught unprepared.

"Come in," he shouted.

With a quick flick of his hand he scattered a top dressing of important-looking papers about and was bending over these with a thoughtful frown when the door opened.

At the sight of his visitor he relaxed the preoccupied austerity of his demeanor. The newcomer was a girl in the middle twenties, of bold but at the moment rather sullen good looks. She had the bright hazel eyes which seldom go with a meek and contrite heart. Her coloring was vivid, and in the light from the window her hair gleamed with a sheen that was slightly metallic.

"Why, hello, Dolly," said Mr. Twist.

"Hello," said the girl moodily.

"Haven't seen you for a year, Dolly. Never knew you were this side at all. Take a seat."

The visitor took a seat.

"For the love of pop, Chimp," she said, eying him with a languid curiosity, "where did you get the fungus?"

"I See You," Proceeded the Voice Lovingly

Mr. Twist moved in candid circles, and the soubriquet Chimp—short for Chimpanzee—by which he was known not only to his intimates but to police officials in America who would have liked to become more intimate than they were, had been bestowed upon him at an early stage of his career in recognition of a certain simian trend which critics affected to see in the arrangement of his features.

"Looks good, don't you think?" he said, stroking his mustache fondly. It and money were the only things he loved.

"Anything you say. And I suppose, when you know you may be in the coop any moment, you like to have all the hair you can while you can."

Mr. Twist felt a little wounded. He did not like badinage about his mustache. He did not like tactless allusions to the coop. And he was puzzled by the unwonted brusqueness of the girl's manner. The Dora Gunn he had known had been a cheery soul, quite unlike this tight-lipped, somber-eyed person now before him.

The girl was looking about her. She seemed perplexed.

"What's all this?" she asked, pointing her parasol at the writing on the window.

Mr. Twist smiled indulgently and with a certain pride. He was, he flattered himself, a man of ideas, and this of presenting himself to the world as a private investigator he considered one of his happiest.

"Just camouflage," he said. "Darned useful to have a label. Keeps people from asking questions."

"It won't keep me from asking questions. That's what I've come for. Say, can you tell the truth without straining a muscle?"

"You know me, Dolly."

"Yes, that's why I asked. Well, I've come to get you to tell me something. Nobody listening?"

"Not a soul."

"How about the office boy?"

"I haven't got an office boy. Who do you think I am—Pierpont Morgan?"

Thus reassured, the girl produced a delicate handkerchief, formerly the property of a London department store and parted from unwittingly by that establishment.

"Chimp," she said, brushing away a tear, "I'm sim'ly miserable."

Chimp Twist was not the man to stand idly by while beauty in distress wept before him. He slid up and was placing an arm about her shoulder, when she jerked away.

"You can tie a can to that stuff," she said with womanly dignity. "I'd like you to know I'm married."

"Married?"

"Sure. Day before yesterday—to Soapy Molloy."

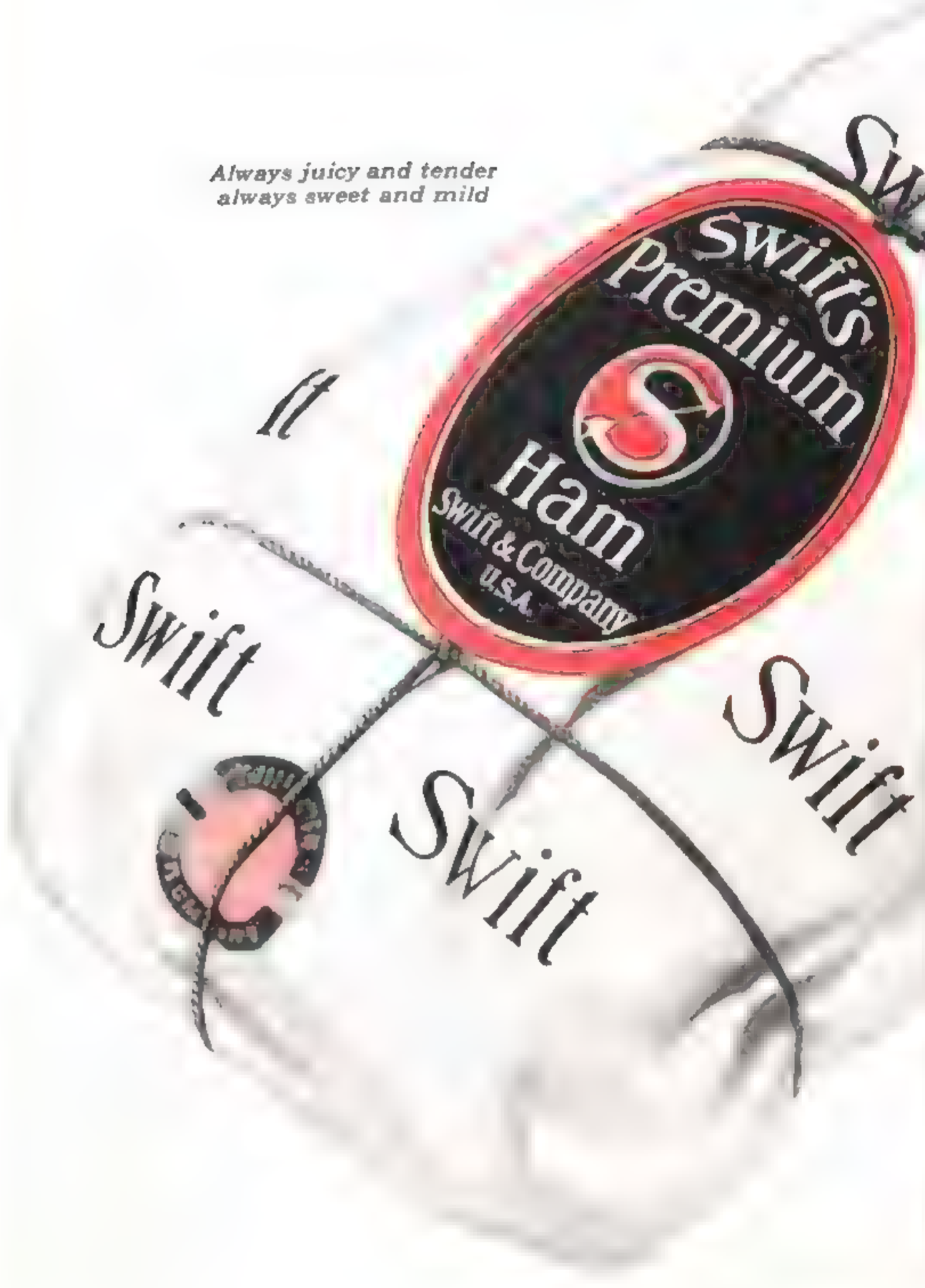
"Soapy!" Mr. Twist started. "What in the world did you want to marry that slab of Gorgonzola for?"

"I'll ask you kindly, if you wouldn't mind," said the girl in a cold voice, "not to go alluding to my husband as a slab of Gorgonzola."

"He is a slab of Gorgonzola."

"He is not. Well, anyway, I'm hoping he's not. It's what I come here to find out."

(Continued on Page 34)




*Always juicy and tender always sweet and mild*

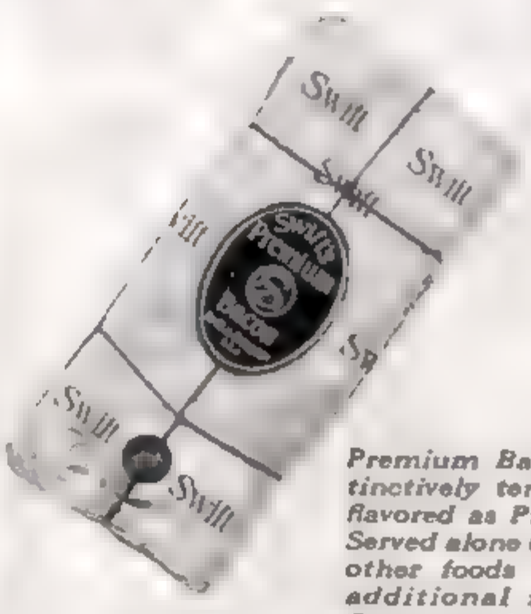
*Look for the blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice*

TO SERVE Premium Ham often is the plan of many a housewife whose family has learned what enjoyment there is in this choice meat—in its sweet, mild flavor; its juicy tenderness.

It is the practice, in such homes, to buy the *whole* ham —not only for the convenience of having plenty on hand, but for the saving in the average cost per pound.

To have the ham cut as shown above, is to enjoy the added advantage of having it ready to cook in a variety of ways: the butt end to bake, the shank end to boil, the center slices to broil or fry.

Swift & Company



*Premium Bacon is as distinctively tender and fine-flavored as Premium Ham. Served alone or cooked with other foods to give them additional richness and fine savor, there are so many uses for Premium Bacon that women like to buy it as shown here—a whole piece at a time*

# Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 32)

Mr. Twist's mind had returned to the perplexing matter of the marriage.

"I don't get this," he said. "I saw Soapy a couple of weeks back and he didn't say he'd even met you."

"He hadn't then. We only run into each other ten days ago. I was walking up the Haymarket and I catch sight of a feller behind me out of the corner of my eye, so I faint on him, see?"

"You're still in that line, eh?"

"Well, it's what I do best, isn't it?" Chimp nodded.

Dora Molloy—Fainting Dolly to her friends—was unquestionably an artist in her particular branch of industry. It was her practice to swoon in the arms of rich-looking strangers in the public streets and pick their pockets as they bent to render her assistance. It takes all sorts to do the world's work.

"Well then I seen it was Soapy, and so we go to lunch and have a nice chat. I always was strong for that boy, and we were both feeling kind of lonesome over here in London, so we fix it up. And now I'm sim'ly miserable."

"What," inquired Mr. Twist, "is biting you?"

"Well, I'll tell you. This is what's happened: Last night this bird Soapy goes out after supper and doesn't blow in again till four in the morning. Four in the morning, I'll trouble you, and us only married two days. Well, if he thinks a young bride's going to stand for that sort of conduct right plumb spang in the middle of what you might call the honeymoon, he's got a second guess due him."

"What did you do?" asked Mr. Twist sympathetically, but with a touch of that rather unctuous complacency which bachelors display at moments like this.

"I did plenty. And he tried to alibi himself by pulling a story. That story the grand jury is now going to investigate and investigate good. . . . Chimp, did you ever hear of a man named Finglass?"

There was that in Mr. Twist's manner that seemed to suggest that he was a reluctant witness, but he answered after a brief hesitation.

"Sure!"

"Oh, you did, eh? Well, who was he then?"

"He was big," said Chimp, and there was a note of reverence in his voice. "One of the very biggest, old Finky was."

"How was he big? What did he ever do?"

"Well, it was before your time and it happened over here, so I guess you may not have heard of it; but he took a couple of million dollars away from the New Asiatic Bank."

Mrs. Molloy was undeniably impressed. The formidable severity of her manner seemed to waver.

"Were you and Soapy mixed up with him?"

"Sure! We were the best pals he had."

"Is he alive?"

"No; died in Buenos Aires the other day."

Mrs. Molloy bit her lower lip thoughtfully.

"Say, it's beginning to look to me like that story of Soapy's was the goods after all. Listen, Chimp, I'd best tell you the whole thing. When I give Soapy the razz for staying out all night like the way he done, he pulled this long spiel about having had a letter from a guy he used to know named Finglass, written on his deathbed, saying that this guy Finglass hadn't been able to get away with the money he'd swiped from this New Asiatic Bank on account the bulls being after him, and he'd had to leave the whole entire lot of it behind, hidden in some house down in the suburbs somewheres. And he told Soapy where the house was, and Soapy claims that what kep' him out so late was he'd been searching the house, trying to locate the stuff. And what I want to know is, was he telling the truth or was he off somewheres at one of these here now gilded night clubs, cutting up with a bunch of janes and doing me wrong?"

Again Mr. Twist seemed to resent the necessity of acting as a favorable witness for a man he obviously disliked. He struggled with his feelings for a space.

"Yes, it's true," he said at length.

"But listen here. This don't seem to me to gee up. If this guy Finglass wanted Soapy to have the money, why did he wait all this time before telling him about it?"

"Thought he might find a chance of sneaking back and getting it himself, of course. But he got into trouble in Argentina almost as soon as he hit the place, and they stowed him away in the cooler; and he only got out in time to write the letters and then make his finish."

"How do you know all that?"

"Finky wrote to me too."

"Oh, did he? Well, then, here's another thing that don't seem to make sense: When he did finally get round to telling Soapy about this money, why couldn't he let him know where it was? I mean, why didn't he say it's under the mat or poked up the chimney or something, 'stead of leaving him hunt for it like he was playing button, button, where's the button—or something?"

"Because," said Mr. Twist bitterly, "Soapy and me were both pals of his, and he wanted us to share. And to make sure we should get together he told Soapy where the house was and me where the stuff was hidden in the house."

"So you've only to pool your info to bring home the bacon?" cried Dolly, wide-eyed.

"That's all."

"Then why in time haven't you done it?"

Mr. Twist snorted. It is not easy to classify snorts, but this was one which would have been recognized immediately by any expert as the snort despairing, caused by the contemplation of the depths to which human nature can sink.

"Because," he said, "Soapy, the pig-headed stiff, thinks he can double-cross me and get it alone."

"What?" Mrs. Molloy uttered a cry of wifely pride. "Well, isn't that bright of my sweet old pie-face! I'd never of thought the dear boy would have had the sense to think up anything like that."

Mr. Twist was unable to share her pretty enthusiasm.

"A lot it's going to get him!" he said sourly.

"Two million smackers it's going to get him," retorted Dolly.

"Two million smackers nothing! The stuff's hidden in a place where he'd never think of looking in two million years."

"You can't bluff me, Chimp Twist," said Dolly, gazing at him with the cold disdain of a princess confronted with a boll weevil. "If he keeps on looking, it stands to reason — "

She broke off. The door had opened and a man was entering. He was a fine, handsome, open-faced man of early middle age, bearing a striking resemblance to William Jennings Bryan in his younger days. At the sight of this person Chimp Twist's eyes narrowed militantly, but Dolly flung herself into his arms with a remorseful cry.

"Oh, Soapy, darling! How I misjudged you!"

The newcomer had had the air of a man weighed down with the maximum amount of sorrow that a human being can bear. This demonstration, however, seemed to remove something of the burden.

"'S all right, sweetness," he said, clasping her to his swelling bosom.

"Was I mean to my angel-face?"

"There, there, honey lamb!"

Chimp Twist looked sourly upon this nauseating scene of marital reconciliation.

"Ah, cut it out!" he growled.

"Chimp's told me everything, baby doll," proceeded Mrs. Molloy. "I know all about that money, and you just keep right along, precious, hunting for it by yourself. I don't mind how often you stay out nights or how late you stay out."

It was a generous dispensation, for which many husbands would have been grateful, but Soapy Molloy merely smiled a twisted, tortured smile of ineffable sadness. He looked like William Jennings Bryan hearing the result of a presidential election.

"It's all off, honey bunch," he said, shaking his head. "It's cold, petty. We'll have to let Chimp in on it after all, sweetie-pie. I came here to put my cards on the table and have a show-down."

A quivering silence fell upon the room. Mrs. Molloy was staring at her husband, aghast. As for Chimp, he was completely bewildered. The theory that his old comrade had had a change of heart—that his conscience, putting in some rapid work after getting off to a bad start, had caused him to regret his

Continued on Page 36

"In the Cistern!" She Read. "And the Rest of It?" Inquired Mr. Twist Pressingly

# The blunt truth about motor cars is this:

THE Cadillac gives results and possesses qualities which are not combined in any other car.

These elements of superiority, which unite to produce the greatness attaching to Cadillac alone, center chiefly in the following qualities:—

### *Balance*

The smoothness of the Cadillac V-type engine is equaled only by the rotation of a finely balanced flywheel.

For Cadillac, by reason of unique and exclusive balance disposes of vibration by canceling or neutralizing the alternating unbalanced forces which set up vibration. This is possible only with the short stiff Cadillac crankshaft, which does not permit torsional vibration found in otherwise balanced engines of other types.

The result is a degree of what the motorwise describe as "sweetness" and "smoothness" that makes other motors rough when compared with Cadillac.

### *Carburetion*

This is a big problem in all multi-cylinder motors—except Cadillac. The short cylinder blocks of the Cadillac V-type engine, the division of the eight cylinders into two equidistant groups with a very short intake passage from the carburetor, conduce to accurately uniform distribution of gas.

The thermostatic control of the Cadillac carburetor automatically regulates the gas mixture in relation to temperature.

The result is unvarying flow of power, alert acceleration and economy. Cadillac power, in engineering language, most nearly possesses theoretically perfect torque.

### *Cooling*

Here, Cadillac again presents features exclusive to itself—two short cylinder blocks, each with its own water inlet and outlet connections to the radiator, and thermostatic control of water circulation.

Regardless of climatic conditions, the Cadillac V-type engine provides for accurate equalization of heat, and maintains the most efficient working temperature.

The results are quick responsiveness and smooth power, when the engine is started cold, and enduring hill-climbing ability.

Only Cadillac's experience of 11 years in eight-cylinder production, only Cadillac design and only the Cadillac standard of craftsmanship have found the ultimate solution of these eight-cylinder problems.

*Hence, only Cadillac gives an equal degree of performance and lifetime dependability*

C A D I L L A C

*Division of General Motors Corporation*

(Continued from Page 34)

intention of double-crossing a friend—was too bizarre to be tenable. Soapy Molloy was not the sort of man to have changes of heart. Chimp, in his studies of the motion-picture drama, had once seen a film where a tough egg had been converted by hearing a church organ, but he knew Mr. Molloy well enough to be aware that all the organs in all the churches in London might play in his ear simultaneously without causing him to do anything more than grumble at the noise.

"The house has been taken," said Soapy despondently.

"Taken? What do you mean?"

"Rented."

"Rented? When?"

"I heard this morning. I was in a saloon down Fleet Street way, and two fellows come in and one of them was telling the other how he'd just rented this joint."

Chimp Twist uttered a discordant laugh.

"So that's what's come of your darned smooth double-crossing act!" he said nastily. "Yes, I guess you better had let Chimp in on it. You want a man with brains now, not a guy that never thought up anything smarter than gypping suckers with phony oil stock."

Mr. Molloy bowed his head meekly before the blast. His wife was made of sterner stuff.

"You talk a lot, don't you?" she said coldly.

"And I can do a lot," retorted Mr. Twist, fingering his waxed mustache. "So you'd best come clean, Soapy, and have a showdown, like you say. Where is this joint?"

"Don't you dare tell him before he tells you where the stuff is!" cried Mrs. Molloy.

"Just as you say," said Chimp carelessly. He scribbled a few words on a piece of paper and covered them with his hand. "There! Now you write down your end of it and Dolly can read them both out."

"Have you really thought up a scheme?" asked Mr. Molloy humbly.

"I've thought up a dozen."

Mr. Molloy wrote in his turn and Dolly picked up the two papers.

"In the cistern!" she read.

"And the rest of it?" inquired Mr. Twist pressingly.

"Mon Repos, Burberry Road," said Mr. Molloy.

"Ah!" said Chimp. "And if I'd known that a week ago we'd have been worth a million dollars apiece by now."

"Say, listen," said Dolly, who was pensive and had begun to eye Mr. Twist in rather an unpleasant manner. "This stuff old Finglass swiped from the bank, what is it?"

"American bearer securities, sweetie," said her husband, rolling the words round his tongue as if they were vintage port. "As good as dollar bills. What's the dope you've thought up, Chimpie?" he asked, deferentially removing a piece of fluff from his ally's coat sleeve.

"Just a minute!" said Dolly sharply. "If that's so, how can this stuff be in any cistern? It would have melted or something, being all that time in the water."

"It's in a waterproof case, of course," said Chimp.

"Oh, it is, is it?"

"What's the matter, petty?" inquired Mr. Molloy. "You're acting strange."

"Am I? Well, if you want to know, I'm wondering if this guy is putting one over on us. How are we to know he's telling us the right place?"

"Dolly!" said Mr. Twist, deeply pained.

"Dolly!" said Mr. Molloy, not so much pained as apprehensive. He had a very modest opinion of his own chances of thinking of any plan for coping with the situation which had arisen, and everything, it seemed to him, depended upon being polite to Chimp Twist, who was admittedly a man of infinite resource and sagacity.

"If you think that of me ——" began Mr. Twist.

"We don't, Chimpie, we don't," interrupted Mr. Molloy hastily. "The madam is a little upset. Don't listen to her. What is this scheme of yours, Chimpie?"

Perhaps Mrs. Molloy's estimate of her husband's talents as a strategist resembled his own. At any rate, she choked down certain words that had presented themselves to her militant mind and stood eying Chimp inquiringly.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Chimp. "But first let's get the business end straight. How do we divvy?"

"Why, fifty-fifty, Chimp," stammered Mr. Molloy, stunned at the suggestion implied in his words that any other arrangement could be contemplated. "Me and the madam counting as one, of course."

Chimp laughed sardonically.

"Fifty-fifty nothing! I'm the brains of this concern, and the brains of a concern always get paid highest. Look at Henry Ford! Look at the Archbishop of Canterbury!"

"Do you mean to say," demanded Dolly, "that if Soapy was sitting in with the Archbishop of Canterbury on a plan for skinning a sucker the archbish wouldn't split even Stephen?"

"It isn't like that at all," retorted Mr. Twist with spirit. "It's more as if Soapy went to the archbishop and asked him to slip him a scheme for skinning the mug."

"Well, in that case," said Mr. Molloy, "I venture to assert that the archbishop would simply say to me, 'Molloy,' he'd say ——"

Dolly wearied of a discussion which seemed to her too academic for the waste of valuable moments.

"Sixty-forty," she said brusquely.

"Seventy-thirty," emended Chimp.

"Sixty-five-thirty-five," said Mr. Molloy.

"Right!" said Chimp. "And now I'll tell you what to do. I'll give you five minutes first to see if you can think of it for yourself, and if you can't, I'll ask you not to start beefing because it's so simple and not worth the money."

Five minutes' concentrated meditation produced no brain wave in Mr. Molloy, who, outside his chosen profession of selling valueless oil stock to a trusting public, was not a very gifted man.

"Well, then," said Chimp, "here you are: You go to that fellow who's taken the joint and ask him to let you buy it off him."

"Well, of all the fool propositions!" cried Dolly shrilly, and even Mr. Molloy came near to sneering.

"Not so good, you don't think?" continued Chimp, uncrushed. "Well, then, listen here to the rest of it. Dolly calls on this fellow first. She acts surprised because her father hasn't arrived yet."

"Her what?"

"Her father. Then she starts in vamping this guy all she can. If she hasn't lost her pep since she last tried that sort of thing, the guy ought to be in pretty good shape for Act Two by the time the curtain rings up. That's when you blow in, Soapy."

"Am I her father?" asked Mr. Molloy, a little blankly.

"Sure, you're her father. Why not?"

Mr. Molloy, who was a little sensitive about the difference in age between his bride and himself, considered that Chimp was not displaying his usual tact, but muttered something about graying himself up some at the temples.

"Then what?" asked Dolly.

"Then," said Chimp, "Soapy does a spiel."

Mr. Molloy brightened. He knew himself to be at his best when it came to a spiel.

"Soapy says he was born in this joint—ages and ages ago."

"What do you mean—ages and ages ago?" said Mr. Molloy, starting.

"Ages and ages ago," repeated Chimp firmly, "before he had to emigrate to America and leave the dear old place to be sold. He has loving childhood recollections of the lawn where he played as a kiddy, and worships every brick in the place. All his favorite parents pegged out in the rooms upstairs, and all like that. Well, I'm here to say," concluded Chimp emphatically, "that if that guy has any sentiment in him and if Dolly has done the preliminary work properly, he'll drop."

There was a tense silence.

"It'll work," said Soapy.

"It might work," said Dolly, more doubtfully.

"It will work," said Soapy. "I shall be good. I will have that lobster weeping into his handkerchief inside three minutes."

"A lot depends on Dolly," Chimp reminded him.

"Don't you worry about that," said the lady stoutly. "I'll be good too. But listen here: I've got to dress this act. This is where I have to have that hat with the bird-of-paradise feather that I see in Regent Street this morning."

"How much?" inquired the rest of the syndicate in a single breath.

"Eighteen guineas."

"Eighteen guineas!" said Chimp.

"Eighteen guineas!" said Soapy.

They looked at each other wanly, while Dolly, unheeded, spoke of ships and ha'portha of tar.

"And a new dress," she continued. "And new shoes and a new parasol and new gloves and new ——"

"Have a heart, petty," pleaded Mr. Molloy. "Exercise a little discretion, sweetness."

Dolly was firm.

"A girl," she said, "can't do herself justice in a tacky lid. You know that. And you know as well as I do that the first thing a gentleman does is to look at a dame's hoofs. And as for gloves, I simply beg you to cast a lamp on these old things I've got on now and ask yourselves ——"

"Oh, all right, all right," said Chimp.

"All right," echoed Mr. Molloy.

Their faces were set grimly. These men were brave, but they were suffering.

### XV

MR. WRENN looked up from his plate with a sudden start, a wild and febrile glare of horror in his eyes. Old theatergoers, had any such been present, would have been irresistibly reminded by his demeanor of the late Sir Henry Irving in The Bells.

It was breakfast time at San Rafael; and, as always at this meal, the air was charged with an electric unrest. It is ever thus at breakfast in the suburbs. The specter of a fleeting train broods over the feast, turning normally placid men into temporary neuropaths. Meeting Mr. Wrenn in Fleet Street after lunch, you would have set him down as a very pleasant, quiet, elderly gentleman, rather on the mild side. At breakfast, Bengal tigers could have picked up hints from him.

"Zatawittle?" he gasped, speaking in the early morning patois of Suburbia, which is the English language filtered through toast and marmalade.

"Of course, it wasn't a whistle, darling," said Kay soothingly. "I keep telling you you've lots of time."

Partially reassured, Mr. Wrenn went on with his meal. He finished his toast and reached for his cup.

"Wassattie?"

"Only a quarter-past."

"Sure your washrah?"

"I put it right yesterday."

At this moment there came faintly from afar a sweet, musical chiming.

"There's the college clock striking the quarter," said Kay.

Mr. Wrenn's fever subsided. If it was only a quarter-past he was on velvet. He could linger and chat for a while. He could absolutely dally. He pushed back his chair and lighted a cigarette with the air of a leisured man.

"Kay, my dear," he said, "I've been thinking—about this young fellow Shotter."

Kay jumped. By an odd coincidence, she had herself been thinking of Sam at that moment. It annoyed her to think of Sam, but she constantly found herself doing it.

"I really think we ought to invite him to dinner one night."

"No!"

"But he seems so anxious to be friendly. Only yesterday he asked me if he could drop round sometime and borrow the garden roller. He said he understood that that was always the first move in the suburbs toward establishing good neighborly relations."

"If you ask him to dinner I shall go out."

"I can't understand why you dislike him so much."

"Well, I just do."

"He seems to admire you tremendously."

"Does he?"

"He keeps talking about you—asking what you were like as a child and whether you ever did your hair differently and things of that kind."

"Oh!"

"I rather wish you didn't object to him so much. I should like to see something of him out of office hours. I find him a very pleasant fellow myself, and extremely useful in the office. He has taken that Aunt Ysobel page off my hands. You remember how I used to hate having to write that?"

"Is that all he does?"

Mr. Wrenn chuckled.

"By no means," he said amusedly.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I was thinking," explained Mr. Wrenn, "of something that happened yesterday. Cordelia Blair called to see me with one of her usual grievances ——"

"Oh, no!" said Kay sympathetically. Her uncle, she knew, was much persecuted by female contributors who called with grievances at the offices of Pyke's Home Companion; and of all these gifted creatures, Miss Cordelia Blair was the one he feared most. "What was the trouble this time?"

"Apparently the artist who is illustrating Hearts Aflame had drawn Leslie Mordyke in a lounge suit instead of dress clothes."

"Why don't you bite these women's heads off when they come bothering you? You shouldn't be so nice to them."

"I can't, my dear," said Mr. Wrenn plaintively. "I don't know why it is, but the mere sight of a woman novelist who is at all upset seems to take all the heart out of me. I sometimes wish I could edit some paper like Tiny Tots or Our Feathered Chums. I don't suppose indignant children come charging in on Mason or outraged canaries on Mortimer. . . . But I was telling you—when I heard her voice in the outer office, I acquainted this young fellow Shotter briefly with the facts, and he most nobly volunteered to go out and soothe her."

"I can't imagine him soothing anyone."

"Well, he certainly had the most remarkable effect on Miss Blair. He came back ten minutes later to say that all was well and that she had gone away quite happy."

"Did he tell you how he had managed it?"

"No." Another chuckle escaped Mr. Wrenn. "Kay, it isn't possible—you don't imagine—you don't suppose he could conceivably, on such a very slight acquaintance, have kissed her, do you?"

"I should think it very probable."

"Well, I'm bound to own ——"

"Don't laugh in that horrible, ghoulish way, uncle!"

"I can't help it. I could see nothing, you understand, as I was in the inner office; but there were most certainly sounds that suggested ——"

Mr. Wrenn broke off. Again that musical chiming had come faintly to his ears. But this time its effect was the reverse of soothing. He became a thing of furious activity. He ran to and fro, seizing his hat and dropping it, picking it up and dropping his brief case, retrieving the brief case and dropping his stick. By the time he had finally shot out of the front door with his hat on his head, his brief case in

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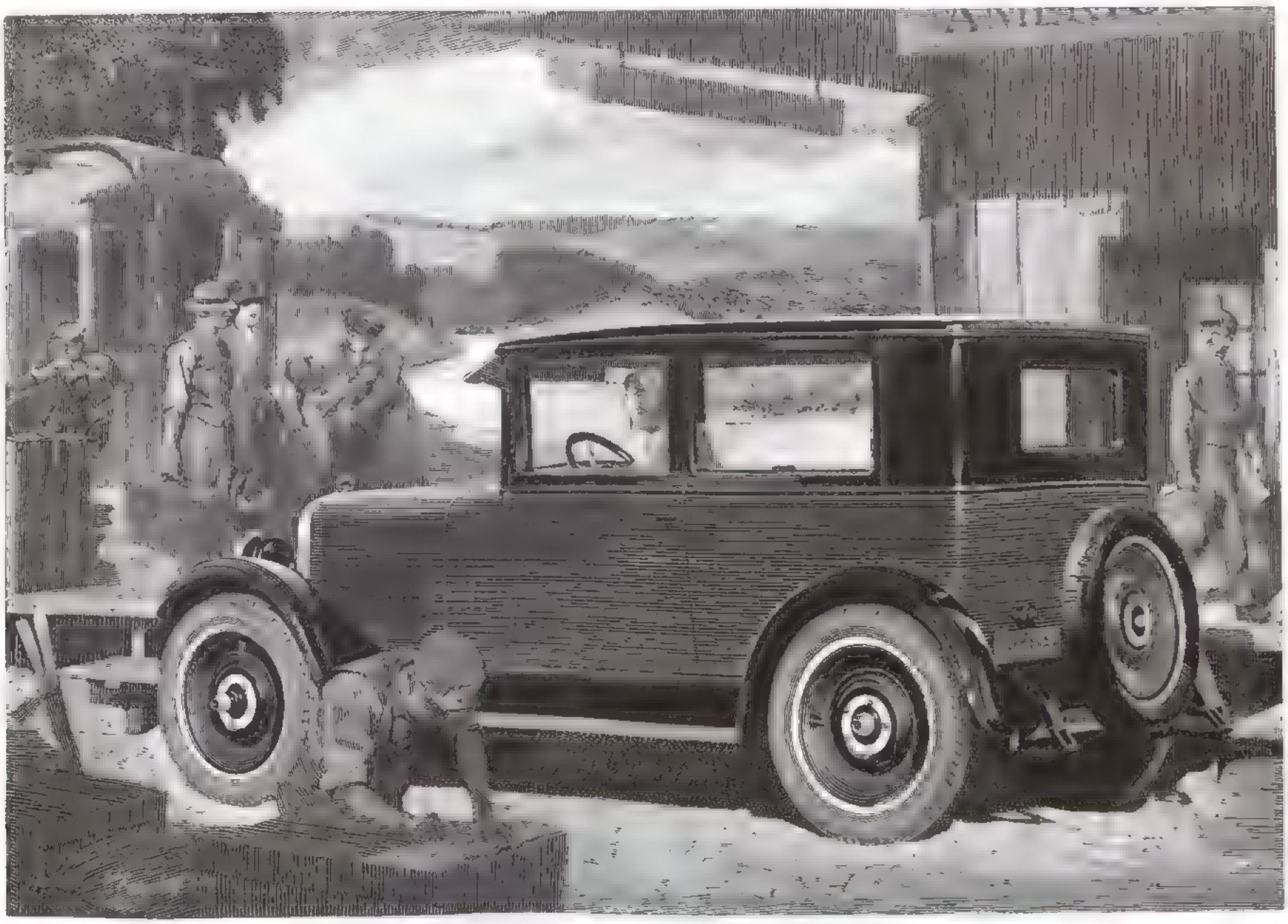

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*Four-wheel brakes, Fisher Body with one-piece V. V. windshield, Duco finish, balloon tires, disc wheels, full automatic spark control, unit instrument panel, driving control on steering wheel, automatic windshield cleaner, permanent visor, rear-view mirror, transmission lock, dome light, extra-wide doors with invisible door checks, and luxurious upholstery.*

# Amazing responsiveness and remarkable flexibility are conspicuous Oakland qualities. Even seasoned drivers confess to new thrills when they first drive the Oakland Six.

*Roadster $1095; Touring $1095; Special Roadster $1195; Special Touring $1195; Coach $1215; Landau Coupe $1295; Special Sedan $1375; Coupe for Four $1495; Sedan $1545, Landau Sedan $1645. Prices f. o. b. factory. General Motors' Time Payment Plan enables you conveniently to purchase out of income at a saving.*

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WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

# OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

# THE ART OF ENTERTAINING

## Society Today and Yesterday

THERE was a smart dance at our establishment recently that well illustrates, for me at least, one of the ingredients that have been potent in working a chemical change in what for convenience I shall continue to refer to as society

The cackling of pagan saxophones, the bleating of muted trombones, the Oriental clamor of drumsticks on wood—the orchestra, if you please—began about eleven o'clock in the evening. It was supposed to be an exclusive party of several hundred and there was a seated supper; but fifteen or twenty minutes after the bulk of New York cabarets close their doors there came, significantly enough, a swarm of new arrivals, crashers.

I know that the host was unacquainted with most of these late comers, but he seemed not to care so long as the women who came were attractive and expensively half clad, and the men who came with them were presentable in appearance.

This confusion, this complete lack of ceremony, this smart dance, if you like, continued to demand the services of us folks who work for the establishment, who are the establishment, until six o'clock in the morning.

I know I saw the newspaper delivery trucks swooping past not long after 3:30; then the milk wagons began to rattle about; and then, with daylight, the traffic surge of a typical New York morning began to flow two ways as the tide rip swirls off Block Island.

At last the host agreed that his party was over; the musicians were finally dismissed; our employes were rushing, trying to make the place presentable for a new day; the last of the nighthawk taxis disappeared with a cargo of men and women in evening dress, talking louder than well-bred people ever do; our day was done.

### The Evil of Failing to Tip

WE USED to welcome such a moment of leave-taking with an especial gratitude, because it meant the bestowal of the rewards of our service. I am sure there are none in this country so innocent as to believe that the liveried employes of such a place as ours receive even half their compensation in salary. We depend on tips. We keep our tempers, swallow discourtesy, serve, expecting to be paid in tips.

I shan't go into all the details, but the man who was on the door for us that night was also the carriage caller, and he did not receive a dime from the people he served. Even the host stalked past him into the soft heliotrope light of Park Avenue without so much as a good night. Other employes were similarly treated.

You think that is unimportant? Perhaps; but it is the reason that one of the chief topics of dinner-table conversations the lack of good servants. It is the reason, if you ask me, why Fifth Avenue is no more fashionable today than Riverside Drive. It is the reason the average family of wealth is living in a hotel or duplex apartment. A great deal is said about the evil of tipping. It's time, say I, that someone spoke a word about the evil of failing to tip. The man who opened the doors of carriages in the days when four-in-hands went in a flash of color and brass noise up Fifth Avenue received from nine out of ten men for whom he performed this office some kind of a tip. Nowadays when this man whistles for their automobiles or puts an umbrella over them, he knows that only about one in ten will give him so much as a kind word; and of those who do tip, a certain number tip spitefully.

*W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr. (in Center), at the Grand Prix de Paris. In Circle—Miss Maria de Barril*

It really was quite different in the days when entertaining was the important function of New York society. Most New York hostesses, all of those who counted for anything, were unfailingly thoughtful of the people who attended them. If there was a big party on the Avenue the coachmen were taken care of at the supper hour as faithfully, if not so elaborately, as the guests.

Usually at such affairs arrangements were made with what was known as the St. Andrews Aid Society to send around a horse-drawn coffee cart. Part of my work was the distribution of coffee tickets to the coachmen and footmen. Sometimes, when the butler where we were catering did not require my assistance, I would stand at the curb and as the carriages discharged their passengers I'd hand the coachman a couple of these tickets entitling him to a big mug of coffee and a thick sandwich. The host paid for it as he paid for the food eaten by his other guests. It was a recognized part of the cost of any party.

One side of the coffee wagon could be let down so as to form a counter, and it was a merry crowd that gathered around it, exchanging banter and gossip. The gossip was sometimes better informed, too, than that which was current at the supper table, where sat the passengers of these red-faced horsemen. Inside the cart was a charcoal brazier for heating the coffee, and there were supplies for not only the coachmen but for the drivers of the fifty or sixty hacks and cabs that would, on such an occasion, desert their stands in Greeley Square or Herald Square and hang about for such persons as possessed an ancestral background entitling them to admission to exclusive functions, but who lacked resources to maintain a carriage, a coachman and pair

### Thought for the Coachmen

AS THESE men, in their shiny short boots, their cockaded hats and their double-breasted liveried overcoats, took their turn at the coffee cart as the guests of whoever was entertaining New York society, yet other men were holding their horses for them, park-bench bums for the most part, glad to keep a shivering clutch on the silver-mounted bridles of restless horses in return for a coffee ticket. If I was a bit free in distributing the coffee tickets, it was with them in mind.

The reason some of the largest mansions in New York are vacant today is that servants to operate them are scarce, and they are scarce because there are few families left possessing even a faint notion as to how to conduct themselves toward the persons in their service.

Before coachmen had been transformed into chauffeurs and carriages into limousines, it was not uncommon for hostesses to provide tables for them in their kitchens or elsewhere in their basements. In those days people used to say good night to their horses; that is, most people did. Automobiles have no such hold on the affections; and so, I suppose, the chauffeurs have dwindled in esteem in a corresponding ratio.

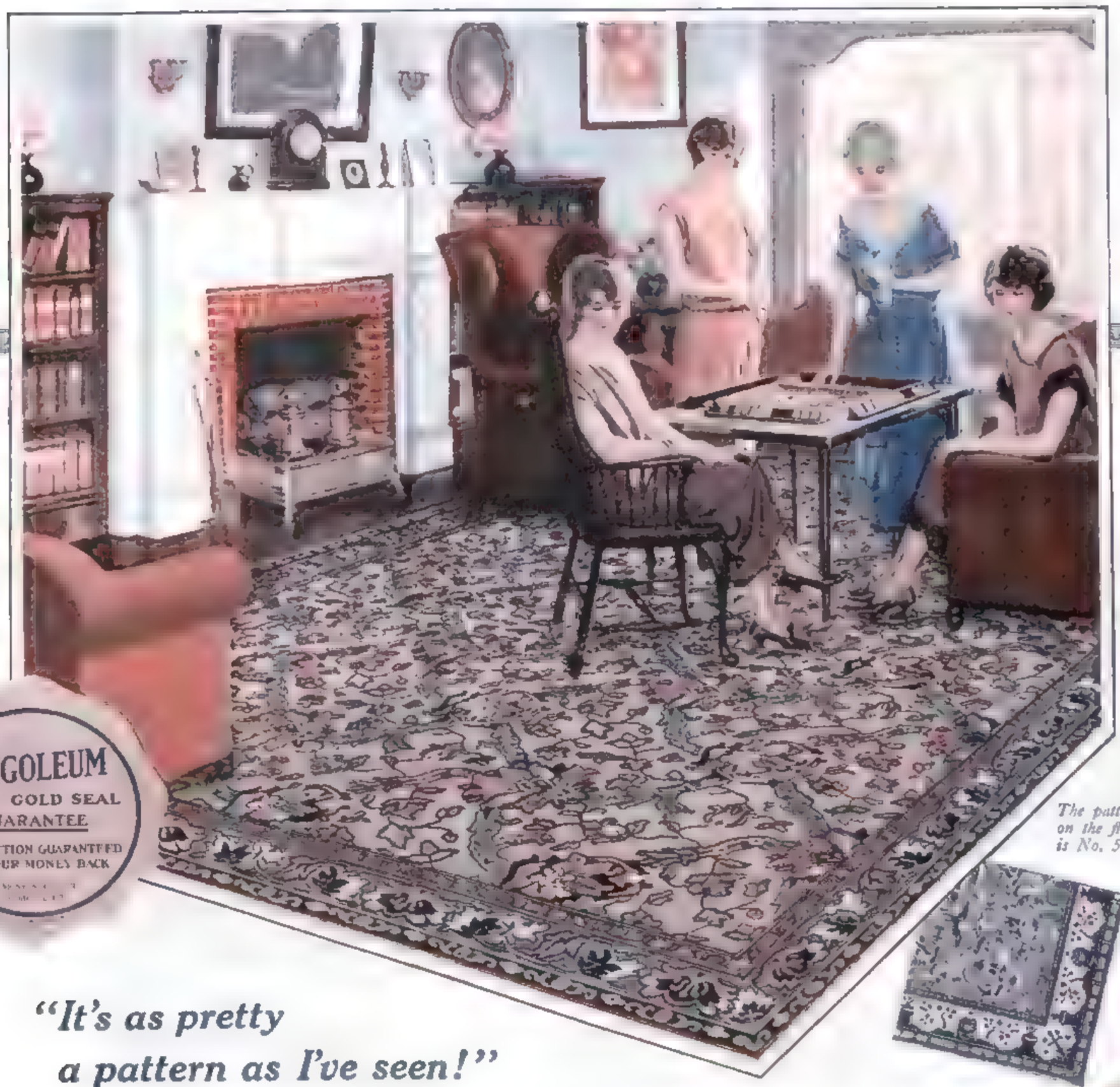
Horses, and the affection their owners had for them, remind me of one of the most spectacular dinners that I ever saw.

At first the host planned to give it at his home, but the newspapers got wind of it and there was such a to-do he was half a mind to give it up. Finally it was arranged to let the newspapers think it was going to be given at the host's home, and even the guests thought so until the last minute, when they were told to come to our place.

The host had planned to use his own horses, but in order to keep his secret it was arranged to bring the horses from the Riding Club. Shall I ever forget it? It took us all day to get the animals upstairs. We had put down on the ballroom floor a heavy canvas and a couple of crashes over that. Then, around a circular table, low stalls were built. The horses were greatly disturbed, what with the odors from the kitchens and the shaking of the freight elevator, so that after the third or fourth horse we blindfolded them. Some of them were fairly mad with fear, but they quieted down once we got them into the ballroom.

On each horse's neck there was strapped a small table. That was a merry evening. I have but to close my eyes to recall the picture, the men in evening dress, the horses tossing their heads to shake free a wisp of hay, or craning their necks to sniff disdainfully at a bit of terrapin offered at the end of a fork from the saddle.

Continued on Page 65

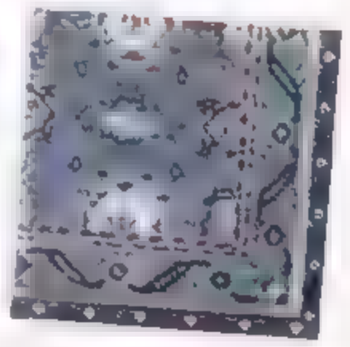


The pattern on the floor is No. 548.



Pattern No. 512

Pattern No. 518



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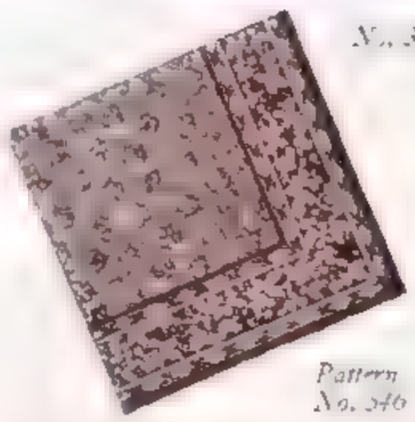


Pattern No. 546

## *"It's as pretty a pattern as I've seen!"*

You'll go far before you find another low-priced floor-covering that offers as many beautiful patterns as there are in Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs. But among discriminating women beauty in a rug must be accompanied by assured service and sound value. That's why Congoleum Rugs are so popular.

### *Satisfaction Guaranteed*

For in addition to the unusual variety of lovely designs that they offer—motifs and colors that are sure to please every taste—their high quality is guaranteed by a money-back pledge of satisfaction.

These modern, sanitary floor-coverings are waterproof through and through. Their smooth, seamless surface is so sturdy that nothing can penetrate or stain it. Just a few strokes of a damp mop make the bright colors gleam with sparkling cleanliness.

Congoleum Art-Rugs lie flat without bothersome fastening—they never ruffle at the edges or curl up at the corners.

### *Inexpensive and Durable*

Congoleum Rugs not only save time and work but money, too. For they cost so little and wear so long that they are the most economical floor-covering you can buy. They are made, of course, in all the popular sizes.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

[illegible]

**$100 Reward**—There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and is identified by a Gold Seal pasted [illegible] of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy!

# CONGOLEUM
## GOLD-SEAL ART-RUGS

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Earl Derr Biggers

### Earl Derr Biggers

THE new generation is wiser. Someone asked my young son if he intended to be an author.

"I should say not," he answered. "I don't want to be shut up in a room all day."

But there was no horrible example to warn me off. I always intended to be an author. Nay—from my earliest recollection I WAS an author. But for a long time it was my secret; the public was slow to understand.

My grandmother was the first to learn of it. At the age of eight I was reading to her from my collected works. Of all the great audience I was eager to reach, she alone seemed to have the time and inclination to listen.

The years have passed; gradually that secret has been noised abroad. Looking back now, at the age of forty—a somewhat disturbing milestone—certain memorable moments stand out—memorable to me, that is. A vivid picture here and there—a brief pause at the forks of the road.

A June night in 1907—midnight of Class Day. I am sitting by a window in a century-old dormitory, looking out at the Harvard Yard. The visitors have gone, the gates are closed. In the huge fountain set up for that one day, a few reckless undergraduates are splashing, gay white figures in the moonlight. The candles in the Chinese lanterns sputter and die. All over now, this college business; the world's ahead. I begin to worry about that job. And the old elms, standing lovely and serene—for that merciless realist, the gypsy moth, has not yet arrived to wreck their beauty—the old elms murmur: "We've seen 'em come, and we've seen 'em go."

A police station on the outskirts of Cleveland. I've got the job—night police reporter, the morgue and the station houses, poverty and crime, failure and tragedy. A young Italian girl is screaming and beating her breast. No one there can understand what she is saying, but we know that somewhere in that torrent of talk lies the explanation of why she killed her Tony.

A quiet street in a New England town—a town in the Berkshire Hills. Across the way a snow-white church with a beautiful spire. And back of me a crowd pouring from the doors of a theater—the first audience at my first play. If You're Only Human, it was called. A bad title, but a good idea—if only I can stick to it. To be human always, to write of human beings, real people though they carry the bright banners of romance.

Another picture—the crossroads again. Boston Common, blizzard-swept, at six of a winter's night. I have just come from a newspaper office where I have been told that the new owners want no more of my style of dramatic criticism. I am wearing a fine fur coat which my tailor has persuaded me to take—on credit. The snow swirls down, the lights in the office buildings along Tremont Street are a faint yellow in the white mist. Broke and out of a job—what now? I recall a name—Baldpate—Baldpate Inn. A summer hotel on a night like this—bleak, deserted. But wait—keys, keys, dim figures flitting through the snowy night, hoarse whispers, flashing lights. Romance and mystery and love. Seven Keys to Baldpate—and the tailor's faith justified.

Waterport Street, on the Rock of Gibraltar. A narrow thoroughfare between interesting shops. British Tommies with swagger sticks, Moors and Turks and Spaniards. American tourists. A dogcart jogging by, carrying a colonel resplendent in mess uniform. An American motor car with a Michigan license. Then back on the deck of the steamer, the great Rock fading away into the warm night. A fine old gentleman from the Middle West comes up. "Say—they tell me there's a switch up on top of that Rock—one pull on it and they can blow up every ship for miles around." He departs, leaving me deep in the third act of Inside the Lines, a play that will, two years later, be running in London.

Back to New York, two more plays, a musical comedy. Then—a lanai on the white beach of Waikiki, at Honolulu. The theater and I are living apart—five thousand miles apart—and I am wondering about a novel. The quick tropic dusk has fallen, the yellow eye on Diamond Head is winking. A great liner glides by on its way to San Francisco. Harry Jennison, Dan Winteralip—The House Without a Key.

Far corners, long journeys after material. For the romanticist, unlike the realist, cannot remain on the farm. But all roads lead back at last to that little room which looks so like a prison to my boy. Sometimes its windows, in my case, look out on a sunny street in Pasadena, sometimes on the New York sky line, oftener on the calm beauty of the Berkshire Hills. There I labor on the stories I want to write, which are the stories I was meant to write.

Some people will tell you that the editors of popular magazines dictate to their authors. I sold my first magazine story when I was a junior in college, and in the twenty years that have passed since that time, only one editor has tried to tell me what I should write or how I should write it. I wonder what became of him? I never saw him again.

No, the editors ask only that we do our best, and each of us, within the limits of his talent, is striving to comply. Often in the little room I think of the title, the theme of that first play. If You're Only Human, all else will be forgiven. I hope so.

All this about an author. What of it? Who cares? But that isn't quite fair.

For the author has friends. Sometimes he meets them face to face, more often the postman introduces him. An engineer in a shack up in the hills, a rancher on some far plain, a trader's wife on a South Sea beach, a train dispatcher at a lonely junction, an American consul marooned in a small Norwegian town, a mounted policeman on a crowded boulevard, a homesick girl in a hall bedroom. The dim corridor of a New York office building at evening, the tired face of a charwoman: "I want you to know 'tis many a happy hour you've give me." Eight miles over the desert, across a dry lake bed, a "ghost city" in ruins, one old miner left there, the last inhabitant. "Say—I know you. You're in them old magazines over in the corner."

Fair rewards, these, for the labor in that little room yes, more than fair. A friendly hail across thousands of miles of land and water—an unexpected handshake at a corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hellman and Their Daughters at Their Home at Great Neck, L. I.

### Fannie Kilbourne

HAVING seen how much better people with a wholesome conceit get along in the world, I have struggled for years to acquire a

(Continued on Page 75)

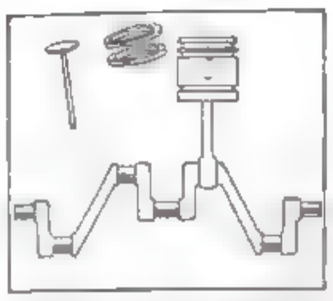
Fannie Kilbourne

# Your lively Ford

## *asks you for lively lubrication*

## Are you supplying it?

YOUR Ford engine is designed to run at its best when supplied with lively, free-flowing oil. Your Ford manual advises oil of light body. It urges that only a high-quality lubricant be used.



The snug fits of many Ford parts demand free-flowing oil of correct body and character.

Ford bearings fit closely—demanding light oil. Ford clutch plates demand light oil. The Ford flywheel whirls in a bath of oil—and that oil must be light or "oil drag" will result.

On the Ford connecting rods the burden falls of splashing oil to the cylinder walls, pistons, piston rings, piston pins, main bearings, cams, camshaft bearings and tappets.

Mobiloil "E" has been scientifically "made to order" to meet all these Ford requirements. In quality it sets a world standard.

### To assure full protection

With less than Mobiloil protection you lack the full assurance you are entitled to against premature noises of wear, premature loss of power, premature repair bills.

The use of Mobiloil "E" will prolong to the utmost the long life and power that were put into your Ford engine by the Ford Motor Company.

With Mobiloil "E" in your Ford crankcase you will probably be surprised at the small amount of carbon that accumulates. And at the mileage you get from your oil.

Mobiloil adds definitely to the pleasure you get from driving—the quick response to acceleration, the "feel" of smooth power and the confidence that "everything is right."

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil "E" for your Ford does so because he wants you as a steady customer. Experience has shown him that no other oil assures such great protection for a Ford engine—or so little carbon. You can easily find the nearest Mobiloil dealer by looking for the nearest Mobiloil sign.

### How to buy

*From Bulk 30c*—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump.

*For Touring Convenience*—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

*For Your Home Garage*—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

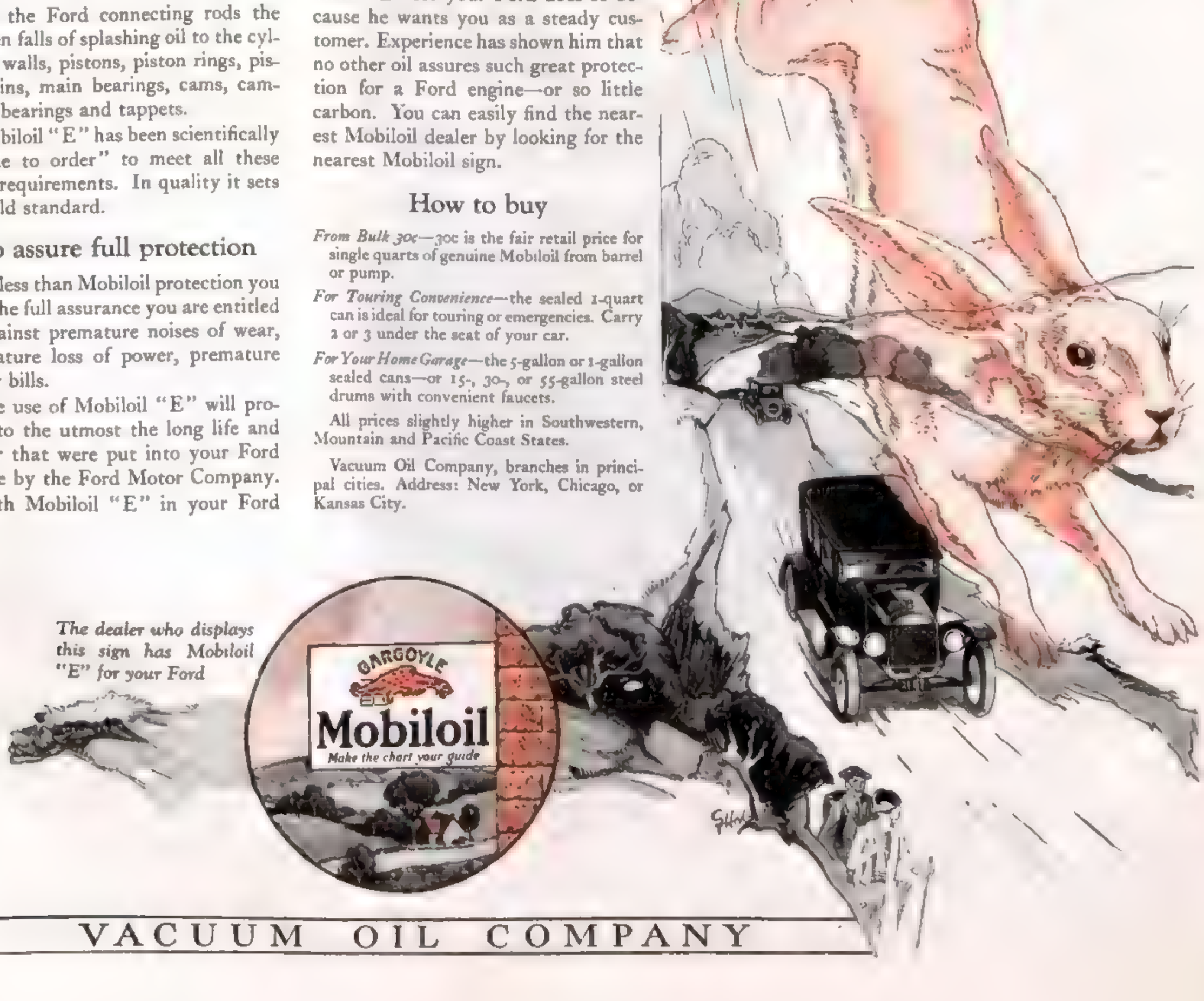
### MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

| NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS | 1925 | | 1924 | | 1923 | | 1922 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| Buick | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc. |
| Cadillac | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | A |
| Chandler | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Chevrolet FB | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | A | Arc. |
| " (other mod's.) | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc. |
| Chrysler | A | A | A | A | . | . | . | . |
| Dodge Brothers | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc. |
| Essex | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | Arc. |
| Ford | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E |
| Franklin | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB |
| Hudson Super 6 | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Hupmobile | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc. |
| Maxwell | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Nash | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc. |
| Oakland | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | A |
| Oldsmobile 4 | .. | .. | .. | . | A | Arc | A | Arc. |
| Oldsmobile 6 | A | Arc | A | Arc | .. | . | A | A |
| Overland | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Packard 8 | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | . | . |
| " (other mod's.) | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Reo | A | Arc. | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc. |
| Rickenbacker 6 | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc. |
| Rickenbacker 8 | A | Arc | A | Arc | . | . | | . |
| Star | A | Arc | Arc | Arc. | Arc | Arc | | .. |
| Studebaker | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc. |
| Willys-Knight 4 | B | Arc | B | Arc | B | | B | Arc. |
| Willys-Knight 6 | A | Arc | | | | | | |




*The dealer who displays this sign has Mobiloil "E" for your Ford*

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

# She receives more letters than a movie star!

EVERY day hundreds of letters come to her desk, and are read, and answered. They are letters written in the spirit of friendship. Yet, of course, the vast majority of the hundreds of thousands who write to Carrie Blanchard have never seen her. They know her only through the newspapers and magazines.

Yet they pour their hearts out to her, often—tell her their problems, and rejoice with her when these problems are solved. Her work must be very close to human need!

"I want to thank you for starting me on the thirty-day test," said a recent letter. "I was not sick—but now I know that I certainly was not well, though I would not admit it then. But, one day, in a magazine, you put my case before me so plainly that I decided to try Postum for a change, though I was still skeptical. The change has done much to give me back the kind of health which I enjoyed as a young man."

This is typical of thousands of letters which Mrs. Blanchard has received from men. Nine times out of ten they scoff at the idea that anything is the matter with them, she says—even when they are secretly worrying about their condition. Then, if Postum is suggested to them, they often seek refuge in the notion that it is "one of those health drinks, not intended for men."

## *A Drink Millions Prefer!*

"They seem to think, because Postum is a health drink, they won't like its taste," Mrs. Blanchard says. "That's absurd! Millions like it better than any other drink. I wish you could be with me when I serve Postum to visitors. Nearly every man smacks his lips and declares it is one of the finest drinks he ever tasted. And it is! Of course, I prepare it the right way—just as I am teaching others to prepare it.

"Why, do you know, last year over 150,000 people wrote to me, asking for my personal directions for preparing Postum. People are becoming conscious of the harm of caffein, and when they learn they can get a delicious drink—and one which costs less—containing no stimulant, they naturally are interested.

"Mothers have been enthusiastic, this last year, over the news that Instant Postum can be prepared with hot milk instead of the usual boiling water. It is really an ideal drink for children, made this new way. They get all the nourishment of milk, in addition to the wholesome elements of whole wheat and bran. Just read this letter."

The letter was from a mother in California. It read, in part:

"My children's mealtime drink was the most bothersome problem connected with their diet. They don't like milk, and it was a genuine task—almost a battle—to get them to drink the milk they needed. Then they were always asking for coffee or tea, which, of course, I couldn't let them have. I did think they should have a hot drink, particularly in the morning, but it seemed that everything was harmful in some way.

"It was for the children that I asked you for the first week's supply of Postum. They liked it immediately! The Postum flavor so completely concealed that of the milk that there was no difficulty on that score. They get the hot drink they need, and such wholesome nourishment!

"I may add that their enthusiasm has converted their father and me, so Postum is now our only drink."

It is this type of letter—and there are scores like it coming in every day—which gives Mrs. Blanchard the greatest joy in her work. Perhaps you would like to make the thirty-day test—for yourself or your children. Mrs. Blanchard will gladly send you the first week's supply of Postum. Accept her offer!

## *Carrie Blanchard's Offer*

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will send you your first week's supply, free, and my personal directions for preparing it. I will tell you about Iced Postum, too—a delightful warm-weather drink.

"If you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less per cup—only one-half-cent a cup.

"For the week's free supply, send me your name and address. Please indicate whether you want Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1925, P. C. Co., Inc.

**FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!**

SEP 8 25

[illegible] thirty-day test of Postum. Please [illegible]

Instant Postum . . . ☐ Check which you prefer
Postum Cereal . . . . ☐

Name

Street

City State

[illegible] Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd
[illegible] St., East, Toronto, Ontario

# CHILDISH THINGS—By Dornford Yates

*We Dined Together, and Then Went to a Cinema in Great Contentment. At Least, I Extracted a Promise That She Would Not Address Me Upstairs*

CICELY RAGE'S letter reached me when I was in a receptive mood.

I had just returned from Harley Street where I had rather childishly paid three guineas to be told what I already knew to be the truth.

"My dear sir, of course it's the concussion. If every vehicle were electrically propelled and ran upon comfort tires, or if eight years ago you hadn't been shot through the brain, London Town wouldn't give you a headache today. As it is ——"

"I know. But the country in bad weather. Last summer was awful. Besides, my friends ——"

"Why don't you travel for a bit?" said the physician, rising. "And marry. Marry a nice quiet girl."

"There aren't any left," said I.

He laughed and saw me out, and I drove to the club.

Five minutes later the letter was in my hands.

"March 28th.

"*Dear Adam:* Toby and I have found a peach of a place, but it's too big for us alone. Will you come in? We can have it from now for six months. Up on the top of a hill, four bathrooms, private place, quarter of an hour from Biarritz—and the rest. Please wire because we've got to decide. Too hot to write more.

"CICELY."

And overleaf was scrawled—

"This is a real good thing and the cellar is half full of Roederer 1914. I've bought that anyway—just in case.

"TOBY."

It was absurdly vague and ridiculously attractive. "Too hot to write more." I raised my eyes from the sheet. In St. James's Street a fine snow was falling.

After a little reflection I sent my reply:

"I will come in and shall leave for Biarritz on Thursday next."

I was really extraordinarily thankful. I had known and loved Cicely for twenty years, and Toby had chosen me to be his best man. Indeed, they were, both of them, after my own heart. They were reasonable and did reasonably in an unreasonable age. They liked the high lights, rejoiced in revelry, could lift a dragging party into a blazing success; but their lives were not founded upon these things and never had been. They could dine alone together for a month and afterward sit by the fire and find each sober evening a refreshing festival. One of their closest friends was a High Court Judge, who had never entered a casino and drank cocoa with every meal. The two were prewar.

But for the invitation I do not know what I should have done.

Thanks to a patient sniper, for seven long years I had been at a very loose end—an existence which may suit some men, but was to me obnoxious. The Boleyns have always been heralds, and, but for that enemy marksman, I should have been engaged at the College of Arms. I was not made to be idle and hated the state; neither was I made to dwell in the countryside—at least not alone. Finally, to set down the truth, I did not seem to have been made to enjoy the postwar world. Fashions, outlook, the spirit and manners of the age—I found the lot beyond me. To condemn them would have been presumptuous. I merely deplored the fact that I could not adapt myself to their demands. The dance of life had altered, and I could not master the steps. So I had withdrawn from the struggle and gone back to what was left of the old highways which people used to tread before the war, passing along them soberly and for the most part alone and occasionally wondering whether after all the sniper had not known better than the surgeons who saved my life.

I was a young fogy. My life was orderly to the last degree. Nothing was ever out of place. I never hurried, because I was always in time. The groove I was in was always swept and garnished. Regularity and Convenience became my gods. I hated them bitterly, but so often as I offended against their laws I was plagued with regret and depression. At such moments I understood why men who have no worries sometimes find life too much for them.

"And marry." As I drove back to my flat I decided that she would have to be very, very quiet.

One advantage of being at a loose end for seven years is that you and your servants become mobile. On Wednesday morning all my arrangements were complete. Banner was to take the big baggage, and Wiseman and I were to go down to Biarritz by car.

Cicely's wire was delivered about midday.

"Splendid, my dear. Please bring Judy."

Supposing rather bitterly that the weather at Biarritz was still too hot to permit of detailed correspondence, I decided that to wire for information would be to court trouble. Judy was probably a dog—possibly a lady's maid, and my arrangements provided for the conveyance of neither; but if Judy's instructions were as blunt as mine, it was more than likely that before the lady reported I should be on the road. Indeed, by six o'clock that evening I was growing quite confident

Then quite suddenly the doorbell was rung, and I knew it was all over. The same bell had been rung quite half a dozen times since Cicely's wire had arrived, but there was an ominous resolution about this particular peal which there was no mistaking.

I sat extremely still on the arm of a chair, listening to Banner's footsteps and wondering why on earth I hadn't gone to the club.

The next moment the door was burst open by an enormous Alsatian, which crossed the floor in one bound, put its forepaws on my shoulders, knocked me backward into the lap of the chair and, having me thus at a disadvantage, proceeded exuberantly to lick my face.

Somebody began to wail with laughter. When I could do so, I rose.

At the other end of the lead—that is to say, about five feet away—stood a girl with the finest eyes that ever I saw. They were big and gray and steady, and once you had seen them it was hard to look away. I didn't try. The rest of her fitted in. Her hair was thick and dark and curly—cut, of course; her eyebrows were straight and her nose aquiline. She had a glorious color and an exquisite mouth. On her head was a little peaked hat that would have done for Rosalind, and below that a squirrel coat that came as far as her knees. The rest was pale silk stockings and patent-leather slippers as small as you please.

"My name's Sentinel," she said. "And I know you're Captain Boleyn. I'm very sorry."

"Not at all," said I, shaking the whisky and soda out of my sleeve. "Won't you sit down?" She took a seat on the table, while the dog climbed into my chair. I pointed to the darling. "Don't say that's Judy," I added brokenly.

For a moment Miss Sentinel stared; then she gave a light laugh. "Good heavens, no," she said. She hesitated, regarding me curiously. Then, "May I have a cigarette?"

"You're too young to smoke," said I, opening a box. "But here you are."

As I lighted a match—"But I've come about Judy," she said. "What train are you going by?"

"I'm not going by train. I'm going down in the car."

"I thought perhaps you would," said the girl, swinging a leg. "Well, that's all right. Judy won't take up much room."

"I'm not certain she'll take up any room," said I severely. "When I know what ——"

"But Cicely said ——"

"I know. It's a way that Cicely has. But I'm not going to travel a maid six hundred miles by road. Besides, it's a coupé."

"Whoever heard of a maid called Judy?" said Miss Sentinel.

"No one," said I stoutly. "But that's not my fault. I don't know what Judy is. But I know Cicely. And for those two most excellent reasons I reserve the right, upon being shown Judy, to refuse to convey her."

Miss Sentinel tilted her chin. "I am Judy," she said.

Looking back, I assume I was bewitched. Of course I refused point-blank. A condemned murderer might as well have refused to be hanged. Judy was quiet, smiling and inevitable.

"Cicely said that I should be safe in your hands."

"That's not the point."

"It's my point."

Half an hour later I took her down in the lift, utterly vanquished and listening to Judy's terms. Then I returned and broke the news to Banner.

"Mrs. Rage has asked me to take that young lady with me. She's got to go out to Biarritz and she's rather too young to travel so far alone. You'll take her big baggage with mine."

"Very good, sir. And will the dog go with you?"

"The dog is not going," I said boldly. I was quite wrong. The dog traveled in the coupé.

I hate to advertise my departure from town. I like to leave for America with no more outward signs than I give when leaving for Sandown. But before we started on Thursday most of St. James's must have known that I was going to France, and Judy with me.

The most arresting moment of a crowded afternoon was that at which Judy indicated from about two tons of luggage those pieces which were indispensable to her convenience for the next three days.

Regardless of the onlookers, we stood on the pavement in Bury Street and argued it out.

"There's the car," I said. "It's one of the longest chassis built. But if you can get two cabin trunks, a hat box, two dressing cases and a chauffeur into that boot ——"

"I must have them," said Judy defiantly. "And that suitcase too. My bedroom slippers are in that."

There was an awful silence. "All right," I said at last. "Wiseman must take it by train and pick us up each night."

"If I could repack," said Judy, "I might get through with a trunk."

"Make it a dressing case," said I.

"Very well."

The stuff was lugged upstairs and Judy repacked, calling to me for advice from time to time.

"How many stockings shall I want, Captain Boleyn?"

"Six pairs," I said glibly. It seemed the easiest way.

It was when we were downstairs again that she remembered her sponge bag. As Banner went to find it—"Could you put it in your pocket?" said Judy. "I'm always so afraid of its wetting something."

"So be it," I said grimly.

That her fears were well founded I saw, from Banner's face. A towel was fetched, the bag was unpacked on the

pavement and a pint and a half of water was wrung into the gutter. The homely operation was witnessed and enjoyed by several strangers, some of whom offered advice.

We started at last, an hour and three-quarters late. I stopped inexplicably in Knightsbridge to buy her some flowers, and at Hammersmith Judy discovered that her wrist watch was not on her wrist. We went back that time, but when later we had passed Purley and she remembered that Nanette's biscuits had been left in the hall, I hardened my heart.

I let the car go, but dusk was falling as we ran out of Lewes. Then Nanette had to have a run. I pulled up with some misgivings, and Judy opened the door. Nanette sprang out and disappeared in a wood.

Nanette is not a good name to shout, but we all did it. Judy, Wiseman and I shouted and yelled "Nanette" for fifty sodden minutes into the night. Judy shouted from the car, I shouted from the road and Wiseman shouted from the recesses of the wood. Finally Nanette returned. She was very effusive, very wet, very happy and heavily coated with fish manure.

"Oh, how awful," said Judy, holding her delicate nose. "What did you say it was?"

"The polite name," said I, "is fertilizer."

"Is - is it anything like manure?" said Judy faintly.

"Almost exactly," I said.

"Then that's why," said Judy triumphantly. "She always rolls in manure if she gets a chance."

I tried not to scream.

I shall always associate Newhaven with the ablutions of Nanette. These were performed surreptitiously in a hotel bathroom by Wiseman and myself, took the best part of an hour, cost me two pounds in hush money and constituted at once the most revolting and strenuous ritual to which in war or peace I have ever been called upon to subscribe.

Then we dined—at least I watched Judy dine, which was almost as bad. Afterward we walked on the quay. There were few enough people about and only one I knew; he was plainly the worse for wear and fast asleep. His name was Kenner and we were at school together till he was fired. The stars were out and the sea was like a great fleece of black and silver.

Judy slid an arm through mine. "I think the hotel people think we're eloping," she said.

"That," said I, "is more than probable."

"Well, I don't care," said Judy.

We walked the length of the quay. "It's quite absurd," said Judy, "for me to go on calling you Captain Boleyn, isn't it?"

"Idiotic," said I, "considering I've carried your sponge bag."

"Then I shan't any more, Adam." For a moment she stared seaward. Then she peered up at my face. "Why are you nice to me?" I suppose I hesitated, for she went on swiftly, "I mean, I've messed everything up. I've made you late and tired you and crowded you out. We've come like a drunken circus instead of like—like Captain Boleyn."

"There spoke Miss Sentinel," said I truthfully.

The girl frowned. "I'm not always a child," she said. "Sometimes I get, as Americans say, a hunch. So I sit up straight, and all of a sudden I'm wise." She withdrew her arm from mine. "Those sponges!" she cried. "And you ate nothing because you felt all sick—washing that filthy dog." She stamped her foot. "Why don't I think? Oh, I'm all upset at the way I behave. I might be nine and I'm really twenty-one."

"You have no age," I said. "That's the warrant you hold for all you do. I saw that the moment you came. And that's—that's why I'm nice to you, Judy." I took her arm and we turned landward to the lights swaying on the water and the faint hiss of steam. "Don't you bother about it—just go straight on. Besides, Nanette was very good—stood like a lamb, and I wasn't really hungry."

"She is good, isn't she?" said Judy eagerly.

There was only one cabin available, and that was the one I had reserved. I like to think that Judy slept well. I did not sleep. The reek of disinfectant in the car was overpowering.

Besides, I am out of the way of slumbering in my clothes. But I was ashore at dawn and had shaved and bathed and changed before she was up. As I went down to breakfast I came upon Wiseman cleaning a small pair of shoes.

The idea was to stay at Tours, but I gave that up. "Fresh woods and pastures new" call for inspection; this was the very first time that Judy had been in France.

I got her out of Rouen by three o'clock, and two hours later I sighted the spires of Chartres. When I pointed them out to Judy she jumped up and down, and Nanette got up on the seat and mauled us both.

"Yes," I said, "that's the place where we're going to stay. And now be a good little girl and listen to me."

"Go on," said Judy.

"I have decided," I said, "to stay in the same hotel."

"As what?"

"As you."

Miss Sentinel opened her eyes. "But why on earth not?" she said.

"Convention," I said. "It isn't usually done."

"Oh, blow Convention," said Judy, pushing Nanette into place and dragging her scrap of a skirt to cover her knees.

"I'm going to blow Convention, but she's got to be blown my way."

Judy laid her head on my shoulder and rubbed her cheek up and down.

*"I love little Adam,*
*His coat is so warm,*
*And if I don't hurt him,*
*He'll do me no harm."*

I didn't know whether to laugh or whether to cry. To stay in the same house was out of all order, yet how could I leave her alone in a strange hotel? There was Nanette, of course, but—oh, it was unthinkable!

"Look here, Judy," said I. "The general idea is for me to be within call, and the pet, particular special is to prevent the public from thinking that we have—er—eloped."

"Why?"

"Because I'm funny like that. Now, then, I'm going to drive to the station and pick up a cab. Wiseman will take my place and drive you to the hotel. It will be your car, and he will be your chauffeur. You are a lady of consequence, traveling alone. You and Wiseman will forget about me—I shan't exist any more. Meanwhile I shall come on, having traveled by train. I shall arrive after you and take a room. We may meet at dinner, but you mustn't know me."

"From Adam," said Judy swiftly. "But this is silly. Why shouldn't we meet by accident in the hotel? That's natural enough."

I swallowed. "All right," I said reluctantly. "I suppose we can run into each other in the dining room; but you must play up and take your cue from me. And you're not to go out without Wiseman."

"But I want to see the cathedral."

"I'll meet you there tomorrow; and tonight—remember, I shall be there if you need me. It's not a big house, and you've only to call my name. But that's an emergency measure. Otherwise ——"

"I think it's a stupid game," said Judy. "I was looking forward to tonight. I wanted you to take me to the movies."

"I can't help it," said I doggedly.

"You can't love me," said Judy, shaking her head. "And I was just beginning to think you did."

"I expect that's it," said I.

In dudgeon Miss Sentinel lighted a cigarette. I got out of the car at the station, and Wiseman extracted my case. I explained the position briefly.

"Remember," I concluded solemnly, "Miss Sentinel is in your charge. Pretend I've gone back to England and you've got to see her through. You'll take the dog out, of course."

"Very good, sir. And if there's any trouble ——"

"There mustn't be any trouble."

"Very good, sir." He looked about him. "I don't see a cab, sir."

"There'll be one in a minute. Carry on."

As the car slid away Judy blew me a kiss.

There was not a cab in a minute. After a quarter of an hour I decided to walk. The way lay uphill, and my coat was not made for walking; neither, for the matter of that, was my dressing case made to be carried. It was made to be wheeled or lifted by two very strong men. The thought, however, of Judy pricked me along.

I asked for a room with a bathroom, hoping hard against hope. When they said there was one available, I could have thrown up my hat. Then my case was shouldered and I followed it up.

Of course we were next door.

I might have guessed that would happen, and I didn't know for a moment whether to be sorry or glad. Our bathrooms were separated by a lath-and-plaster wall—French laths, French plaster—probably run up by a plumber's apprentice during the Christmas recess. I could have done it better myself. It was certainly sightproof, but I could hear Nanette lapping water as soon as I entered my room.

As the porter closed my door—"Adam, dear," said Judy.

"Be quiet," said I. "Go away. Suppose it hadn't been me."

"I heard your voice," said Judy indignantly. "I heard you say '*De la bière.*' I wish I'd thought of beer. The tea's rotten."

"For Heaven's sake, stop!" said I. "The man'll be back in a minute."

"All right. Did you get a cab?"

Here a waiter entered to ask if I wanted some beer. "Did you get a cab?" repeated Judy.

The waiter's face was a study. I gave the order fiercely and then told Judy off. "You've torn everything up," I raged.

"Then, if I have," said Judy, "we may as well talk."

I replied by slamming my bathroom door.

The beer calmed me down. Moreover, my walk from the station had reduced a bath from the order of luxurious to the ranks of necessary things.

Presently I opened the door like a thief in the night.

"At last," said Judy. "My dear, you've got my sponge bag."

If I had been quick, I should have sworn I'd lost it. But I am not quick. I said, "Good Lord, so I have."

"Well, what about it?" said Judy. "The easiest way would be to push it through the wall, but I suppose you won't do that."

"You must do without it," said I.

"Don't be indecent," said Miss Sentinel. "I'll tell you what to do."

"What?"

"We've each got a balcony. If you're a good shot you could throw it across."

That seemed an idea. As I opened the window I was glad to see it was dark. "Don't try to catch it," I said. "Let it fall and then pick it up."

Of course she tried to catch it, and of course it fell into the street. People were passing and I heard them start and exclaim. Judy began to shriek with laughter.

I don't know what I said, but everyone was very polite and understanding. The peals of laughter alone would have disarmed an inquisitor. I had to laugh myself as I threw it up from the street. Then I bowed very low.

"*À votre service, madame.*"

"*Merci, monsieur,*" cried Judy in a ravishing tone.

I returned somewhat comforted. The episode had been shared with those in the street. The hotel had seen nothing.

During our baths I made Miss Sentinel promise that, if I consented to converse when we were upstairs, outside our respective doors we should appear utter strangers. The recognition in the dining room was definitely washed out, and we were not to address each other publicly till we were ready to leave the city. The rendezvous was to be the cathedral.

I let her go down first and gave her five minutes' grace in case of accidents. Then I descended the stairs.

Afterward it transpired that she had forgotten a handkerchief. Be that as it may, we met face to face in the lounge. I saw her coming when she was ten yards away. And she saw me. What is much more to the point, so did Nanette. I might have been her long-lost whelp.

With a whimper of delight the great dog sprang upon me, bringing her mistress in her train. I was licked furiously, fawned upon, pawed, flogged with an excited tail. Judy was licked and embraced. I said, "Down, Nanette," and was licked and buffeted again. Judy caught at my arm and fell into tremulous mirth. And Nanette, having done her bit, began to bark.

The whole hotel was laughing, and Convention was sent empty away.

We dined together, and then went to a cinema in great contentment. At least, I extracted a promise that she would not address me upstairs. I felt that Convention ought to have those crumbs!

It was two days later, as we were nearing Angoulême, that I felt a familiar chill strike into my limbs.

My malaria is nothing serious. Sometimes a year goes by without an attack. But when the bouts come they come swiftly and while they last I am completely out of action.

Mercifully the city was only ten miles away. My one idea was to get there while I could drive.

I did it, but my body was shaking as I whipped up the winding hill, and as I turned into the yard I felt Judy catch at my arm.

"Adam!"

"N-nothing," I chattered. "Only ——"

"You're ill, Adam, my dear; you're terribly ill. Your face ——"

"N-no. Malaria, Judy. It's n-nothing at all. I've had it m-millions of times. W-Wiseman knows. I've g-got quinine in my d-dressing case."

"You must have a doctor at once."

"No, no. Ask Wiseman. I'm speaking the absolute t-truth. But I must get to bed. It's n-nothing, honestly."

The hotel staff thought I was dying, but I laughed them away. Then they gave me a room and I hurried upstairs.

"L-look after Miss Sentinel, Wiseman. D-don't leave the place. Where is she now?"

"I don't know, sir," said Wiseman, unpacking my case.

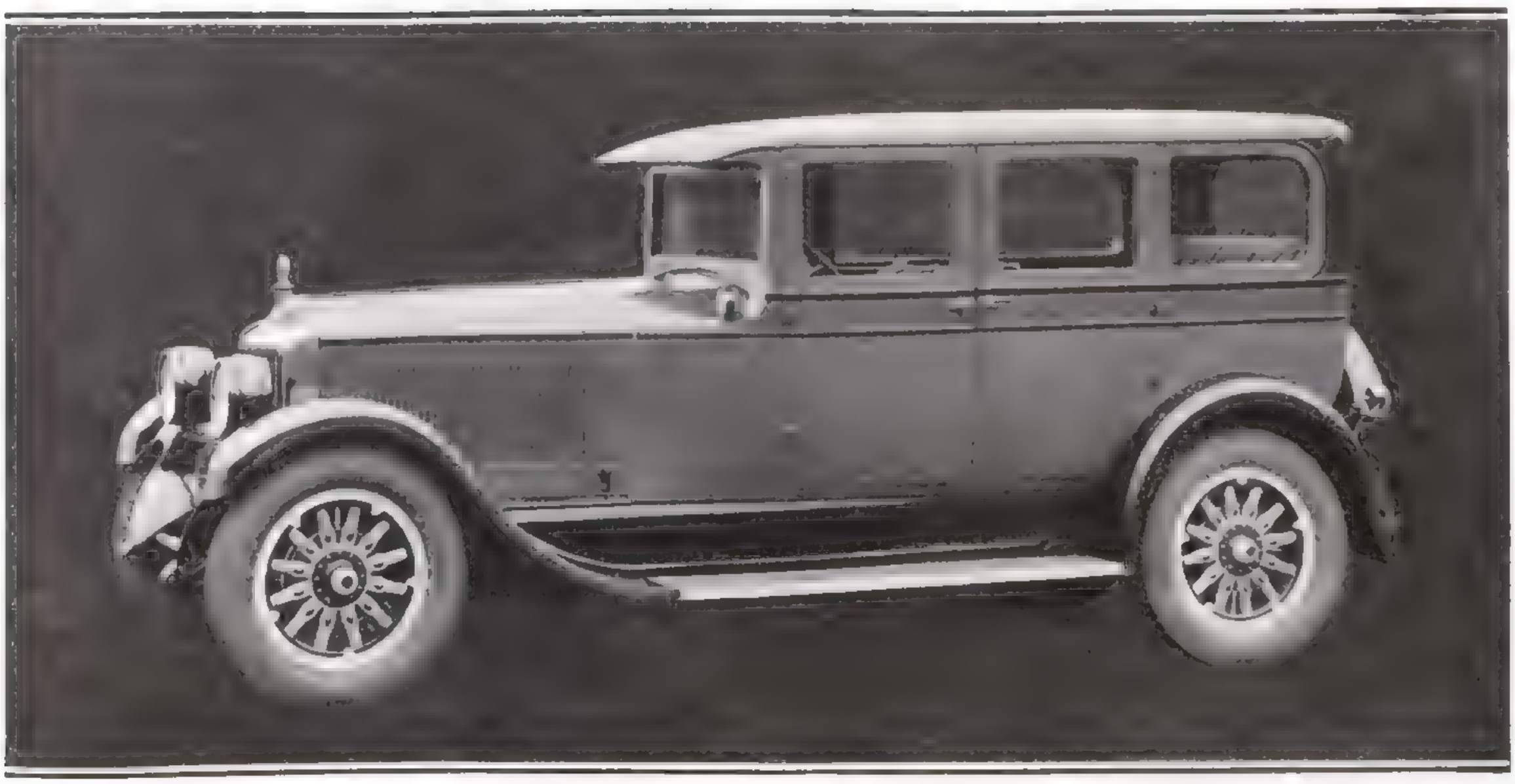
"Well, g-go and find out."

"When you're in bed, sir," said Wiseman stubbornly.

I was frightfully, hideously hot. The sheets burned me and the pillows seemed to be on fire. It was only a phase, of course. I knew it of old. And of old I had found it interminable. My brain was aching, and my body was racked with pain. But the heat was the worst of all. I was being consumed. The room was dim, and I wondered if it was night. I wanted very badly to know the time. The last thing I could remember was being blue with cold. No. A long, hot flush, warming my shaking limbs—the beginning of the bad stage. That was what I remembered. How

(Continued on Page 54)

# "WHEREVER IT MUST BE THE BEST"



## The New DIANA Straight Eight

Whenever an outstanding feat of performance is attempted such as the flight around the world or the building of the great dirigible Shenandoah—whenever a manufacturer seeks to design an unusually fine motor car—there, "wherever it must be the best," you will find Delco the preferred electrical equipment.

Building to these ideals, the Moon Motor Car Company has equipped the new Diana Car with Delco Starting, Lighting and Ignition.

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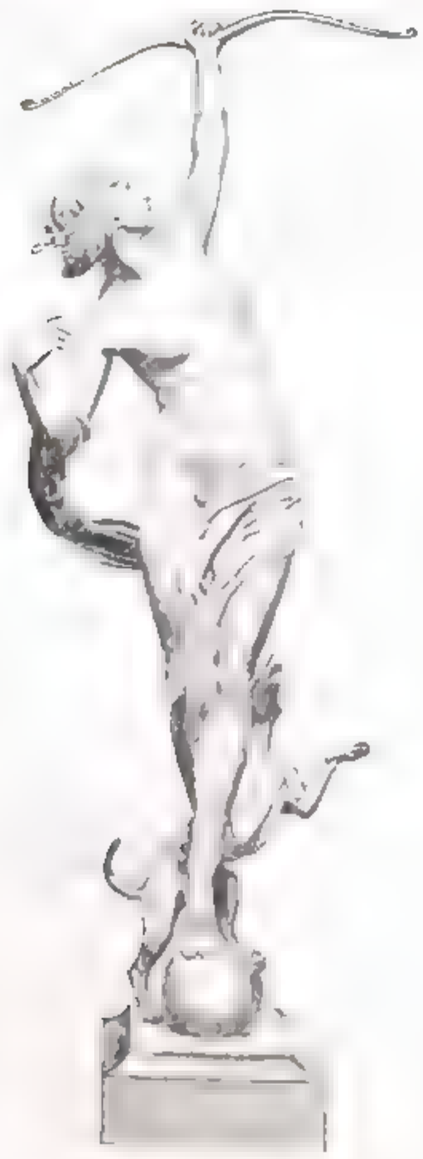

*Reproduction from a [illegible] Roman Colosseo Hunting*

**Delco**
STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

# REPORTING FOR WORK

## IN THE PUBLIC UTILITIES FIELD

### Reported by Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

MY FIRST job was setting poles. Doubtless you think there could scarcely be a more difficult starting point, but I know of a few other men who are now at or near the top with public-utilities corporations who began in the same way.

Before that I studied law for about a year, but that becomes a minor incident in this story. I studied law at the suggestion of my father, but soon gave it up. My father was a sort of Jack-of-all-Trades and more or less of a failure. He had queer notions about the world, among them being the conviction that men with whom he worked tried to get him fired; also that they generally succeeded. All carpenters and artisans, he said, were afflicted with professional jealousy; but lawyers, doctors, musicians, writers and people of that sort stood together like a brotherhood for mutual protection and advancement. What do you think of that for a weird theory?

Impossible as it may seem, I was thoroughly infected with his ideas and eager to reach a safe stratum of our economic structure at the earliest possible opportunity. If my contribution to the family budget had been less urgently required, I should probably have obtained eventually a license to practice law, but that was not to be. I had to go to work. Like a great many other boys confronted with a similar situation, I didn't know what I wanted to do; anything that would produce revenue quickly seemed to be the requirement of the moment. My father had made so few friends that he was unable to furnish me a suggestion or introduction of value. We lived on the outer edge of a city of about 75,000 population and paid fifteen dollars a month rent for our cottage. The business part of that city was just as strange and foreign to me as Chicago would have been. I had no idea why it existed or what sort of persons lived in the world, beyond a hazy notion that all people were instinctively unfriendly toward anyone desiring to earn a living.

A few days after being graduated from high school I went downtown to look for a job. I didn't even know exactly where I intended to look or whether to call myself a boy or a man. Our Main Street boasted about five blocks of plate-glass fronts and then straggled off toward the railroad station, growing distinctly uglier every hundred yards. I walked along the street wondering how one got a job. About two blocks from the freight depot I found a small store the show windows of which were cluttered with bulletin boards. Each announcement was captioned Men Wanted, so the place quite naturally caught my attention. I spent half an hour reading these chalked scrawls and trying to decide which job I would ask for. On going in I soon discovered that I might have saved time, for only one of the announcements was truthful. The local electric light and street railway company needed men to set poles; those were the only jobs available.

*I Warned Them Confidentially That if They Won Their Fight in the Courts They Would be Made Ridiculous by the Disclosures Awaiting Them*

### *A Helping Hand From the Start*

IF THE man who operated this employment establishment wasn't a crook, then most assuredly he was entitled to a different face. I regarded him with deep suspicion while he asked questions and made out the little slip of paper that I was to present. His opinion of me, however, seemed to be quite the opposite. He was friendly—to the best of his ability—and advised me to keep in touch with him. He said he thought he could get something better for me later. He also said that the work then in progress might offer a possibility for me to become a foreman, the company being hard pressed for men able to supervise the work of others. To give me a better chance, he reported my age as twenty years. I was large and husky; moreover, I had missed school quite frequently and was older than a high-school graduate should have been.

Later in the afternoon I presented the slip of paper he gave me to a gray-haired man in overalls who sat at a desk in an enormous metal-roofed shed. This man also offered advice. He said the work was very hard, but that if I could stand it long enough to get the hang of it there were better jobs a little farther up the ladder. I appeared to be a steady, serious-minded boy, was his comment, and if I proved to be what he was looking for he would advance me. I was assigned to a certain group, given the name of my foreman and told where to report the following morning. The gray-haired man's remarks made very little impression upon me. I took it for granted that this was the usual device for encouraging laborers to work hard for low wages. For such conversation I carried a grain of rock salt as large as my fist. Nevertheless, I walked out of the big shed with a pleasant impression of a kindly man saying, "I'll keep an eye on you, kid."

The following morning I reported to one of the funniest little creatures you would care to behold. He was about five feet tall and very slender. His face, neck and hands were sunburned to a brilliant red; in fact, it seemed to me that great heat ought to radiate from anything of that color. His eyes were a pale blue-gray and his clothes so faded and nondescript that I got scarcely any impression of them, except for the fact that the trousers fairly ballooned at the knees. He spoke with an Irish accent, rather difficult to understand at first; and at intervals of a few minutes he would light a ridiculous little pipe, always with less than half a match. He must have carried scores of these dirt-blackened little fragments in various pockets, but they were invariably effective regardless of wind, rain or any other adverse condition.

He looked at me very earnestly and directly when I presented my paper, but his eyes were so pale I couldn't determine whether he was friendly or not. Later, when I knew him better, I noticed that his eyes were always twinkling happily even when he was swearing; or I might say, especially when he was swearing. No one objected to his profanity. It merely expressed cordiality and enthusiasm. Throughout my first day he assigned me to positions where the strain was lightest. I couldn't fail to notice this and appreciate it, but I was afraid the others would be resentful. On the second day the work was harder, but other members of the crew would shoulder in from time to time so that I could get a breathing spell. Most of the men in this crew were about fifty years of age. They warned me to take it easy until my muscles had hardened. I marveled at their kindness.

Now if you gentlemen knew more about setting poles I would describe the work in detail, but you don't; so I shall merely say that it requires skill and must be done conscientiously, otherwise there will be no end of trouble. When I took the job I assumed that it was strictly labor requiring nothing but a strong back. Under the direction of that funny pint-size Irishman, however, I learned a great deal. At the end of a week even my stout prejudices couldn't resist acceptance of the fact that a foreman was an important person. Although I intended to quit very soon, it was, nevertheless, interesting to observe just how the various difficulties were overcome. Also I had to admit to myself that there might be a possibility that the kind old gray-haired man had meant what he said.

As nearly as I can now recall, I had been working about twenty days when the foreman asked me to take charge of the work on three poles at a point where the line would leave the highway and cross private property. He was bluntly frank in stating his reason for this delegation of power. The owner of the property, he said, would probably be less uneasy about possible damage if I talked to him. The foreman's remark was accompanied by a queer gesture meant to compare my figure with his own. The scene was not without its overtone of tragedy in spite of his businesslike manner, and I resolved to handle the work to his satisfaction.

### *Good Will Instead of Damage Suits*

THAT little operation I learned later was the test which he and the gray-haired man had agreed upon a few days before. On completion of the work I was summoned to headquarters in the big shed and given command of a crew. I had become a foreman. The crew with which I had worked—and especially the Irish foreman—were as proud of me as though we had been comrades in arms through a long military campaign. That experience just about ended my inherited prejudices. I decided that henceforth I would take people as I found them and guard myself from preconceived notions as carefully as I would dodge smallpox.

The company for which I worked—like many public-utilities corporations of that period—was unpopular. Whenever opportunity presented, people were eager to bring damage suits against it because juries were biased in favor of such claims. Moreover, there was a clique of damage-suit lawyers in the town promoting such litigation. In order to avoid trouble with the owners of property near my shifting fields of operation, I would call upon them before beginning work. This required only a minute or two, but it saved a great deal of trouble. First of all, I would tell them how long we would be busy. Then I would ask if they wished to call our attention to any plants along the curb or anything of that sort which we might not readily see. My principal object was to avoid noisy, disagreeable scenes, but I also avoided damage suits. One time we let a pole slip and broke a fence, but the owner permitted us to repair and paint it at once. He had the paint and extra pickets in his barn. Several of our men were expert at such work. We cleared the job in an

(Continued on Page 48)

THERE was always a far greater desire for Packard Six ownership than was expressed.

It is an American trait to prefer to travel first class.

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*The Packard Six seven-passenger Sedan is illustrated—$2785 at Detroit.*

(Continued from Page 46)

hour and he wrote a letter to the company thanking the general manager for our courtesy.

A few days later I was again summoned to headquarters. I took it for granted that something had gone wrong with my work, because most of the foremen experienced considerable trouble. On the way to the big shed I decided to resign. I didn't fancy myself as foreman of a gang of pole setters; I wanted to follow my father's suggestion and study law. Owing to the heat and long hours, I was too tired in the evenings to read very much and my progress was discouraging. On reporting to the gray-haired man—I never was told his name—I found a clerk from the general offices waiting for me. He conducted me to the superintendent of overhead construction. This looked very gloomy. However, it turned out otherwise. The superintendent asked for a detailed statement about the manner in which I had been dealing with property owners and then offered me a monthly salary with the title of assistant to himself. All such work still seemed to me without promise for the future, but I liked the idea of being on a monthly salary, with a title, so I accepted. I thought I might as well remain a few months longer, especially as the increased pay would enable me to save more money. I may as well tell you at this point as any other that during the years I spent with that company I was usually just about to resign.

In my new capacity I went ahead of the construction gangs and manufactured good will for them. Also, from time to time I inspected the work they were doing. The daily repetition of stupid interviews tired me, however, and I spent many evenings trying to think of something else to do; but my acquaintance with people and knowledge of the world were so limited that these meditations resulted in nothing. I knew I wanted to quit; that was as far as I could get.

My chief was a very pleasant man to work with and had a broad understanding of the business. One morning, just as I was leaving the office, a fearful hailstorm broke, so we spent several hours together. He did most of the talking; I was an eager listener. Before I tell you what he said I want to make one general comment. I believe that a great many young men have their eyes opened and their imaginations stirred suddenly and unexpectedly by some such chance conversation with a man whom they respect. The superintendent was about thirty-five years of age, a vigorous man, obviously destined for the big success which he later achieved. However, he was a scientist with an inventive turn of mind and cared very little for the administrative work he was then doing. He never had the good fortune to produce anything very notable as an inventor, because his aims were higher than the time and money at his disposal; but he later did great work by welcoming electrical inventions and directing the attention of other inventors to needed improvements.

That morning, during the storm, our office was so dark he had to switch on the electric light. It made the office seem pleasant and homelike. He lighted his pipe and began to talk.

### A Profitable Stormy Morning

"WE ARE off on the wrong foot in this business," he said. "We have got to develop a better understanding of what it is all about." I pricked up my ears wondering if a lecture on economics, such as my father often delivered, might be forthcoming. "These public utilities are not private businesses," he continued. "What we are doing is introducing intelligent socialism—not the sort where you divide up property, but the sort which socializes industry. Public utilities are corporations which are creatures of the law; next, they have got to be monopolies. The only way they can be monopolies is by public consent in the form of a contract with the public. That means that there will be three parties in every contract we make. We will be one party, then there will be a party of the second part, and always there will be a third party, which will be the public. We have got to have a wider distribution of our securities among the people we serve and we must be regarded as local industries. If we ever get sense enough to do these things, we can change our rates either up or down without a battle. Good will is what we need. It will be the very life of these businesses."

I listened to him with alarm, wondering what his fate would be if such indiscreet remarks should be overheard. Our company was owned entirely by outside capital. The general manager was an engineer who knew nothing about public relations and cared less. His principal adviser was a lawyer who represented the owners of our securities, and took the position that our business had the same rights to privacy as any individual. We were not a monopoly, because there was another street-car company in the same city.

The superintendent told me that he thought I had the right idea on the subject of public relations and that if I would work always along those lines there was a big success waiting for me. I could see much sound sense behind his comments, but I had not the faintest hope that they would ever be accepted by the men higher up. After hearing him talk, I worked more intelligently than ever before; but I still held to my resolution to quit whenever a favorable opportunity presented.

Not long after that profitable stormy morning the superintendent asked me to work with him for a week. He showed me how wires were strung. Knowing so much about the business, this seemed to him child's play; and because he regarded it as very simple, he made it so to his pupil. At the end of the week he informed me that he was going to resign and accept a better position. He advised me to obtain an assistant with more experience in handling the overhead work, and, thus fortified, to accept the position of superintendent as soon as he left. I told him I would if such an offer came. He laughed. I think I was appointed on his recommendation. He urged me to devote the greater part of my attention to studying public relations.

"Hire the technical experts," he said, "because eventually those men will be over in a department by themselves. You've got the ideas on which this business is founded."

### Manufacturing Public Favor

IT SOUNDED very strange and doubtful to me, but the offer came as he had predicted and I accepted. His ideas were sound enough, but too revolutionary for my generation, I thought. The advice of wisdom, in my opinion, was to salt away as much of my wages as I possibly could and look about me for more promising employment.

About this time my father and mother both died, leaving me the responsibility of a younger brother and sister, whom I sent to boarding school. I began to worry about their future; that is to say, I realized that if anything should happen to me they would be alone in the world. Under the spur of this emotion I took out a large insurance policy and then began joining fraternal organizations. I joined four of them. At their meetings I came into contact with nearly all our local politicians—the latter fact is the only one which has a bearing on my story. I became friendly with the politicians and learned that all of them viewed our company as a sinister organization. Such a situation was bound to lead to trouble, and presently we were tied up in a strike, and at the same time we were having a battle with the board of county commissioners over the company's assessed valuation. Feeling was so bitter against the management that crowds of boys on the way to school would throw rocks at the street cars. Eventually the strike was settled, but the fight with the board of county commissioners was carried into the courts.

Just as a matter of curiosity, I looked at certain of the records which were the subject of dispute and discovered to my astonishment that if our books were opened to the authorities our taxes would have to come down about $1000. Not a large sum, but an interesting situation. Further inquiry developed the fact that our general manager and general counsel were fighting for a principle and not for lower taxes. They wanted to keep the books closed and maintain the right of the company to privacy. The significance of all this might have escaped me but for the brief remarks of my friend and former chief, the superintendent of construction. Affairs of one utility corporation at least were marching toward a crisis more quickly than I could possibly have foreseen.

During the ensuing week I found opportunity to talk with two of the county commissioners and a political boss of the faction to which they adhered. I warned them confidentially that if they won their fight in the courts they would be made ridiculous by the disclosures awaiting them. Our company was probably not paying more taxes than it should have paid, but most assuredly it was paying out of proportion to individuals. This was a time when our steam railroads were also battling against regulation and encountering more and more of it as a result of their resistance. As a matter of fact—or so it seemed to me at the time—the object was often not so much to regulate the railroads as to get even with them for past offenses. Certainly I think they brought their troubles on themselves just as our company was then doing.

My politician lodge brothers were very much interested in what I told them and thoroughly alarmed about the possibility of being made ridiculous if they won their suit. I could see that they trusted me and believed my statement. They were not very bright men, but they were not dishonest—at least I don't think they were. The general ill feeling against our company was so great they could scarcely have failed to reflect it. We frequently had to sue people to collect electric-light bills because they alleged that the meters were not accurate. No one liked us, it seemed.

After talking to the politicians I went to the general manager of the company and told him I believed I could get rid of the litigation and calm the whole situation by spending a few days talking to the public officials interested and presenting our point of view. He was delighted with this suggestion. Later I learned why. Arrangements had been made in New York for our company to take over the properties of the rival street-car company, but the whole deal was being held up, awaiting a better state of public opinion. Our affairs were in a wretched tangle. Eventually the suit against us was dropped. Our little teapot tempest was gradually calming down, when new difficulties arose.

The general manager had always made it a point to try to suppress news of accidents. Why, I have not the remotest idea, for no company of that sort can be utterly free of them and certainly our record was by no means disgraceful. Anyway, we fought the newspapers as a matter of policy and they retaliated by making every mishap a front-page item. One afternoon newspaper was particularly active. On the day that general counsel for the two companies placed the merger proposal before the city council our afternoon newspaper printed the sensational statement that a member of the council had been bribed. The facts were that the council member in question was a ne'er-do-well with a most engaging personality and a friendly disposition toward our harassed company. He was a philosopher and story teller; he liked to visit the general manager in order to make sport of the local discord. I have no doubt his wit and jokes were balm to the chief. Anyway, the general manager had loaned him a total of about $500 in sums of $10 to $50 at a time. Again we were in trouble. This time a committee of security holders came to investigate the situation. I do not wish to bore you with too much detail, but on their departure I was made general manager.

I know of no one who has had such a ridiculous career as mine was up to this point. I began at the bottom and worked all the way to the top without ever intending to remain in the business. As a matter of fact, I definitely disliked it. Since the general management of the company came to me at such a troubled time, and meant so little to my happiness, I must carry this story forward to the point where I found some pleasure in the work. The change in management quieted public opposition long enough for us to effect our merger, and then I determined to build up public relations to a point that would at least approximate sanity.

The first move in that direction was to establish an information bureau so that the press could obtain accurate and prompt reports on any matter of public interest. That ended all trouble there. The next thing I did was to undertake a study of telephone voices—something that sounds old as the hills now, but I am proud of being one of the pioneers in finding the voice with a smile. Perhaps you will understand better the importance of this if I tell you that one public-utility corporation in this country—the New York Edison Company—has about 6,000,000 telephone conversations a year. During any one of those interviews the voice at the company's end of the line represents that whole corporation—and it is important. Signor Gatti-Casazza, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, isn't one bit more interested in voices than I am. My company has a much bigger investment than his, and depends upon public favor no less.

### Making Friends Through Bills

THE next thing I did was to organize our accounting department with an eye to good public relations. In other words, I made it a part of what governments during the war called their propaganda bureaus. I wanted to see how near we could come to a perfect record. Nothing makes enemies more rapidly than inaccurate bills. I'm not going to tell you my own figures, because another public-utilities corporation has a better record and I would rather tell you what they have done. I think you will be interested to know, because it is probably the best record in the entire history of the world. If anything approximating it has ever been accomplished, the facts have escaped my attention.

That company sends out annually 6,000,000 bills. Last year it received a total of 36,000 complaints for all causes—.6 per cent. Now let us take this .6 per cent and call it 100 per cent of the complaints—which it is, of course—and examine the record on disposition of complaints. As a result of explanation, 92 per cent of them were withdrawn; 8 per cent required adjustment. In other words, 8 per cent of the original .6 per cent represents the complaints for which there was found to be good ground. Clerical errors in making out bills accounted for .27 per cent of the complaints.

That is getting down pretty close to zero on clerical errors. That company tested 45,318 meters during the year and found 77 inaccurate.

I speak of these things with more than personal pride. In fact, I didn't wish to mention my own figures, because I feel a pride as an American in such achievements. Public utilities are still very much American, even though the rest of the world has a little sample of them here and there. Considering our utilities as a whole, they represent today an investment of about $18,000,000,000 in this country alone, which places them close to our steam railroads. While the railroads are obtaining very little new capital, we are employing a large amount and must soon pass them.

(Continued on Page 56)

# DODGE BROTHERS
## TOURING CAR

Those who have driven the Touring Car longest are its most enthusiastic admirers.

They know from experience that with reasonable care it will serve the owner faithfully for many years.

# The Erstwhile Crowning Glory

## By MARIAN SPITZER

IT USED to be a woman's crowning glory, but now it's just hair. It used to be a subject for poets, but now it's a subject for editorial writers. It used to be limned in illuminated letters on rare parchment, now it's limned on news-print paper in smudgy black ink. Feminine tresses, once a romantic preoccupation, today are a fundamental part of the daily news. There hasn't been a newspaper printed for the past two years, anyway, that hasn't carried some sort of little story, usually with a slightly humorous angle, about women's hair.

Bobbed hair is on the increase. Bobbed hair is on the wane. No woman can be chic without bobbed hair. No woman can be feminine with it. Bobbing will accelerate the growth of the hair. Bobbing will result in the ultimate baldness of the female of the species.

Husband divorces wife because she bobbed her hair. Husband bobs wife's hair to make sure it will look the way he wants it. Group of husbands band together and refuse to shave until wives let hair grow. Group of husbands band together and urge wives to cut off their hair. Hospital expels bobbed-haired nurses. Hospital encourages bobbed-haired nurses. Department store decides that bobbed hair increases efficiency. Department store demands that all bobbed employes let hair grow. And so the headlines, *ad infinitum*.

You buys your paper and you takes your choice.

There is, actually, a lot more to this thing than meets the eye. The opinion of experts is divided as to whether bobbed hair is merely a symptom of a certain condition or the *raison d'être* of that condition. Some authorities say that bobbed hair is merely a tangible symbol of woman's recently acquired independence. Others declare that bobbed hair now is simply the recurrence of a vogue; there has been short hair before and there will be short hair again, they say. But most of them feel that when Irene Castle, who originated bobbed hair in this generation, cut off her hair for greater convenience in dancing, she did more than establish a precedent or start a fashion. She set, all unwittingly, the wheels of a new industry in motion; or at least she set them to whirling much faster. The beauty industry.

At any rate, the following facts are eloquent: Five years ago there were 5000 hairdressing shops in the United States. At the close of the year 1924 there were 21,000 established shops and several thousand more transients. New shops are opening every day, and they all seem to prosper. In Chicago there are some 2000 first-class establishments, and New York has approximately the same number. On Forty-seventh Street, between Fifth Avenue and Broadway, there are a baker's dozen of beauty parlors, all flourishing. For the purposes of this story I looked into all of them, asking for immediate service. In only five were they able to take care of me at the time; the other places told me I should have to make an appointment.

### Barbers That Turn Bobbers

THESE figures do not attempt to include the constantly increasing number of barber shops that now do bobbing. These defy tabulation, but I know there are scores of them. Practically all the big barber shops have added women's departments and do a flourishing business in this quarter, much to the chagrin of the masculine patrons, who grumble and say they can't even get shaved any more because the women are always monopolizing the barber chairs. Here and there you will find a barber antifeminist enough to hold out against the onrushing tide. One barber has even gone so far as to have hanging in a conspicuous place outside his shop a large sign bearing the legend:

NO LADIES' HAIR BOBBED IN THIS SHOP

But on the whole the barber shops are doing a rushing business in bobbing.

There are among the hairdressers certain firms which now devote themselves exclusively to bobbing. Having built up a reputation as an expert shingler, or having perhaps originated some particularly attractive type of bob, several hairdressers—almost invariably masculine—have found themselves so swamped with appointments for bobbing that they have abandoned all other branches of their art. I know of at least three such shops in or near Fifth Avenue that became so famous in this particular direction that last year, when the bobbing craze was at its peak, twenty-five or thirty operators were kept frantically busy from nine in the morning until seven at night wielding the shears and clippers. Women fought for appointments and cheerfully paid as high as five dollars to get their hair cut by these master bobbers.

It is estimated that the year 1924 saw an increase of 35 per cent in the number of people employed in hairdressing and allied occupations, and a like increase in the volume of business.

It is hardly necessary to mention that no business can assume the proportions of a sizable industry until it affects the masses, and that is certainly true of the business of making women beautiful. Before the vogue of bobbed hair the beauty parlor was in the luxury class. Only two groups of women attended them with any degree of regularity—women of the stage and women of wealth. For the rest of the feminine world a visit to the hairdressing parlor was an affair of great moment. If you were going to a wedding or a banquet or some important occasion like that, you went in the afternoon and got your hair waved and perhaps dressed.

Then for the rest of the week you slept in a boudoir cap to preserve the effect. As for going to a hairdresser to get your hair washed, that was the height of extravagance and practically unheard of. That was not much more than five years ago.

Today the bulk of the business done by hairdressers is for workingwomen. And that other large class, so eloquently described on census questionnaires, income-tax blanks and other official documents as housewife, is turning more and more to the beauty parlor for aid in the hazardous game of husband-holding.

### The Lure of the Beauty Parlor

IT IS not the beauty parlor alone that has undergone this great change, but all the allied trades that ripple out from it. The manufacture of beauty-parlor equipment, for example, has grown tremendously. The artificial hair goods trade, for years in a state of comparative coma, has been revived, and the business of hair dyeing is being reorganized. And ask any wholesale hat manufacturer about the effect of bobbed hair on the millinery trade. Or ask any long-haired woman—if you know one—what she has to go through to get a hat big enough to fit her head. Only a week or two ago I went into a hat shop to try on a hat that had caught my fancy in the window. It was a hat for bobbed hair, and somehow I have managed to resist the urge to cut mine off. After half an hour of unavailing struggle with the bonnet, I gave up in despair.

"I guess it's no use," I said to the saleswoman. "I simply can't get it on my head."

"Well," she replied in a tone so earnest that I could not doubt the seriousness of her intention, "why don't you go out and have your hair bobbed? I'll put the hat away for you for a couple of hours."

So, whatever you may think about bobbed hair from an æsthetic point of view, you cannot deny that it is an important factor in present-day economics.

There is nothing local about the hairdressing industry, nor is it one of those things that have application in big cities alone. It is national in its scope and penetrates the smallest and most isolated hamlets. The desire for beauty knows no geography. Of the 21,000 beauty parlors scattered over the country, it is figured that there is an average of five employes to every shop.

The average receipts for all the beauty shops in the United States are estimated at about $250 a week. This includes everything from the most gorgeous Fifth Avenue salon, with a huge working force, to the village shop whose proprietor is the entire staff, and is divided about equally between services rendered and merchandise sold. On an investment of anywhere from $1500 to $5000 the hairdressing parlor of a town with a population of from 10,000 to 25,000 can yield from $5000 to $12,000 profit annually.

Of the shops in big cities, representing investments that vary widely between $10,000 and $50,000, it is possible to do a gross business of from $25,000 to $250,000, and there is at least one famous hairdressing establishment of huge proportions that has been doing, for the past few years, an annual business close to $500,000.

Though a certain proportion of the work done in beauty parlors is other than hair work—manicures, facial massages, and the like—the main bulk deals directly with the hair—shampooing, scalp treatment, curling, marceling, bobbing, permanent waving. And a good deal of the other work is a result of the interest in hair culture. There is something insidious about sinking into the immaculate and relaxing comfort of a beauty-parlor chair, with a dexterous, white-clad operator hovering over you, murmuring to you. And although very few operators urge you to have anything done except what you have specifically asked for, you find yourself reveling in the luxury of a little extra grooming.

It has always been a tradition that barbers, once they had their man where he couldn't get away, exerted a sort of hypnotic influence over him and sold him all sorts of extra service much against his will. With beauty-shop operators this is far from being the case. In good shops the operators are usually booked up in advance, and often they have to refuse to give the extra service asked for by the patron because the next appointment is outside in the waiting room champing at the bit.

Although the hairdressing business is a highly profitable one the year round, it has certain seasonal aspects. The four months of April, May, June and July are regarded as the banner months, particularly in the field of permanent waving. Approaching summer means approaching vacations, expeditions to the mountains, the seaside, abroad, and many women who throughout the year make biweekly pilgrimages to the beauty parlor for a curl or a marcel endure the tedium and the expense of a permanent wave so that they may sally forth on a holiday without the fear of straggling locks or the necessity of trusting themselves to strange operators.

It is agreed by all beauty-shop owners that the business woman—and by that is meant every class of feminine worker, from the high-salaried executive to the lowly typist—is the backbone of the industry. In the first place, business women today patronize the beauty parlors in far greater numbers than women of any other class; and secondly, this group spends more money on itself than any other group.

A recent investigation conducted by an organization about to embark on an advertising campaign involving hundreds of thousands of dollars, for the launching of a hair-goods product, revealed the following facts:

First of all, there is more money spent in beauty parlors by workingwomen than by all other classes of women put together.

Secondly, the woman with an earning capacity of $2000 a year spends the same amount in hairdressing shops as the married woman whose husband has an income of $10,000. It's her own money, so she can do with it as she pleases. And since there are many more women earning $2000 a year than there are men earning $10,000, it is plain to see why the business woman is regarded as the most important factor in the industry.

Among other things it was found that within the ranks of the business women themselves, even those girls who earn less than $2000 a year are regular beauty-shop patrons. The large majority of these young wage earners have bobbed hair, and it is bobbed-haired women who require the services of the hairdresser far more urgently and far more regularly than their long-haired sisters, all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding.

### The Long and the Short of It

THERE is nothing that looks quite so unkempt and ragged as bobbed hair that is not groomed up to the minute. It must be trimmed constantly, and waved, too, in the majority of cases, for the number of girls who look well in the severely straight bobbed hair is very small. Altogether short hair is harder to keep looking nice than long hair, and two proofs of that statement are that short-haired girls go to the hairdresser oftener than long-haired ones, and that it costs more to have a wave put into short hair than it does into long hair.

Another thing, the business woman is much easier to work for. She appreciates the value of time and keeps her appointments punctually. She knows what she wants and she is reasonable. Her attitude toward the people in the shop is that of one human being to others, not that of a duchess to a servant, an attitude displayed by many wealthy patrons.

If I had not witnessed the following incident, I should not have believed it possible; but I saw it and I heard it, so it must have happened. One afternoon a few months ago, while waiting for my operator to finish another job, I was sitting in the reception room of my hairdresser's, thumbing through some magazines, when a plump, overdressed, bejeweled woman, middle-aged, but with a determinedly youthful air, swept violently into the shop. Under her arm was a little Pomeranian of a light reddish color.

"I want to speak to the proprietor," she said. The secretary told her politely that he was finishing a wig for one of the Metropolitan Opera stars.

"He's frightfully busy," the girl said. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Tell him that Mrs. Blank wishes to see him," she said in a commanding voice. "I'm sure he won't be too busy for me." Her message was delivered, and after a few minutes the proprietor came out. Without waiting for him to speak, the woman, holding out her ugly little dog, said in a peremptory tone, "I want you to give my Pom a henna shampoo. I'm going to exhibit her in the dog show next week and she's dreadfully faded."

(Continued on Page 52)

# Twice as many Champions *as all other makes Combined*

Throughout the whole world, Champion is outselling because it is the better spark plug.

Europe alone buys two million dollars' worth of Champion Spark Plugs per year—more than half of all the spark plugs that Europe uses.

In three vital points, Champion is better—in its own unbreakable double-ribbed sillimanite core, with the non-fouling semi-petticoat tip; in its own special electrodes; in its own two-piece, gas-tight construction which permits thorough cleaning.

Get dependable Champions in your engine now and begin to know what motor car satisfaction really is. Then maintain better engine performance and economy of operation by putting in a new set of Champions at least once a year.

*Champion Two-Piece Construction*

The two-piece construction of Champion Spark Plugs is a more costly design. But it is so much better that all Champions are made in this way. It insures absolute compression-tightness and makes possible thorough cleaning.

*More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed core. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents.)*

*Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors.*

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Ltd. Windsor, Ontario

# CHAMPION

*Dependable for Every Engine*

(Continued from Page 50)

The proprietor smiled ruefully and said he was very sorry that he could not oblige. He was a hairdresser, not a veterinarian. But, of course, madame did not really mean it. She was just having her little joke.

Madame did mean it, though. For twenty minutes she stormed about that reception room, demanding a henna shampoo for her dog. She was outraged at the idea of being refused such a simple little request. Her dog was just as sweet and clean as any of the patrons, she declared in no uncertain terms, and if it was not given a henna shampoo at once she would remove her patronage to another shop. Whereupon the proprietor reluctantly but imperturbably acknowledged that he would have to bear up under the loss. I've been curious to learn whether the dog ever got its henna shampoo.

There is another hairdressing shop in the Avenue that had an equally amazing experience. The wife of a well-known movie comedian patronizes this shop, and one day she approached the proprietor and blushingly asked him whether he could give permanent waves to two huge collies who were going to be in her husband's next picture.

### The Beauty-Parlor Nursery

"I know it's awfully nervy of me to ask you," she said, giggling, "but I promised my husband I would. I really don't expect you to do it."

He didn't, of course; but eventually some intrepid soul installed a permanent-waving apparatus in the studio and the two collies appeared in the next picture with beautiful curly locks.

The business woman, it is found, is more likely to give her patronage to a shop near her office than to one near where she lives. The little neighborhood hairdressing parlor therefore depends to a large extent upon Mrs. Legion, and lately some of the shops in modest residential districts have been trying out various experiments to get the patronage of the young married women who live in the neighborhood, particularly the young mothers. An investigation, conducted perforce rather haphazardly, convinced one enterprising hairdresser that many of these young matrons still had the urge to be well groomed, and were prevented from patronizing the shop not so much because they couldn't afford it as because they had nobody with whom to leave the baby for an hour or two. Observing that a neighborhood department store had very successfully established a baby-checking department for the benefit of those mothers who wished to shop in the store, she decided to try the same thing on a smaller scale. So she engaged a little high-school girl to come around every afternoon when school was out, and then announced by mail and placard that babies would be taken care of every afternoon after 3:30 while their mothers were being treated. The idea took root. Gradually the weekly receipts of the business increased, and after about a year the shop was well established on the baby-minding basis, with a trained baby nurse in attendance and a special room for the infants to play in.

Both the coloring of hair and the purchasing of artificial hair have been strongly affected in the past few years. The former has been reorganized, and to the latter bobbed hair has acted as little short of a pulmotor.

The tendency of the modern world toward the preservation of youth is a favorite topic for writers and preachers, and perhaps nothing could contribute more eloquently toward the truth of this tendency than the testimony concerning hair coloring.

I have been shown statistics proving that $7,500,000 was spent in the United States in 1924 for hair coloring—it wasn't all spent by women; about a third of it was used by men. There is one shop in New York which does nothing but color hair. The head operator of this shop, a woman who has been a hairdresser for about twenty years, told me that an average of thirty women a day come in to have their hair tinted.

"They come as young as seventeen and as old as seventy," she said; "but I think at least 60 per cent of them are between the ages of thirty-five and fifty, and these are divided about equally between business women who simply don't dare get gray and wives who don't want their husbands to realize that they are getting on in years."

It is mostly women who are gray or fear approaching grayness who resort to hair coloring, this operator told me. The woman who dyes her hair just for the sake of variety is far less prevalent today than she was ten years ago. The bleached blonde, for instance, is practically extinct, and even the obviously hennaed beauty is seen less frequently than she used to be.

"We still have occasional women who are just frivolous and silly about it," this expert told me. "There's one woman who comes in here regularly to get touched up, who has been married three times and has changed the color of her hair with each husband. But mainly it's women who are out in the world trying to make a living. They have to look young. It's part of their stock in trade. And sometimes mothers come in to get their gray hair tinted so they can keep up with their children. Not long ago a lady came in here with the most beautiful white hair I have ever seen. Her face was young and I thought it was a pity to touch that lovely hair, and told her so. She said she hated to do it, but that her little girl was just getting out of school and cried because the other girls said her mother looked old."

As for artificial hair, it used to be one of those open-secret things. Twenty years ago practically every woman wore it, but not one would admit it. Back in the first decade of the century, when no woman was regarded as modish who did not wear a monstrous pompadour with at least a dozen little puffs nestling coyly behind it, artificial hair was at the height of its career. Then along about 1912 the simple coiffure came into style. Puffs and switches and those horrendous things called rats were thrown away; women appeared with sleek, casually knotted hair, and manufacturers of hair goods changed their line.

### From Seventeen to Seventy

Though it may be true, as many people believe, that the peak of the bobbed-hair craze has been passed, it is also true that there are a great many women who will never let their hair grow again; some because they don't want to and others because they somehow cannot get past that trying period when it is neither long nor short, and who, with the firmest of intentions to let it grow, always snip it off again when it gets down to about the shoulders.

There is among these women a definitely felt want that has begun to manifest itself, which may best be conveyed by my idea of the best reason ever given by a woman for not bobbing her hair.

"I didn't cut my hair off," she said ingenuously, "because if your hair is short you can't take it down, and I like to take mine down."

Women like to take their hair down. There is probably not a woman in the world who has not at some time sat enthralled before her mirror, experimenting with her hair, trying new ways to fix it, seeing how it looks "the way Madge Kennedy wears it, you know," or in one of those Elsie Ferguson swirls. One of the reasons many women bobbed their hair in the first place was curiosity. It was another experiment. But after the novelty wears off there isn't much you can do with bobbed hair. You can either wear it straight or wavy, or you can wear it short or shorter. But there are definite limits to the possibilities. And that's where the new kind of artificial hair comes in—the kind that serves to conceal bobbed tresses.

The tendency seems to be to keep the hair short for daytime and to wear the artificial hair in the evening. Obviously, under these circumstances there can be no attempt made to conceal the fact that all the hair is not grown on the head. On the contrary, it is becoming rather the fashion to compare notes on how to arrange the new devices. Girls get together in little groups and exhibit their new hair just as they would exhibit a new wardrobe.

For the woman of means the hair-goods manufacturers are producing wigs and transformations. I know a young actress who, wishing to keep her own hair short, nevertheless enjoys wearing long hair from time to time, and she has a collection of transformations of various colors which she dons as the mood strikes her. However, these transformations require expert handling and are pretty expensive, beyond the reach of the average woman.

### Why Some Prefer Stenography

Another exceedingly interesting result of the bobbed-hair vogue is the vocational situation that has arisen out of it. With new beauty shops and hairdressing parlors springing up every day, and business increasing by leaps and bounds in those already established, here is one occupation for women in which the demand is considerably greater than the supply. The fundamental equipment is not very exacting—a certain manual dexterity and a quality of coördination being the main requirements; the preliminary training is neither long nor very expensive, and the financial return is high. It is a little difficult to estimate the earnings of a beauty-parlor operator, as they vary so according to the skill of the individual, the type and location of the shop and the system of payment. Most shops give a minimum salary of about twenty or twenty-five dollars. Added to this is a small percentage of all sales made. And then there are the tips, which range from ten to as high as forty dollars a week in the case of some of the very exclusive shops.

While going around to the different shops and the schools of beauty culture I was impressed by the fact that most of the operators and students seemed to be past their first youth. And upon inquiry I learned that about 75 per cent of the women who are preparing to enter the business have come from other occupations, especially office work and nursing. And many of them are married women who either want to help their husbands or who feel the first forebodings of matrimonial trouble and are in this wise casting an anchor to windward. But nobody seemed able to tell me why it is that more girls on the threshold of their working lives are not drawn toward this occupation.

Talking with one girl of seventeen, I brought several things to light that may have some bearing on the subject. This youngster, a moderately intelligent specimen, with no particular talent or ambition, is taking a course in stenography. I asked her why she didn't take a course in beauty culture instead.

"It's really interesting," I said, "and there's more money in it."

"Well, maybe," she replied; "but I don't like the idea of being ritzed by a lot of women. I know how they act. They think just because they give a girl a tip it entitles them to act like Queen Mary. Not for me! And besides"—this with a kind of dreamy reflectiveness—"I probably won't work so long. And you meet more interesting people in business." A little prodding on my part soon brought forth the fact that "more interesting people" meant men.

That seemed to shed a little illumination. This girl, representing a large class, isn't really interested in working at all. What she really wants is to get married. But her circumstances are such that she must earn her living until a husband comes along. Why not kill two birds with one stone? She may have worked this out deliberately, or it may simply be the operation of her subconscious mind. But the point is that if she works in an office her chances of meeting potential husbands are far greater than if she works in a beauty shop. Ergo, she decides to work in an office. And the very fact that so many prototypes of this girl, after several years of routine office work during which the husband has failed to appear, turn toward the beauty business seems to bear out the theory.

Quite a number of middle-aged women are enrolled in the beauty-culture schools with the intention of opening their own shops after they have completed the course and gained a little experience. They come to the big cities from dozens of outlying towns, stay six months and then go back home and invest in a shop. While going through one of the schools I met a very charming woman of about fifty, who told me that she had come from a town upstate where there was only one hairdressing shop and that not a very good one. She was a widow, with a small income, and all her children were married.

"I got tired of doing nothing," she said, "and even church activities and women's clubs weren't enough to keep me busy, so I decided I'd come to New York and take this course. You're never too old to learn. I've got a little shop all picked out, and when I'm through here and have worked for a while in a big shop, I'll go home and open my place. Some of the neighbors think I'm a little crazy, but I'll have them patronizing me yet."

### Bread and Butter for Butterflies

It isn't only middle-aged matrons from small towns who grow ambitious. Sometimes they are society women who are bored with their butterfly activities or have come suddenly face to face with the need for earning money. A few years ago, whenever a society lady went into trade she chose a chic little gown shop or millinery salon as the scene of her labors. Nowadays she may open a beauty parlor.

There is an old adage to the effect that a cobbler's child always wants for shoes, and though this is paralleled in some modern cases—most dressmakers look pretty dowdy themselves—it doesn't seem to be true in the case of beauty culture. The operators, even in the busiest shops, seem to find time to shampoo one another and bestow mutual permanent waves. And in the schools it is even better, because the students practice on one another constantly. Never anywhere have I seen such beautifully groomed women as in two big schools I went through a little while ago. I was rather amused to discover that in one of the schools it is against the rules to wear bobbed hair. Pupils with short hair are admitted, but only with the understanding that they will begin to let their hair grow at once, and in the meantime wear some sort of concealing device.

# News of First National Pictures

Colleen Moore blooms out with new fragrance as "The Desert Flower." At right—Miss Moore and Lloyd Hughes

## Colleen Moore in "The Desert Flower"

TWO weeks ago we promised more details on Miss Moore's new picture. Never has she had a more appealing role than of that courageous scamp, Maggie Fortune, in this adaptation of Don Mullaly's stage success.

Picture the possibilities for romance when a girl cooped up in a box-car home on a Western prairie falls in love with a millionaire hobo and then suddenly has to go out into the world to make her own living. There's dramatic action when Maggie hits Bull Frog town and the dance hall. And genuine heart throb for you as she battles for her existence and her lover's moral regeneration. Lloyd Hughes makes a hobo character well worth saving.

You'll enjoy this picture as much as anything Miss Moore has done. It's directed by Irving Cummings and supervised by June Mathis.

Left to right: Dorothy Brock, Conway Tearle, Claire Windsor and Percy Marmont in "Just a Woman"

## "Just a Woman"

THERE'S a great story for you in this adaptation from Eugene Walter's play—and a vivid drama of Life. First it was love in a cottage for the happy pair, played by Conway Tearle and Claire Windsor. Then their friendly boarder made a startling discovery—a new secret of steel! Dazzling success for the three partners—opulence, a luring world of dreams indulged. You will see how innocently a husband may at first just be kind to a sorceress—your heart will go out to the wife in her playing of a woman's greatest trump card to save her happiness. Percy Marmont and an all-star cast support, and Irving Cummings is the director.

Barbara LaMarr, whose exotic features symbolize postwar youth in "The White Monkey"

## Barbara LaMarr in "The White Monkey"

ANOTHER gorgeous riot of emotions! Another story of flaming youth! Another picture from a world-famous novelist and playwright—John Galsworthy.

"The White Monkey" finds its theme in an internationally famous painting symbolizing postwar youth. How that painting plays its part in the lives of the principal characters furnishes a drama of love and conflict well worth following.

Barbara LaMarr has the colorful role of Fleur Forsyte. The picture is a Sawyer-Lubin production, personally supervised by Arthur Sawyer, and has the distinction of having as its director Phil Rosen, the man who directed "Abraham Lincoln."

Anna Q. Nilsson, Ian Keith and Lewis Stone are three of the featured players in "The Talker"

## "The Talker"

**"IT is bad to preach a good doctrine and not practice it; but to advocate a dangerous doctrine which one has too much good sense to practice, is criminal."**

AS IN the garden of Eden, sometimes there's forbidden fruit on the radical fringe of woman's new freedom—and talking about it starts the trouble.

At first you'll laugh, but the comedy in this photoplay presented by Sam E. Rork, Inc., swings quickly to drama that will hold you to the end. Anna Q. Nilsson interprets the ambitious wife who plays with a hobby—clever discourse on a disturbing theme. Lewis S. Stone, Shirley Mason, Tully Marshall, Ian Keith and Barbara Bedford—a fine cast.

# CHILDISH THINGS

(Continued from Page 44)

long ago was that? Three hours or three minutes. The bad stage is the devil for magnifying time. You lose your bearings in an instant. Your standards are subverted. There's a hymn that says "A thousand ages in Thy sight are like an evening gone." Well, with the bad stage it's the other way round. And always when you least expect it the sweat breaks out. And then it's all over. It's very simple—and harmless. Only, at the time it's like death. I would have sold my soul to know the time.

"Poor old fellow," said Judy, laying a hand on my brow.

I sat up and tried to argue, but she made me lie down at once and covered me up.

"Your reputation!" I cried. "Judy, I beg you to go."

"Hush, dear," said Judy gently. "I knew you'd say that. And listen."

"I won't. I can't. Where's Wiseman? I told him ——"

"My reputation is safe. They think I'm your wife."

I sat up again at that, but she pushed me back. "Wiseman is calling me 'madam,' and I rushed out and bought a ring."

I stared at the thin gold circlet and tried to speak, but either because I was voiceless or because of the fire in my brain I could say nothing. After a moment I took the little pink hand and put its palm to my lips. Judy held it there tight and hid her face in the sheets.

At last the sweat broke and the fever began to fall. At ten o'clock that night I was perfectly well.

After some supper had been served I sent for Wiseman, and when he had shut the door I made him a little speech:

"It sometimes happens, Wiseman, that something we would particularly like to remember we have to forget. When I say that, I am speaking for you and me. But I am speaking for Miss Sentinel, too, when I say that we are all three going to forget that we have ever seen a city called Angoulême. If we have never seen it, it is obvious that we can never have stayed there, and that when we reach Biarritz, as we shall tomorrow evening, we must have come from Tours in the day, stopping nowhere at all and eating our luncheon by the wayside."

"Very good, sir."

I turned to Judy, curled in a chair by my side and smoking a cigarette.

"It's time my lady was in bed." I put out my hand. "Good night, Judy, and thank you very, very much." For a moment the girl regarded me. Then she slipped to her feet and took my hand. "I've never come through a go so quickly or easily before. You were just wonderful."

"Rot," said Judy. She passed to the bathroom which lay between our rooms. "I think in the morning you'd better have the first bath. Will you knock on the door when you've done?"

"I will."

Still she lingered, with her hand in Nanette's collar and her eyes on her cigarette.

"If you'd another attack, you'd call me, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I said. "It'd be silly not to."

Judy's face lighted and all her sovereign charm came flooding into her eyes.

"You're getting quite sensible," she said. "Good night, Wiseman."

"Good night, madam." The next moment she was gone.

I looked at Wiseman. "Go and get a drink," I said. "And take off your leggings and boots. You've got to spend the night in this room."

"Very good, sir."

Scurvily or no, Convention had to be served.

"Is this Biarritz?" said Judy suddenly.

"Not quite," said I, with my eyes on the splash of white which the headlights made. "But it's very close now."

There was a silence. Presently Judy laughed. "Some trip," she said. "I'll bet you won't fall over yourself to convoy a girl again." She turned swiftly and laid a hand on my arm. "It sounds stupid, I know, but I'm very grateful. I know I've been very trying. But you've been a dear, Adam. Nobody could have been sweeter."

"Nonsense," I said feebly.

"And I've enjoyed every minute—at your expense."

I shook my head. "I have—you know it. When I look back I'm ashamed. That awful scene at Chartres!" She clapped her hands to her face. "Why on earth am I like this? What's the matter with me? Other women behave—don't let themselves go. Look at my hat." This was lying on Nanette. Judy snatched it up. "And my skirt—at least, don't." Judy dragged this down. "Of course I shall take a bad toss one of these days. Someone'll put it across me—publicly; and that'll make me think. Some other woman, you know—someone who counts. With the sweetest smile and a drawl and a voice like silk. And she'll rip the skin off my back with what she says."

"May I be there," I said grimly, "Miss Sentinel."

"Good old Adam," said Judy. "You'd try and put it back, wouldn't you? Or would that be too familiar? I mean, Convention ——"

"You wicked child," said I.

Judy pulled on her hat and smoothed down her dress. "I've strayed," she said. "I set out to thank you, Adam."

"You've nothing to thank me for. I'm in your debt."

"I don't know when, if ever, I'll see you again, and ——"

"What?"

I started so violently that the car swerved. "At Biarritz," said Judy coolly, "I've got to sort of report. And I'll have to do as I'm told. If the people I'm joining want to push off tomorrow, tomorrow I fade away. But I hope they won't. I want to see something of Cicely. And Toby. I like Toby, don't you?"

"Oh, damn Toby," said I. "What d'you mean—'fade away'? What's the good of my bringing you out to Biarritz if you're going to clear out the next day?"

"To join my crowd, of course. As I say, they may want to stay or they may want to go. Anyway, I don't see how it affects you, Adam. You've ——"

"No, I don't suppose you do," said I savagely.

Miss Sentinel tilted her chin. "I was going to say you could write to me," she said. "But I don't think I shall now. Oh, and please stop, will you? I want to change my stockings before we get in."

I stopped by the side of the road, and Nanette and Wiseman and I descended and took a turn. As I resumed my seat—"Now I'm all nice and fresh," said Judy comfortably.

"That's imagination," I said. "You're always that."

"Am I really, Adam?"

I nodded. It was true. She always looked a picture. Even after a run of a hundred miles she was the pink of daintiness.

"The best of you," said Judy, taking my arm, "is that you mean what you say. Now I know that I'm always nice and fresh. And I know that I've got pretty feet—you said that too. But I'm rather upset about my hair—you've never mentioned that; and up to now I've always been rather proud of it."

"It's the best I've ever seen."

We covered a mile in silence. "Is this Biarritz?" said Judy.

"Yes."

Judy let go my arm and sat up in her seat. I drove to the Palais Hotel. As we entered the grounds, I put her hand to my lips. Judy caught her breath.

"Oh, my—my sponge bag," she said.

Between us we dragged it out. "Souvenir," murmured Judy.

"What did you say?"

Miss Sentinel shook her head. As the car came to rest—"There's Cicely," cried Judy, pointing into the lounge. She turned about and gave me her little hand. "Good-by, Adam dear, and thank you so very much."

"I've loved it," I said.

She and Nanette got out and stormed the place. I saw her and Cicely meet. Then I let in the clutch and drove to the Carlton Hotel.

I always feel in the pockets before I take off a coat. The one which had held her sponge bag contained a wedding ring.

"Souvenir."

I met the Rages next morning at ten o'clock.

"Nunc, nunc," said Toby. "I tell you it's a fruit of a place. And the champagne wine. Thirty dozen, father." Reverently he raised his eyes. "Amminadab's over there now—fixing things up."

"Who's Amminadab?" said I.

"Amminadab is the fourth," said Cicely Rage. "She's a most charming girl. American and foolishly rich. A quarter of a million a year or something like that. If you don't get off, Adam, I'll never forgive you."

"That's right," said Toby. "You'll soon get used to her feet."

"She's one of the best," said Cicely stoutly. "What are you doing this morning?"

"Nothing," said I, like a fool.

"Then Rooster can drive you over. Toby and I are playing golf. I want you to tell Amminadab ——"

I listened to my instructions with a sinking heart. I didn't want to tell Amminadab anything. I wanted ——

When Cicely gave me a chance—"How's Judy this morning?" said I. "Yesterday was a hell of a run."

"She seemed fit enough," said Cicely. "She and her mammoth burst into my room this morning as though they'd slept for a week. It was awfully sweet of you to bring her, Adam. You know, I felt afterward perhaps I shouldn't have asked you, because she's so utterly lawless. But she really isn't safe to travel alone."

"That's a hard fact," said I. "But we really get on very well. What I don't understand is why you ——"

"She sent a message to you," said Cicely Rage. "She wants you to come to lunch. So you'd better push off to Iriberri if you're to be back in time."

"Nunc, nunc," said Toby. "It's a fruit of a place. Tell Amminadab to show you the champagne wine."

Iriberri was dazzling. The house was white and low, and the roof was red, and the shutters were myrtle green. It stood in a big property, and as you whipped to and fro up the curling drive you had first the sea at your feet and then the mountains, with a pageant of woods and valleys in between.

I found it all quite lovely—with lunch in my mind's eye. As the car swept to the steps Cicely's maid appeared. She showed me into a handsome living room which opened onto a terrace commanding Spain. The windows were set wide open, and instinctively I stepped outside. For a moment I regarded the prospect, which was superb.

Then came the rush of a body, and Nanette nearly knocked me down.

I dealt with her welcome feebly, as a man who will brush aside a vision. Judy was standing in the window, leaning against the jamb, watching us both and laughing, with the grandest light in her eyes.

I don't know how long I stood there, but after a little I just put out my arms and she flung hers round my neck.

"D'you love me, Adam?"

"I'm mad about you," I faltered.

"That's right," said Judy, rubbing her cheek against mine. "I like you to be mad about me. I'm going to marry you, of course. Perhaps I'll sober down then. I'm Amminadab, you know. Toby invented the name."

"I can quite believe that," said I. "In fact, I can see his hoof marks all over the place. Why did you give me the ring?"

"I don't know. It was all I had. And I wanted to give you something because I loved you so."

"Judy, Judy."

"But, my dear," said Judy, smoothing my hair, "I couldn't help it. Men either get wild with me or try to kiss me. Always. But you did neither."

"I was shot through the brain in the war."

"That isn't why. You understood, Adam."

I let her go; then I took her little hands. "There was nothing to understand," I said. "You don't have to understand the sea or the sky—or a flower of the forest, Judy. You just thank God for them."

Judy put up her mouth. "We'll go away when we're married. D'you know where I'd like to stay?"

"Yes." I produced the ring.

"That's right. They were very nice, and when they called me 'madame' I felt all thrilled."

"It was my proudest moment, Judy, when Wiseman said good night."

"You see," said Judy, "it really comes to this. Convention's all right in her place, but when you get two people ——"

Nanette growled there and rose in one bristling piece. In a flash Judy had her by the collar, and I swung round to see Kenner at the foot of the terrace steps.

"Good morning, Boleyn," said he. "Can I have a word with you?"

I stared, and so did he. I hadn't spoken to the fellow for sixteen years. "What d'you want?" I said.

"Well, it's like this," he said. "I'm sorry to interrupt, but the Press won't wait. Minna Sentinel's name in Richmond is just about twice life size."

"D'you mean that you're a reporter?"

"My special stunt is—idyls." He took out a little book. "Can you tell me your plans? I just want to round this off. I'm told this is Iriberri ——"

I turned to Judy and spoke in an undertone. "Rooster's outside with the car. Tell him to drive you to Biarritz. Find Wiseman and bring him here."

When I heard the room's door close I passed to the top of the steps.

"They'll print nothing of this," said I.

"No?" said Kenner.

The man had to be crushed. I do not expect to be commended or even excused. A cleverer man than I would have found another way out. But I am not at all clever—and I had my back to the wall.

So we stood in silence—he at the foot of the flight and I at the head—and, between us, halfway up, a little fawn-colored glove, lying where Judy had dropped it before I came.

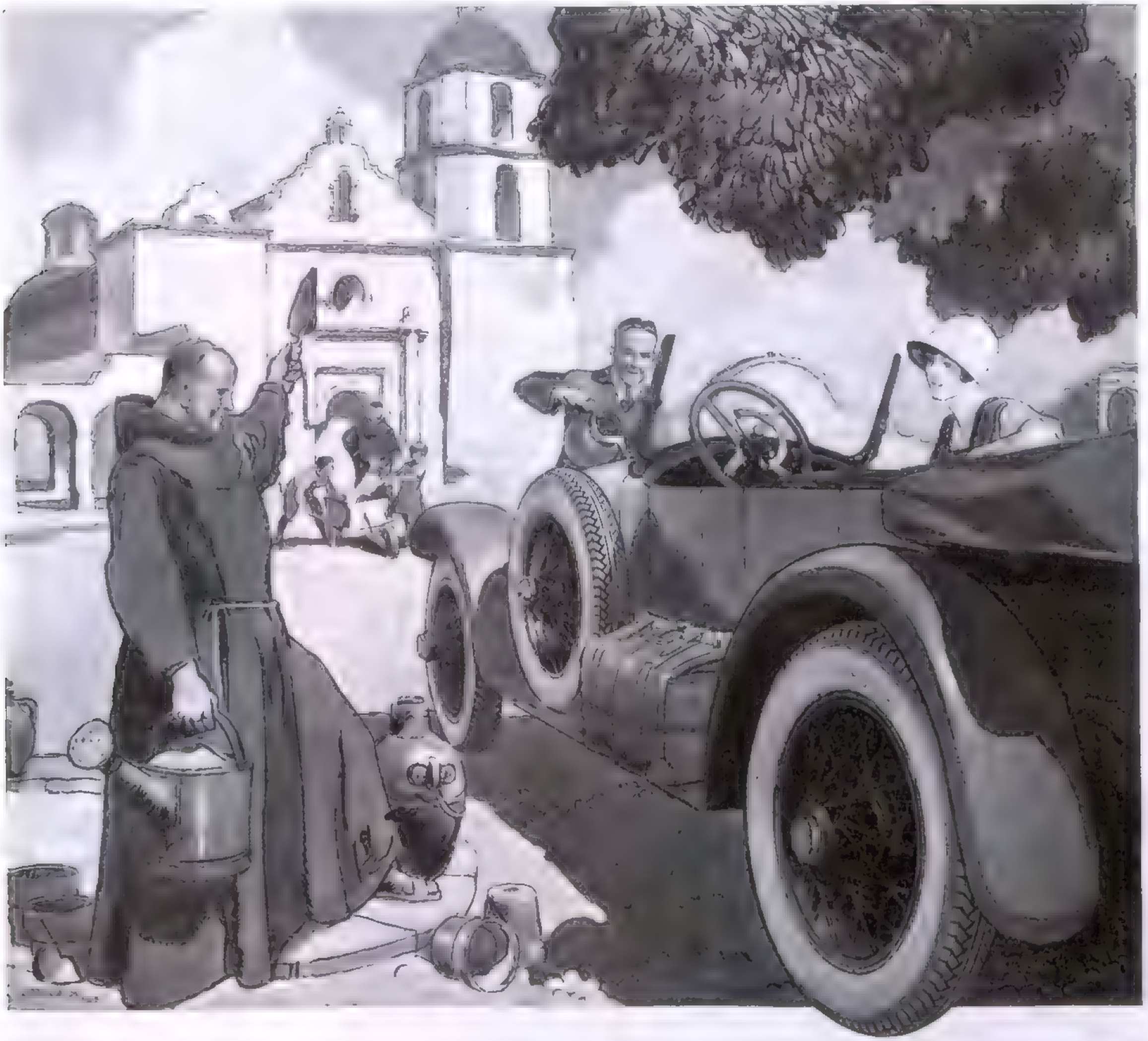
The sun was blazing, and Kenner stood, a black smudge on a golden world. The silence was infinite; it seemed to consist of the steady drone of insects and the pulse of the distant surf.

Kenner was speaking. "Why don't you order me off?"

"Because we don't want you to go," said Judy gently. Both of us jumped, I think. I know I did. Judy came and stood at the top of the steps. "I don't know what Adam's been saying, but he doesn't understand." She laid a hand on my arm. "He's English, you see. But I know the American papers, and they'll fairly eat this up. And I don't mind a bit—I've had it since I was ten and father died. They haven't known where I was for the last six months, but they'll stand up now and shout." She

(Continued on Page 56)

# *The* KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD



***The Peregrinations of the Pecks***

*From Los Angeles the travelers have turned northward, and we find them here just about to leave after a visit to one of the famous old Spanish missions. While Jim takes advantage of the opportunity to fill up his radiator, Mrs. Peck listens to a tale of the long ago. The children of course are more interested in making friends with the dog than they are in architecture or legend, though they have been rather impressed by some of the stories about Indians. The family's next stop will be San Francisco, where they plan to spend several days.*

THE Integral Bead construction is the first really important improvement in tire building that has been made since the advent of the cord tire. This construction is not a minor "talking point" but has certain definite, easily demonstrable advantages that mean greater tire mileage coupled with a degree of riding comfort that you cannot obtain from any other tire of the high-pressure type. The Integral Bead construction is used *only* by Kelly.

# KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

# Watch This Column

## Letters Praise Universal Stars

**I have received many letters of late months, commending Universal for the *character* of the pictures it is producing, and praising many of our stars for the earnest, conscientious work they are doing. While all these letters have been answered, I *want the whole world to know that I am deeply grateful* for this appreciation of our efforts. I am thoroughly convinced that Universal is doing the thing right, and that the patrons we lose because we avoid suggestive and immoral topics, are swamped by the numbers who love wholesome plays. Thank you. Write again.**

LAURA LA PLANTE

**Hundreds of these letters praise LAURA LA PLANTE as a young woman of surpassing beauty and unusual talent. They suggest many stories in which they would like her to appear. And the consensus of opinion includes REGINALD DENNY and HOOT GIBSON, who are described as two of the most pleasing young male stars which the screen affords. I am freely criticised for not making more Denny and more Gibson pictures because, as one letter expresses it: "They are types of wholesome young Americans whom everybody loves to see."**

REGINALD DENNY

**HOUSE PETERS is praised in unmeasured terms as representing an heroic type of manhood, which is altogether too scarce on screen and stage. NORMAN KERRY is highly regarded in lover-like rôles. VIRGINIA VALLI and MARY PHILBIN are complimented for their beauty and ever improving capabilities, and WILLIAM DESMOND has a following that ought to please any star.**

**Of the Universal Pictures produced during the year the praise is exceptional for *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"* with LON CHANEY; HOUSE PETERS in *"The Tornado"* and *"Raffles"*; HOOT GIBSON in *"The Saddle Hawk"* and *"Let 'Er Buck"*; PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE in *"Smoldering Fires"*; VIRGINIA VALLI in *"Up the Ladder"*; MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY in *"Fifth Avenue Models"*; REGINALD DENNY in *"Oh, Doctor!"* and *"I'll Show You the Town."***

HOOT GIBSON

**And I know you will praise the magnificent mystery play, *"The Phantom of the Opera,"* when it eventually plays in your favorite theatre.**

*Carl Laemmle*
*President*

**(To be continued next week)**

*Send for the beautifully illustrated "White List" booklet, which comes without cost to you.*

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**
**730 Fifth Ave., New York City**


*(Continued from Page 54)*

turned to me. "Don't forbid him, Adam. It may help him, and it can't do us any harm."

Kenner's face was a study. "Boleyn's afraid your trip won't read very well. You see, Miss Sentinel, if I may say so, you rather defied Convention."

"I know," said Judy, smiling. "In fact, we left her behind." She turned to me. "My darling, that's why the papers are going to eat this up. They simply worship scandal." She turned to Kenner. "You know they thought we were married at Angoulême?"

Kenner began to look scared. He swallowed violently. "D'you want the Press to get that?" he blurted.

"Why not?" said Judy simply. Kenner recoiled. "They will anyway—probably have by now. I gave three interviews last night and one this morning. And I told all four what happened at Angoulême." She turned to me. "I know you wanted to keep it quiet, my dear, but it was hopeless to try to do that. And so it was better to tell them. They'd only have found it out and got it wrong."

There was a deadly silence. Then Kenner's forgotten cigarette burned its way to his fingers and he flung it down.

"I'm sorry," said Judy swiftly, addressing his obvious chagrin, "but I didn't tell them my plans. You see, I hadn't any then. But you can announce our engagement."

"Thanks," said Kenner with a bitter laugh. "But an anticlimax hardly earns its keep. Besides, I—I guess that's assumed."

"I don't think it is," said Judy earnestly. "All of them wanted to announce it, but I said it'd be premature."

The queerest imaginable expression came into Kenner's face. He looked like a puzzled child, halfway to tears. As if to complete the illusion, a finger stole up to his mouth.

Presently he turned his head and stared at the sea. For a long time he stood like that; then, without moving, he spoke.

"Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," said Judy. "I'm sorry."

"That's all right," said Kenner. "Luck o' the game." He turned and walked away the way he had come. After a moment Nanette stole down and followed to see him out.

"Poor man," said Judy. "I'm afraid he was awfully disappointed. He thought he'd got a peach of a scoop. I'd 've liked to offer him something, but one couldn't, could one?"

"No," said I.

Judy lifted her head and stared at the mountains of Spain. "What shall we tell Wiseman?"

I looked at her open-mouthed. At last—"You—you knew?" I stammered.

Miss Sentinel nodded. Then she slid an arm through mine. "I told you," she said, "I wasn't always a child."

# REPORTING FOR WORK

*(Continued from Page 48)*

My total of $18,000,000,000 for utilities is made up as follows:

The next job I undertook was to arrange our supervision of employes along lines that would make it possible for men to come up from the bottom clear through the organization. I want to tell you gentlemen that man shortage is essential to the welfare of this country. We ought always to be in a position where every good man must be retained if possible. Man shortage has contributed as much to the greatness of this country as any other factor I know anything about. Where men are available in vast numbers, invention is dormant and the humanitarian impulses are sluggish. We—all of us—do better when men are scarce. That is one reason why I am enthusiastic about restriction of immigration; it is good for us to be scratching around for men. There will always be enough of them if we look closely.

### *Keeping Public Relations Right*

Let me tell you that today in the public-utilities field we have got our eye on every laborer, office boy and meter reader; there isn't a man who cannot go up if he has the right stuff in him. We need him. Many of the men managing big public utilities today began as stenographers, office boys, mechanics or clerks. I recall one carpenter, and, as I said before, several pole setters like myself. The lawyers and engineers have been pushed over into their own departments where they belong just as my friend, the superintendent of overhead construction, said they would be. Our big job today is looking after public relations.

In proceeding with my story, gentlemen, I want to drop several uneventful, peaceful years and reach the next great crisis, which came with the World War. Not until we had passed safely through that period did I really like the business I was in or approve of its fundamental conditions. The World War, as you know, put everything we had to the test. First of all, our rates had to go up. I had so well prepared the field in my town that we accomplished the change with a minimum of difficulty. Moreover, it is understood between all of us that just as soon as possible that rate will go down—and if I live, it certainly will go down.

I know of one town where the company was not permitted to raise its rate, but when bankruptcy overtook it the city government rigged up a scheme by which tax money is actually appropriated out of general revenue to meet the company's deficit. That means in effect that a property owner pays part of your street-car fare when you ride in that town. Such an arrangement is fundamentally wrong.

In another town the rate was raised with the understanding that any surplus would go into the city treasury. Already that company could reduce its rate, but the city officials do not wish to have it reduced, because the surplus they collect is a large item and they like to spend it. So in that town when you ride on the street car you are paying part of the property owners' taxes. That also is fundamentally unsound. What we must reach is a basic honesty where the man on the street car pays his just fare, no more and no less. If it must be seven cents and he knows it, he will pay cheerfully; but if it could be four cents and is five cents, then he is being robbed—I don't care whether his city government or the orphan asylums or who else receives the money.

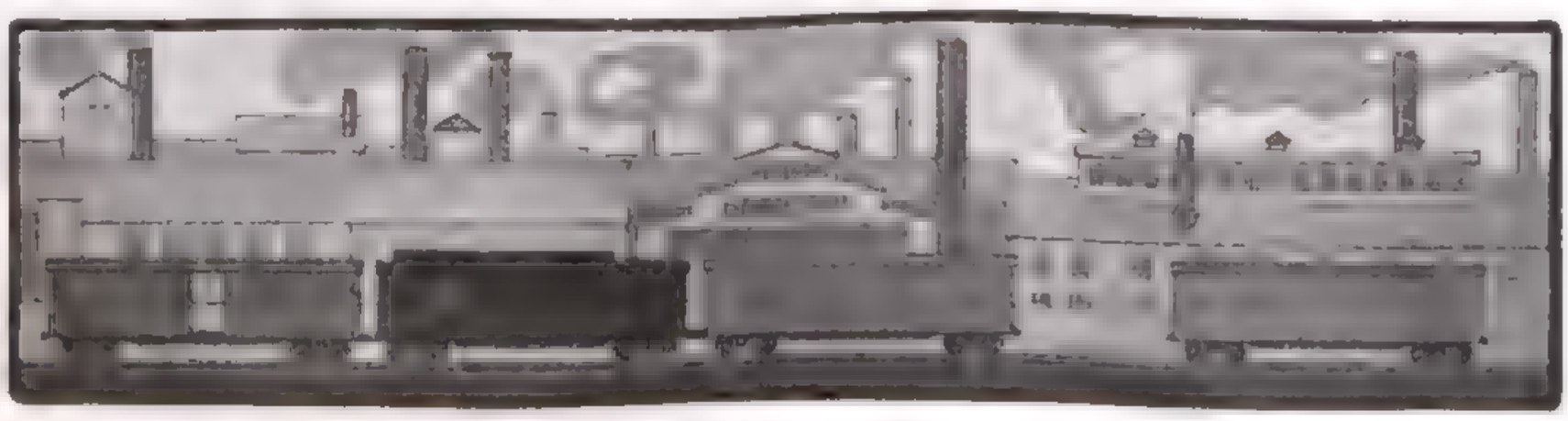
I was proud of being able to adjust my fares and other rates without bitterness, but a bigger problem than that swooped down a few months later. We couldn't get equipment during the war, and then when we could get it our finances were crippled so we had to raise new capital. Big fortunes were going into tax-free bonds and the logical appeal was to people with a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to invest. My company followed the lead of other utilities, including the telephone, and offered stock to customers and employes. The success of our local campaign was astounding. We will never again issue securities without going to our customers and employes first. I think many other companies will do the same. Those campaigns brought out in unmistakable terms the facts about our public relations. Where we had the confidence and good will of our customers we got the money we needed at once. Where there was ill will, the money came slowly or not at all. That campaign taught all of us a lesson.

### *To Finance Future Projects*

If we heed that lesson it means something for the future bigger than any of us can understand. I think it means that when the time comes for developing great central power stations to serve several states there will be no difficulty about raising the money. As a matter of fact, the time has come now; but the people must first get a grip on the idea. It is so gigantic both from the point of view of financing and engineering that it may stagger them for a few more years, but it cannot remain on the horizon forever.

I would hesitate to name any figure as the limit this country can raise for a sound proposition in developing cheaper electric power for general distribution. Whenever that task is undertaken on a large scale I hope the money will come from all of the people. Our utilities are now fairly well socialized and as a result we no longer hear of influence as a factor to deal with. We serve our people as well as we can and are happy in our jobs. I hope the greater work of the future will be done in the same way.

There must eventually come a day when even the humblest home in this country is equipped with at least seven economical, practical pieces of electrical equipment besides the lights and telephone. The operation of them will be figured in pennies per month—not per day, gentlemen, but per month. We can do this great job without scandal and without a mistake if we follow along the path now so clearly indicated by experience. It is an inspiring prospect. In short, I have at last rather fallen in love with my job.



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# SPANISH ACRES

(Continued from Page 5)

between the two others. The one on his right had suddenly seized his gun and plucked it from its holster, apparently tossing it off into the sand, where the Tasaos found it some ten feet removed from the three lines of horse tracks. At the same instant the man who rode on his left had seized him and dragged him from the saddle, dismounting with his struggling victim as easily as a cat would carry a squirming kitten, and had crushed the life out of him as a python might crush the bones of a half-grown pig. The evidence revealed that the final moment had come when the killer had thrown his victim flat in the sand, placed a knee on his chest, while hands that possessed terrible strength had exerted an upward pull upon the prostrate form until the whole chest gave way between the opposing pressures.

White men, the Tasao leader reflected, seldom troubled to conceal the evidence of a killing. They did it more or less openly. Why, then, should these two have taken such pains when it was so simple a matter to shoot a man in the back? It was, of course, to make the killing appear accidental, that the man's boot heel had come off while his horse was in a refractory mood and that his foot had slipped through the stirrup. By the time some rider discovered the horse—far from the spot, since the animal would head out of these sands and make for its home range and water—the winds would have covered every track in Sand Crawl. There would be no bullet wound or knife mark on the body, only shattered bones. It mattered nothing to the Tasaos if these two wished to conceal the evidence of their deed. It merely roused their curiosity.

What did matter to them was the fact that the victim was one Gillfoyle, the most recent owner of the Castinado Grant and Pueblo Tasao, the fourth to meet a strange end since the tribe had been exiled from their ancestral home. This killing then must be an act of Providence. The red gods still looked kindly upon their people, for the tribal curse was working with incredible proficiency. This would be a gala occasion for the Tasaos and one night very soon the drums would sound once more in the hills above the Valley of Springs.

The quartet elected to turn back at once. The killers might have waited beyond to determine who had intruded upon their privacy. They would think nothing of picking off four Tasaos from behind some sand hill. The Tasaos were never a wasteful people. There was no adequate reason why good equipment should rot in the sand when its owner had no further need of it. So they stripped saddle and bridle from the horse, the gun belt from the victim, and headed back into the south on the Mescalano Trail.

III

THE squat adobe buildings of Rolavi Wells were mainly of a tawny hue that blended well with the pervading tones of the landscape. Now they seemed to absorb a roseate tinge from the crimson flame of the sunset and so continued to merge with the general color scheme.

The place was laid out in a hollow square about the wells. Coulard's various establishments occupied one whole side of the square. The Golden Nugget, his barroom and gambling hall, stood at one corner. Coulard's Trading Store graced the corner at the far end of the block, these two pretentious establishments being connected by a long chain of adobe structures, each a room unto itself that constituted the lodging facilities of Rolavi Wells. The two adjoining sides of the square were scatteringly occupied by the office, freight shed and corrals of the stage company, the Rolavi Livery and Boarding Barn, sundry other adobe structures, mostly untenanted since the collapse of the mining boom, a Mexican eating place and a Mexican saloon, gambling and fandango hall. On the far side of the square two flat adobe dwellings stood apart. Three women, one white and two of Mexican extraction, sat on the porch of one. Perhaps thirty houses, chiefly tenanted by Mexicans, were scattered about the adjacent flats.

Behind the camp, well up on the barren flank of the Palo Verde Hills, were the ragged scars of former mining operations and the buildings of the Three-Strike Mine, located on the one vein that had proved sufficiently rich to be worked at a moderate profit. Rude frame shacks, blistered and paintless, housed the score or so of miners.

A dusty, plodding figure, herding two burros before him, shuffled across the flats toward Rolavi Wells. His outfit was that of the typical desert rat. The handles of two miner's picks protruded rearward from one pack, one on either side to balance. A short-handled shovel showed atop the pack. A rifle was thrust beneath the lash rope of the second pack. The man seemed to sag a bit to one side as he walked, as if thrown slightly off center by the weight of a great single-action .45 that swung from his right hip. A typical member of the fraternity of wandering prospectors in appearance and outfit, even to the crown of his dilapidated hat, he was also typical of his clan in that his spirit was serene and untroubled. The despondent droop of his white mustache was contradicted by a pair of keen old blue eyes that peered forth humorously upon all the world.

Dad Whetzel sang, as he shuffled along, A Dead Man's Horse in the Hills.

A rider, leading a saddled horse, overtook him and slowed his pace.

"Howdy, Farrel," Whetzel greeted. "Your party ain't come yet?"

"Any day now," Farrel prophesied. "I been meeting the stage every day for most a week. He'll be along. I left Alden camped with the outfit at a water hole ten mile east along the base of the hills."

Farrel, too, was a drifter, but of a different type. Some two weeks before, he and the man to whom he referred as Alden had crossed in over the Palo Verde Mountains with a pack outfit. They waited for the arrival of a third member before taking up their avowed occupation of trapping mustangs in the Rolavi Sink.

The dusty stage, at the end of its long run over the Palo Verdes from Quenemaro, rolled into Rolavi Wells and disgorged a single passenger. Farrel introduced the newcomer to old man Whetzel as Stanley Hollister.

"Told you he'd be along," Farrel announced triumphantly.

"Yep; everything happens in time, if you wait patient for it," the old desert rat stated philosophically.

"Dad, here, has been scratching round in the Sink for upwards of three months," Farrel explained. "He's acquainted with the past, present, family connections, antecedents, social standing and disposition of most every worth-while citizen of the Rolavi Sink. They'll a good many of 'em be in Coulard's tonight and he can tell us."

"There's only three big owners in the Sink," the old prospector stated. "They'll likely all be in tonight, planning round-up. Starts next week."

Later he pointed out each of the three men.

"The big fellow there—weighs over three hundred on the hoof, he does—is Doc Slaven, owner of the Cross T V. Man there beside him, one with the brindle whiskers, is Jessup of the J T. That's Langford of the Bar Z Bell over there at the wheel. Them's the three you'll be mainly int'rested in."

Hollister sized up these three owners of outfits operating in the Rolavi Sink. Their holdings he already knew. Art Langford had come into the Bar Z Bell, once the Martinez Grant, at the death of his father, old Tom Langford, a few years before. His cows, possibly totaling twenty thousand head, ranged all that portion of the public domain between his own holdings and the eastern boundary of Spanish Acres, as the old Castinado Grand was locally known. Doc Slaven had bought out the few sections of land that had been settled by Mormons on Solado Arroyo at the western extremity of the Sink, owning but little ground, yet running twenty thousand head of cows on the open range. Halfway between his place and the west boundary of Spanish Acres, though farther south by thirty miles, lay Jessup's place, a homesteaded half section of ground in a valley watered by a stream that headed in a goodly group of springs, only to dip underground, its moisture sucked up by the desert, within a mile of its source. Jessup ranged perhaps four thousand head of cows. These were the only stockmen in the Sink. Between their holdings, and insulated by miles of open range, lay Spanish Acres, now deserted and in ill repute, an empire fallen into disuse. The cows of others ranged over its broad miles as they did over the public domain.

Jessup was a quiet, uncommunicative person. Langford, dark, tall and tremendously powerful, seemed gloomy and morose as Hollister observed him at his favorite pastime at the roulette wheel. Twice he heard him curse savagely as some big bet was swept in by the house man.

Hollister turned his attention to Slaven. The man's vast bulk made the chair in which he sat seem frail and insecure by contrast. He overflowed it. He had tilted it back until his head reclined against the wall. His eyes seemed ever half closed, as if the man were wrapped in habitual lethargy; but occasionally they rolled open to their fullest extent, as might the eyes of a sleepy lion when roused from a nap. He rose to make a trip to the bar, lifting his weight with apparent effort. He dropped one arm across the shoulders of a man who stood facing the bar, the gesture seeming to be a mixture of friendliness and a desire to help support his sagging weight.

"Now that little posture of friendliness and affection is one I'd sure fight shy of if I'd ever had a cross word with Slaven," Whetzel volunteered. "That big sleepy-lookin' spider is always real wide-awake. He appears slow, but he's quick as a panther and stronger'n a pack mule. If ever he'd clamp down on a man, inadvertent-like, he'd squeeze out his vitals like you or me'd compress a tube of glue."

The old prospector kept up a running commentary, and Hollister learned that Langford, a cowman from his boot soles up, had developed a mania for roulette and had lost vast sums, the total unknown, on Coulard's wheel in the past two years.

"There's a girl who is half owner in the Bar Z Bell?" Hollister asked.

"Not her. Old Tom Langford was obsessed to own Spanish Acres and he preached it mornin', noon and night till it become the chief part of the boy's upbringing," Whetzel said. "His notion was in accord with the old man's. The girl was sick of war. So old Tom Langford fixed her up with a sum of cash and left the Bar Z Bell outright to the son as the one who would carry out the old man's aims to the bitter finish."

"Does she still live hereabouts?" Hollister inquired.

"Yes. She's been away considerable, off outside somewheres to school. She was raised motherless, like a boy, and she tracks round through this country regardless, bedding where night overtakes her."

Langford snarled surlily as the house man swept in another heavy bet.

"He's an ill-grained critter when he's riled and ready to debate the opposite side of any question, but real likable when he's not crossed, and mostly the folks hereabouts all like him," Whetzel said.

Hollister learned that the pudgy old fellow with the blurred, indistinct features was Judge Sloane, a relic of the mining boom, wherein he had lost his small stake, and lingered on, to accept food and drink from any who invited. The judge was ever profound and impressive.

A newcomer invited him to the bar and the judge as promptly accepted. He touched glasses with his host, bowing.

"The most triflin' circumstance of life is a real ceremonious occasion for the judge," Whetzel commented. "The party he's imbibing with, the pop-eyed gent with the yaller mustache, is Garcon, the Indian agent on the Tasao reservation down south of the cañon. He's a pompous-acting coyote with less brains than either of my jennies. When he ain't up here drunk, he's down there drunker. I can't look at them bulgin' eyes an' that radiant mustache without thinkin' of a cat that's just took one startled look at a dog and fluffed its tail."

The place began to fill up. Two buckboards rattled up to discharge groups of miners from the Three-Strike. Riders from the various outfits left their ponies at the hitch rails and fraternized at the bar. All games were going full blast. The place seemed to be run in the free-and-easy manner of the old placer-camp resorts. When a man was broke, he played upon credit. Hollister commented upon this matter.

"Yes, Coulard is real generous and open-handed thataway," the old desert rat assented. "If a man loses fifty or a hundred in cash, he can go right on and drop a similar amount on credit before Coulard shuts him off. Of course, Coulard gets the cash, and all he's out in return for the credit is wear and tear on cards, dice an' the wheel. Son, are you anyways superstitious?"

"Not any to speak of," Hollister denied.

"Do you believe in curses?" Whetzel asked.

"I've heard some that was uttered so heartfelt as to carry conviction," said Hollister.

"I don't mean profanity, neither plain or embellished," Whetzel explained. "I was referring to a curse of the hant variety—a spell that's laid on folks or places."

"Oh," said Hollister, "that kind. As a general rule, I'd say that if one of 'em worked, it would maybe need outside support."

"Um," Whetzel assented. "Maybe then, not being superstitious, you hold with coincidence."

"Unless it happens so frequent that it don't appear altogether spontaneous and haphazard," Hollister qualified. "But it can be manipulated."

"Curious chain of coincidences that's happened over Spanish Acres way since the Tasaos laid a curse on it," Whetzel said musingly. "Cates was the next owner of the grant after old Al Porter was drug to death by his horse. It wan't more'n a year or two before Cates was found on the desert. He'd been bit by a rattler. In fact he'd been overbit, so to speak. Remarking general, lightning don't strike twicet in the same place, as the proverb has it—or rattlers, neither. It's almost a set rule for a man not to allow a rattler to bite him more than once at the same sitting; but Cates had been bit on both arms and one leg. Two dead rattlers alongside him. Odd he didn't get no farther away, but died right off."

"Real strange," Hollister agreed.

"Well, anyway, the next owner is a fellow named Briggs," Whetzel continued. "A practical cowman, Briggs was, and he checks all this up to coincidence. After a year or two, his stock started to dying off mysterious. It appears like he acquired a touch of the same malady himself and set down on the front porch to die. What with all that had happened before, the place got a bad name, and it set idle for close onto a year, maybe more. No one would pay much of a price for it, with every owner meeting a strange end, and the certainty of acquiring a first-rate feud with Langford and the enmity of the Tasaos as soon as the papers was signed. Directly a

(Continued on Page 63)

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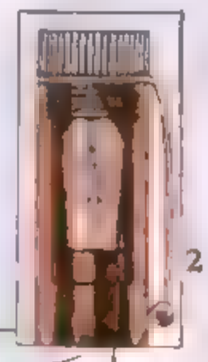

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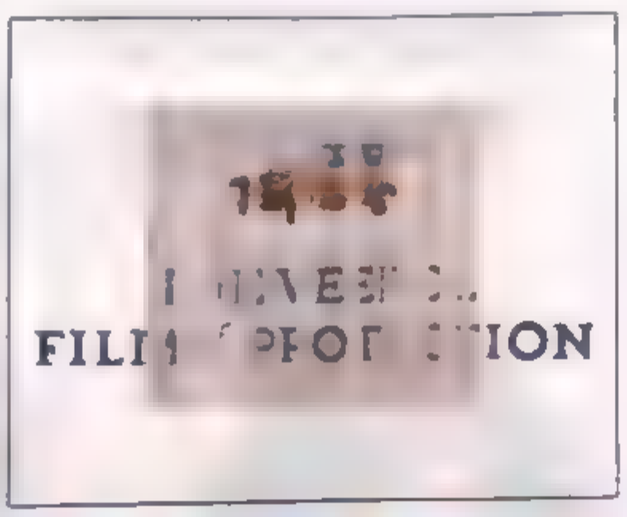

VEEDOL

*Economy Oils and Greases*

(Continued from Page 58)

party named Gillfoyle turned up, saying he owned it. Coincidence overtook him, no one knows how, some three months back. He strayed off somewhere and failed to come back. Every time an owner of Spanish Acres has passed out the Tasaos have sounded their drums in the hills above the dead village. What do you make of it all?"

"It does appear like somebody had maybe gone into partnership with coincidence," Hollister submitted.

"Don't it now?" Whetzel agreed. "It looks like that curse was doing business as a firm. Spanish Acres is a sizable tract of ground—twenty-four hundred sections of land in it."

Five men drifted in and grouped themselves at one end of the bar.

"There's Doc Slaven's warriors," Whetzel said. "All top hands, but real apt with their guns as well. Things wasn't any too quiet hereabouts when Slaven started up six or eight years ago, what with the Porters and Langfords at war and a band of Mexican guerrillas making an occasional sashay up this way along Solado Arroyo. He put on a fightin' crew for his own protection, and done right well at it. The Mexican marauders made their last raid right after that and failed to get back to their hangout, wherever it was. Slaven constitutes what little law there is south of the Palo Verdes, by common consent of the populace. They call him sheriff, but really he ain't. Half the riders hereabouts live in the Sink because they can't live anywheres else, which is quite all right. Slaven's activities chiefly consist of discouraging the pastime of shooting up the town when the boys come in from the range. Coulard objected to the damage, so Slaven, by remonstrating a bit, sort of extinguished the practice. Cole Webber, there, is the Cross T V foreman. Cotton Moss is next in rank."

Hollister sized up Doc Slaven's chief retainers.

"Webber murders folks good-naturedly," the old desert rat said. "He's sort of quit practicing haphazard homicide now."

Coulard, the proprietor, moved continually behind the bar, dabbing at real or imaginary specks with a towel. He wore a pointed black beard, which he caressed at intervals, and his black eyes beamed cordially upon all who entered. He spoke little, but heard everything as he prowled behind the bar.

Farrel wandered to the roulette wheel and Whetzel turned to Hollister.

"Well, that's about all I've picked up in three months," he said. "Is it helpful, or did you know all that before?"

"Not all—some of it," Hollister said.

Hollister presently sauntered over and accosted Jessup and Doc Slaven, introducing himself.

"I'm figuring to trap mustangs hereabouts, hearing there's a surplus of fuzztails in the Sink," he explained. "So if you find some of your water holes flagged or rag-fenced, you'll know it's to keep mustangs from using that particular water and force 'em to slake their thirst elsewhere, where I'll be waiting to receive 'em. Rag-fencing won't keep your cows from going in to water."

Jessup nodded.

"The more you catch, the better. They're a nuisance in the Sink. Clean 'em up an' welcome."

Slaven assented without troubling to open his eyes.

"They're mowing down good grass that had better be fed into cows," he agreed.

At that moment Langford, at the wheel, gulped a drink that had been carried to him by the bartender. He cursed fretfully as the croupier raked the board clear of chips. The imperturbable house man idly twirled the wheel and snapped the little ivory ball in the reverse direction. The moods of gamblers meant less than nothing to him. He had seen and heard much. It was only the game that mattered. He plucked a thousand-dollar stack of chips from the check rack and pushed them toward Langford. At that moment Slaven hailed him. Langford turned impatiently, but joined the group in response to Slaven's signal.

"Well?" he demanded shortly.

"This here is Mr. Hollister," said Slaven, and Langford nodded. "He's a mustang hunter and we've just give our permission, Jessup and me, for him to ply his trade on the range and trap our water holes."

"Not mine," said Langford. "I don't want any bunch of gypsy mustang peelers hazing fuzztails round amongst my cows and churning 'em up till they run all the fat off 'em."

"But your cows will be throwed up on the mountain for the summer inside a month," Hollister submitted.

"No difference, I don't give permission to trifle round after mustangs on my range," Langford declared with finality.

"I wasn't asking permission; I was just telling you," Hollister answered equably.

Langford had believed the interview terminated and was turning back toward the wheel, but he halted in mid-stride.

"Just what do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"That your range, as you call it, ain't your range at all, but public land that's as free to me or to any man as it is to you," Hollister stated.

"It's always been my range by usage," Langford retorted. "What affair of yours is it to question?"

"Range apportionments between local outfits are interesting and convenient, but noways binding," Hollister commented. "However, if it'll ruffle you to see me operating up your way, I'll confine myself to Spanish Acres and on west from there, just in the interest of peace and good will."

"My cows range Spanish Acres, too—every foot of it," Langford asserted. "You can keep off there too."

"But I thought Spanish Acres was owned ground," Hollister submitted mildly.

"It is. But I've got an offer up to buy it from the estate and I'll consider the use of it mine until that offer is definitely turned down," said Langford. "So that ends that."

"On the contrary," Hollister amended, "it just starts that. I can't seem to get together with you, so I'll act separate—and hunt mustangs wherever it suits me."

Slaven had heaved his great bulk forward till the front legs of his chair rested on the floor.

"Having two jobs, so to speak, I'd rather act now in the capacity of sheriff and save myself a chore in the capacity of coroner a few minutes hence. You-all might quit wrangling just as a favor to me."

Slaven rose ponderously and drew Langford aside.

"Artie, yore acting up unreasonable," he said. "You and me has been friends for a long spell now. No bit of use to crowd this Hollister over nothing much at all and set him on the warpath. He's quiet, but a killer, that hombre. I could see it in his eye, once you got him riled."

"He needn't hold himself in leash on my account," Langford returned.

"Which I know all too well," Slaven answered. "But this whole thing is too triflin' to get yourself killed over. I wouldn't."

"No, neither would I," Langford agreed. "I some way didn't figure that it would be me."

"Well, now you all forget it," Slaven advised.

Langford returned to his game.

Slaven draped one huge arm across Hollister's shoulders, a gesture half of friendliness, half as a measure to help support his weight. Hollister could feel the sagging drag of the man's bulk, but the arm, limp though it was, betrayed a hint of limitless power.

"Don't mind Art," Slaven advised Hollister. "He's unreasonable by spells, but nice enough when you catch him right."

"We didn't catch him just right, did we?" Hollister returned.

"Not exactly. I reckon I timed it wrong," said Slaven. "Anyway, don't cross him. Give him a month to get over this and he'll maybe forget it. He's headstrong, Langford is, and has to be handled careful."

"All right," said Hollister, "I'll handle him—careful."

Eventually the crowd thinned out. Langford and Jessup had departed. Hollister left with Farrel to ride out to the spot where Tommy Alden was camped with the outfit.

Slaven shifted his bulk in his chair, apparently just roused from a long period of slumber.

"There'll be trouble between them two," he predicted.

"What two?" Cole Webber, the Cross T V foreman, inquired.

"Langford and this horse hunter, Hollister," said Slaven.

"Then Langford had better walk soft," Webber observed. "This Hollister is a bad hombre to trifle with or I miss my guess, and I haven't missed many or I'd be among those absent."

"Langford will crowd his hand," Slaven prophesied. "He's turned terrible argumentative of late, Art has."

"He's picked the wrong man to debate with this time," Webber declared again.

"Um," Slaven mumbled doubtfully. "Maybe. But Langford is right previous himself. I expect he can extricate himself from anything he starts."

Webber laughed indulgently, but shook his head.

"My money is on the stranger," he insisted mildly.

Dad Whetzel had been nodding sleepily in his chair. Now he yawned and stretched, emitting a hearty chuckle.

"Difference of opinion is what makes betting good," he said. "Is there only two horses entered in this race?"

"Meaning which?" Webber inquired.

"The more entries there is in a race, the longer the odds agin some o' the contenders, with public interest centerin' round the favorites," said the old desert rat. "I always did favor a two-hoss race."

### IV

A GIRL rode down a draw in the hills above Pueblo Tasao. A movement in the brush on an adjacent rise caught her eye. She started to ride toward the spot. A horse nickered and a mounted Tasao Indian appeared on the sky line.

She proceeded down into the Valley of Springs. A hawk screamed three times in the hills behind her. The three screaming notes sounded again, but from a different direction, as she reached the edge of the deserted village and traversed the narrow, crooked lanes between the 'dobe dwellings of Pueblo Tasao. Blown sand had banked in these deserted galleries and drifted into open doorways. A rattler writhed out of her path and retreated to a fissure at the base of an adobe wall. Darting many-hued lizards scurried on all sides. A few weeds had reared their heads in the unused lanes and now stood as dry and dead as the village itself.

A ghostly silence pervaded the spot, broken only when an occasional grasshopper whirred aloft with a crackling flash of bright-colored wings or when some vagrant breeze stirred the dried skeletons of the weeds and rattled their brittle bones as if in warning to the intruder.

The girl assumed the rôle of a proprietress inquiring after the welfare of her tenants.

"Carlos, the wife is better today, I hear. Come up to the big house this evening and we'll send over a baked chicken for her," she greeted an imaginary retainer.

Before the next gaping doorway she nodded casually in passing and reined in her horse before the next.

"Good morning, Teresa; and how are the little Garcias today?" she inquired. "Ten, I believe you have now, isn't it? Oh, yes, eleven, to be sure. I must send something down for the little one. Gomez! Miguel! You should be ashamed—two big boys like you teasing little Pedro. Stop it or I'll give the two of you no sweets when you bring the milk."

(Continued on Page 65)

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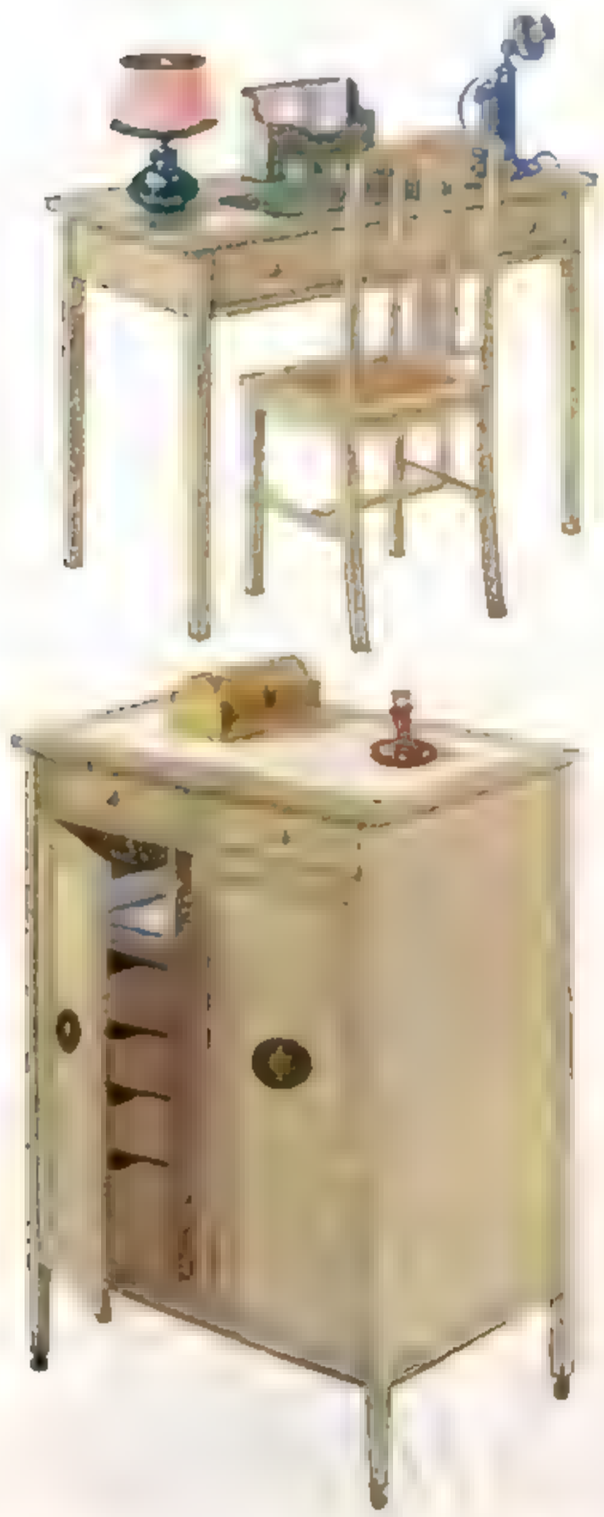

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(Continued from Page 63)

Her voice echoed flatly among the tenantless houses. She removed her hat and fanned herself as she sat looking out from between the last two houses of the village. Just beyond, on a slight eminence overlooking the pueblo, stood the rambling, commodious quarters that had housed generations of Castinados, now as deserted as the village itself.

"José!" the girl called sharply, preparing to ride on. "Stir yourself, you lazy rascal! Would you have me dismount and lower the bars myself! Stir yourself!"

"It was right thoughtless of me," a voice replied from somewhere close at hand. "My apologies."

A tall man stepped from the doorway of the house on the right and gravely went through the motions of lowering an imaginary set of bars, then stepped aside and signaled her to proceed.

"Only my name is Hollister—not José," he added, as if by way of an afterthought. "Stanley Hollister. José, the regular gatekeeper, seems to be off on his vacation."

She was momentarily disconcerted at thus being confronted by a living apparition in this village of the dead; nettled, too, that he should have secreted himself at the sound of her approach as if to spy upon her. The man was regarding her gravely. He noted the loosened tawny coils of hair, which she now concealed by replacing her sombrero, and he saw the storm signals flickering in the depths of the blue eyes that were looking steadily into his own. Their natural kindliness flooded back into them and she laughed, wondering how much of her make-believe he had overheard. Not much, she fancied.

"Oh!" she said. "Are you the mustang hunter? I'd heard, somewhere, that you were holding out over here." Then on the spur of the moment: "Maybe you'd like the job of catching a little mare of mine that joined out with the wild bunch while I was outside last winter. She's trailing with the mustangs somewhere in the Sink. I'm Sarah Lee Langford."

"If you'll outline her looks, I'll make an effort to get her in for you," he offered.

She dismounted and stood facing him while she described the truant mare.

"She's not really worth much, as horses go, but she's tough and fast and I was attached to her," she explained. "I'll give you twenty-five dollars to catch her for me."

"You know that any branded horse I happen to catch goes to the owner," he remonstrated. "So just why should I charge you a ridiculous figure to return your mare if I'd happen to trap her?"

"I know," she said. "But I wanted to make it worth your while to put in a little extra effort to get her in for me."

"If she's ranging Spanish Acres I'll have her in for you," he promised. "It's a long jaunt back to your place. Won't you ramble up to the house for a drink and a bite to eat before you start riding back?"

"I'm camped with Jessup and his wife at Clayhole Seep, six miles from here," she said. "But I will have a drink." She walked with him up the slope toward the house, leading her horse. "Tell me," she said, "how can you make more than wages, trapping mustangs by yourself?"

"It's no big thing," he conceded. "Still, it can be worked so as to pay out right handsome where there's as many as there is ranging hereabouts. I might take on a partner. How would you like to throw in with me?"

"I might give you a shock by taking you up," she threatened. "Chasing mustangs has been my one greatest sport ever since I've been able to sit on a horse."

"That's what I knew," he said. "Our minds travel pretty much the same trails. We'd hit it off right well as partners."

"What makes you believe that our two minds are so companionable?" she inquired.

"I knew it right off," he asserted.

"Oh, right away you knew!" she mocked. "Wasn't that nice—to know for sure?"

Masculine admiration was no new thing to Sarah Lee. Since infancy she had been showered with it to the point of saturation. She was so conversant with every manner of masculine approach that she felt qualified to predict in advance whether a man would be blatant or shy, precipitate or dilatory, confident or timorous in his advances. Therefore she failed to palpitate to the novelty of it all and to hold her breath in delightful anticipation of what this tall stranger might say next. She knew perfectly well what he might say next unless she cut him short. So, by way of cutting him short, she dropped her gaze demurely, caught the tip of one forefinger daintily between her teeth and favored him with a sidelong glance of appraisal.

"So you just felt that there was something about me?" she murmured.

She lifted her eyes and met his direct, smiling gaze. The sun wrinkles deepened at the corners of his eyes.

"Just like that," he assented. "Now anything I could tell you would be like reciting a page out of the first reader. Still, no male human ever minds speaking his piece. It's chiefly the answer that shrivels him. So, if it's all the same to you, I won't insist that a verdict be rendered on my case this morning."

He was not going to be aggressive and overconfident after all, she reflected. Instead, he was rather offhand, his remarks seeming more in the manner of impersonal comment.

"It came up just like this," he resumed: "Along early in the day I'm out in those low hills that skirt the big flat off to the west, when mustangs begin to spurt past going east. I rode in behind a cluster of yucca on a ridge where I could have a good view without being seen. For as far as I could see out across the flat the whole wild horse nation was on the wing and moving my way. Say! What a picture!"

The girl knew from his momentary preoccupation that he was visualizing the scene over again.

"I never glimpsed anything like it," he resumed presently. "Here they came, stretched out over a five-mile front. They went smoking right past on all sides and fanned on up the country, with others still coming on behind."

Again he was silent for a moment, reviewing the picture.

"Then I see a lone rider pounding along in the rear. I put my glasses on him to see who was trifling with my mustangs."

"And behold! It was me!" Sally chortled.

"Just who it was," he agreed. "You didn't come closer to me than a mile, but even at that distance I could someway just feel—and you'll have to admit that I'm a longer-range feeler than most; likely it don't hit the average man until you're up within a few hundred yards—that you was enjoying the panorama as much from one end as I was from the other. After watching you maneuver those ponies, I knew right off that you'd make a top hand in any outfit that was bent on capturing mustangs."

"Not a top hand," she denied. "But at least an appreciative spectator."

They entered the spacious living room of the old Castinado mansion. Tasao and Navajo rugs, blankets and rare old Mexican serapes adorned floors and walls. The shelves flanking the big fireplace were filled with books. It was much as John Gillfoyle had left it.

These personal effects of the departed owner recalled to the girl's mind the sinister history of the place since the Tasao curse had been laid upon it—prior even to that, back in the days when Porter, then a young man, had wed Dolores Castinado, and the father and son of the household had disappeared so shortly thereafter. The place had been erected almost two centuries before, and it had been constructed for defensive purposes as well as for comfortable home uses. The main house was flanked by wings of less pretentious quarters for house servants and personal retainers; beyond them the adobe structures erected originally to serve as barracks for the armed troops that the first few generations of Castinados had been forced to maintain. There were barns, storehouses and corrals, the whole of them inclosed in a compound of some thirty acres and surrounded by a ten-foot adobe wall. Here the Castinados had been prepared to stand a long siege in case of attack. The big compound was watered by three springs, the overflow from which provided sufficient moisture for irrigating a garden. Ancient trees grew within the compound The most of the West was still raw, the buildings garishly new; but here seemed a world apart, a bit of civilization ripened and mellowed by age and bespeaking an ancient order of landed aristocracy.

"Dreams of empire," the girl said aloud. "That's what drives us on." She reviewed the urge for empire that had sent the original Castinado nobles to this far spot, then Porter and the others, each thirsting for more power and bent upon extending his domain. "And me, too," she confessed. "I was born with the true Langford urge to own Spanish Acres myself."

Hollister entered with a gourd brimming with cold spring water.

"Sorry I have only water to offer you," he apologized. "Most any time I could stake you to a drink of fresh milk; but Gomez and Miguel, the shiftless little warts, are a bit late about fetching it today. When they do come, I'll certainly tell 'em aplenty about that raw deal they put up on poor little Pedro. There's Mother Garcia, with ten to look after—come to think, now, it's eleven—and those two boys carrying on thataway!"

"So you did hear!" she accused.

"Just in spots," he confessed.

"I was over often before Mrs. Porter died, and before there had been any serious results of the feud between the Langfords and Porters. I was quite small and I'd play make-believe, imagining myself the patroness of Castinado hacienda and the Pueblo Tasao—Lady Bountiful distributing largess among all my hundreds of adoring retainers and ironing out all their troubles. It comes back to me, somehow, whenever I ride over, and I carry on that way just to keep from being lonely at seeing it standing all dead and deserted." It came to her that she was revealing too much of herself and that she would dislike Hollister most cordially if he failed to understand. "But it's rather silly at my age, don't you think?"

"Perhaps," he said; "and at mine. Still, folks have to keep some sort of promised land dangling before their eyes or life goes flat and stale. We never quite attain the end of the rainbow. That's what keeps us going. Whenever one ambition or ideal gets tarnished—why, we've got to cast around for some new cloud to hitch our kite to, don't you reckon?"

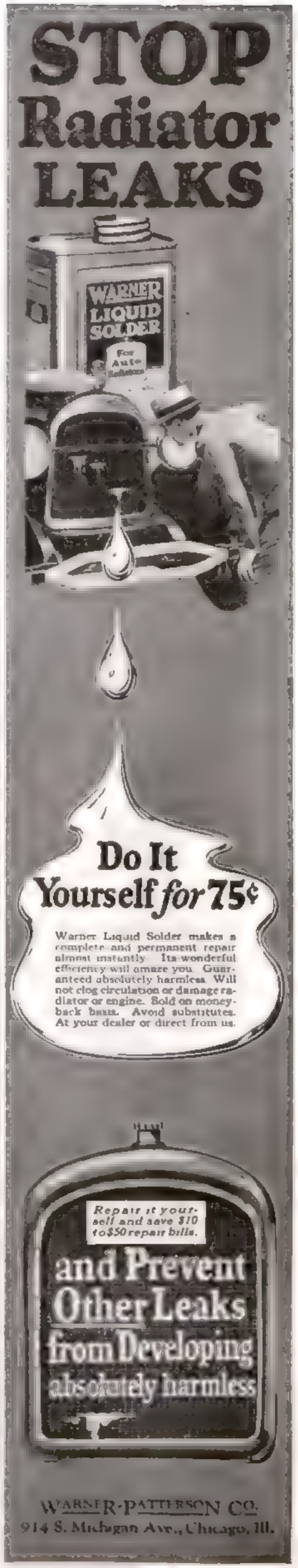
"Always just around the bend or over the next divide," she agreed.

"Now if our cases had been reversed—you under cover inside and me prowling through the pueblo—you'd likely have heard me communing with the villagers myself, laying out the day's work for three hundred-odd henchmen and starting things to humming like a beehive."

"Not really!" she said.

"Solemn truth," he affirmed. "That's another reason I thought our minds followed similar trails. I had been sitting there and picturing things hereabouts as they once was and ought to be again: the village lanes peopled with sprawling youngsters, wrinkled old squaws basking in the sun, the houses adorned with strings of dried meat and festoons of red peppers, the flat roofs of those 'dobes piled with squashes and dried corn—all colorful and come to life again." He hesitated for a moment. "And, of course, with me sitting ahold of the reins," he added.

"And why not?" she came to his defense. "It's your own make-believe, so why appoint someone else to manage it?" She laughed softly, moving to the window to look down upon the deserted village. "It's the urge for empire that moves us all. I'll never own all the broad miles of Spanish Acres, but I'm still infant enough to picture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myself in that rôle, with the village repopulated and everything moving in the grand fashion of the old days of the Castinados."

"And me," he agreed. "So why not do it? Let's weave the story of the good fairy and the mustang hunter. The good fairy lays down the rules and the mustang hunter acts as the humble instrument that puts the miracle into effect. Suppose you start reciting the rules so we can get busy right off."

"Well," she pondered, "first the mustang hunter must acquire Spanish Acres so it will be in good hands. It must be acquired by peaceful methods, because the good fairy is very, very tired of war and strife and the criminal futility of men killing each other." For a moment her eyes turned somber, as if they regarded long-past scenes that were not to her liking. Then her natural buoyancy returned. "Next"—counting on her fingers—"he must operate a big outfit here as in the days of the Castinados. And lastly, the village must be repopulated, to the point where three hundred souls are living there."

"A pretty little tale like that always ends up by the benevolent conspirators sharing rewards forever after," he said. "When the mustang hunter achieves all these brave things, the good fairy will take on a full partnership?"

"Oh, absolutely!" she bantered. "It's a contract."

He pondered for a space just sufficient to lend weight to his next utterance.

"It's a right sizable order," he said. "I'll take it on. Remember, it's a contract."

He spoke in an offhand vein, but she surprised a look in his eyes that was not in accord with his casual utterance. Her own gaze dropped and she had a sudden apprehension lest he should be too precipitate and spoil a promising comradeship. The apprehension, at least, was new to her experience, if the situation itself was not. The facetious word with which she was usually so adept in deflecting such issues failed her now. Instead, for a space of five seconds, moments freighted with possibilities, she found herself quite speechless. Then she sensed that he had turned his eyes from her and was once more looking out of the window. It occurred to her that there was a certain quality of understanding and kindliness about him. Kindliness; it was that strain in him that appealed to her, who had known so many hard, ruthless men. She dropped a friendly hand on his arm as he turned back from the window.

"I must be wandering on back to camp now," she announced. "The Jessups will be thinking I'm lost."

He knew that the Jessups would not worry. This girl had run through the Rolavi Sink since infancy, as wild and free as a range colt. He would have liked to prolong the visit, but he made no protest at this early departure, walking with her toward her horse, the animal having sidled a hundred yards down the slope. When they had covered perhaps half the distance in silence, she halted suddenly, one hand lifted to her breast in a gesture of fright. Her eyes, as she turned them to him, were wide with horror.

"Snake!" she breathed.

A rattler held the trail six feet ahead.

"So it is," said Hollister. "Romping round these parts since infancy as you have, it must have handed you a perfectly frightful shock to encounter a twelve-inch rattler. Shall I step on it, or will you?"

He smiled in answer to the deepening spark of mischief in her eyes.

"Let it live," she decided, "since you flatly refuse to rescue me."

"I'd love to perform a rescue," he said. "If only the blasted thing had been a mouse, now, I'd have shot it and extricated you from a real nasty encounter."

v

THE flickering rays of Hollister's night fire cast fitful shadows on the scattered junipers. The sleeping blanket-swathed form near the fire had not stirred. It was a night of dead calm. Tiny rustlings occurred in the brush, shrill trilling sounds; insects perhaps—small things. Suddenly, from back in the hills beyond the rim rocks of the gulch that sheltered the camp, an owl hooted—one note, a pause, then three more. A horse near the camp inhaled deeply as if testing the wind, expelling the breath with a whistling snort. The owl hooted its summons again. Presently the horse nickered. The blanketed form twitched, but very slightly, as if the sleeper had merely shifted an arm. The silence deepened. A tiny stone slid from the sandrock rims and rattled to the floor of the gulch. The blanketed form stirred again, and with the movement a rifle shot roared from the rim near the point from which the rock had been loosened. The impact of the heavy ball struck a spurt of dust from the blankets and the huddled mass twitched, seeming to flatten beneath the bedding. The rifle spoke again, the sound tossed from wall to wall of the gulch in waves of accumulating intensity.

The rifleman, standing at the very edge of the rims, was held in silhouette against the sky. There was a third report, this time from the floor of the gulch, and a red streak of flame spurted skyward from the depths of a thick cluster of juniper some little distance from the fire. The figure on the rim straightened suddenly from its crouching posture. The rifle slipped from nerveless fingers and clattered down the rocks. Sagging loosely, the figure collapsed, pitching forward, and a moment later there came the sound of a heavy body striking soddenly on the rock rubble at the base of the wall. There was a momentary clattering of dislodged rocks, then complete silence. Even the tiny rustlings had ceased, as if the small things of the night had suspended their activities to listen. Presently there was a movement in the thick clump of junipers.

"I reckon that will be all of it," Farrel's voice stated. "I bored him center."

"Yes," Hollister answered; "dead center. We might as well saunter over and see who our visitor used to be."

Some moments later a match flickered and in its light the two men inspected the sprawled figure at the base of the sandrock bluff. Neither of them could recall having seen the man before.

"Owls," said Farrel; "owls come in handy."

"Don't they!" Hollister agreed.

"Someone," Farrel conjectured, "has been looking you up and slipped in behind your disguise. Now who, do you surmise?"

Hollister shook his head.

"I'm dead set against making rash guesses. Some day we'll know for sure. But I see it's still the fashion south of the Palo Verdes to hire your man killed without wasting time."

A third man, Tommy Alden, appeared from the gloom.

"We'd better inter him before sunup and fail to remark about this little episode," Hollister decided. "One of you go up and unsaddle his horse and throw it loose on the range."

Just at dawn an early rising raven set up a raucous cawing in the choppy hills beyond the water hole. Shortly thereafter two burros appeared on the rims, their long ears flopping in silhouette against the graying sky. Various mustang trails led down through breaks in the sandrock rims. Hollister had blocked these routes by wedging dead junipers in the crevices. The floor of the gulch itself had been walled off at the narrowest part. Thus a substantial corral of some six or eight acres in extent had been fashioned round the water hole, serving as an inclosure in which the horses might be safely confined overnight.

The old prospector removed the obstruction from a crevice through which a trail led down to the bottoms and prodded his two burros toward the camp. Hollister, just smoothing the embers of the fire preparatory to cooking breakfast over the coals, invited Whetzel to eat.

"Thanks, but I fed an hour before sunup and headed this way," he declined. "I was camped at a spring, just a stray seep in a little blind pocket something over a mile from here, and got under way early."

His keen old blue eyes were surveying every detail of the camp. He noted the two camp beds in the heart of the feathery cluster of junipers some little distance from the fire. Hollister had picked up the blankets that had reposed a few feet from the fire, tossing them across an adjacent sagebrush as if to air them; but Whetzel had observed the arrangement as he came out on the rims above. The blankets had been spread across three dead tumbleweeds and a few juniper boughs, so arranged as to resemble the contours of a human form. A rope, stretched from this dummy to the camp bed in the junipers, could be manipulated with light twitches and so cause a slight movement of the boughs as if a sleeping figure stirred beneath the blankets. The old man chuckled and chanted a verse of an old range song:

*"A riderless horse went careening*
*Away from Cactus Lill's;*
*We knew what that would be meaning,*
*For the horse was Whistlin' Bill's.*

*"Oh, his horse went back to the wild bunch,*
*His horse went back to the wild bunch,*
*His horse went back to the wild bunch—*
*A dead man's horse in the hills!"*

Hollister grinned.

"You're in a real melodious frame of mind for so early in the day," he said. "There's a dead man's horse in the hills, right enough, and there'll likely be more unless folks hereabouts mend their ways."

A hawk voiced a high-pitched scream from back in the hills beyond the rims. The sound was repeated at intervals.

"This country is populated with talkative fowls," Whetzel remarked. "It was an early rising raven that announced my arrival. That hawk, now, was likely disturbed at his breakfast by someone else riding this way."

"Folks that enter by way of the back gate always startle our poultry," Hollister said. "When they cackle, we know strangers are coming. Soon as they come to know that you're friendly they won't bother to announce your arrival."

Langford, leading a pack horse, rode into sight on the rims and descended to the bottoms by way of the mustang trail previously used by Whetzel.

"I camped at a water hole four miles back—Lone Cottonwood Spring—and it was blocked clear shut, not even one route left open so cows could get in to water when I landed there," he stated without preliminary parley. "It's one thing to close a water hole to keep your horses inside overnight, but it's something else again to leave it shut. That's three I've found, all sizable bottoms, that was closed off. I opened 'em and I figure to see that they're kept open."

Hollister turned to him with a gesture of irritation.

"Now it was real enterprising of you to open them and put me to the trouble of going back to plug them again. I'm shutting off some complete so mustangs will have to take to watering at certain places where we've left one route open. From now on when you find one blocked hereabouts, just ride on and leave it as you found it."

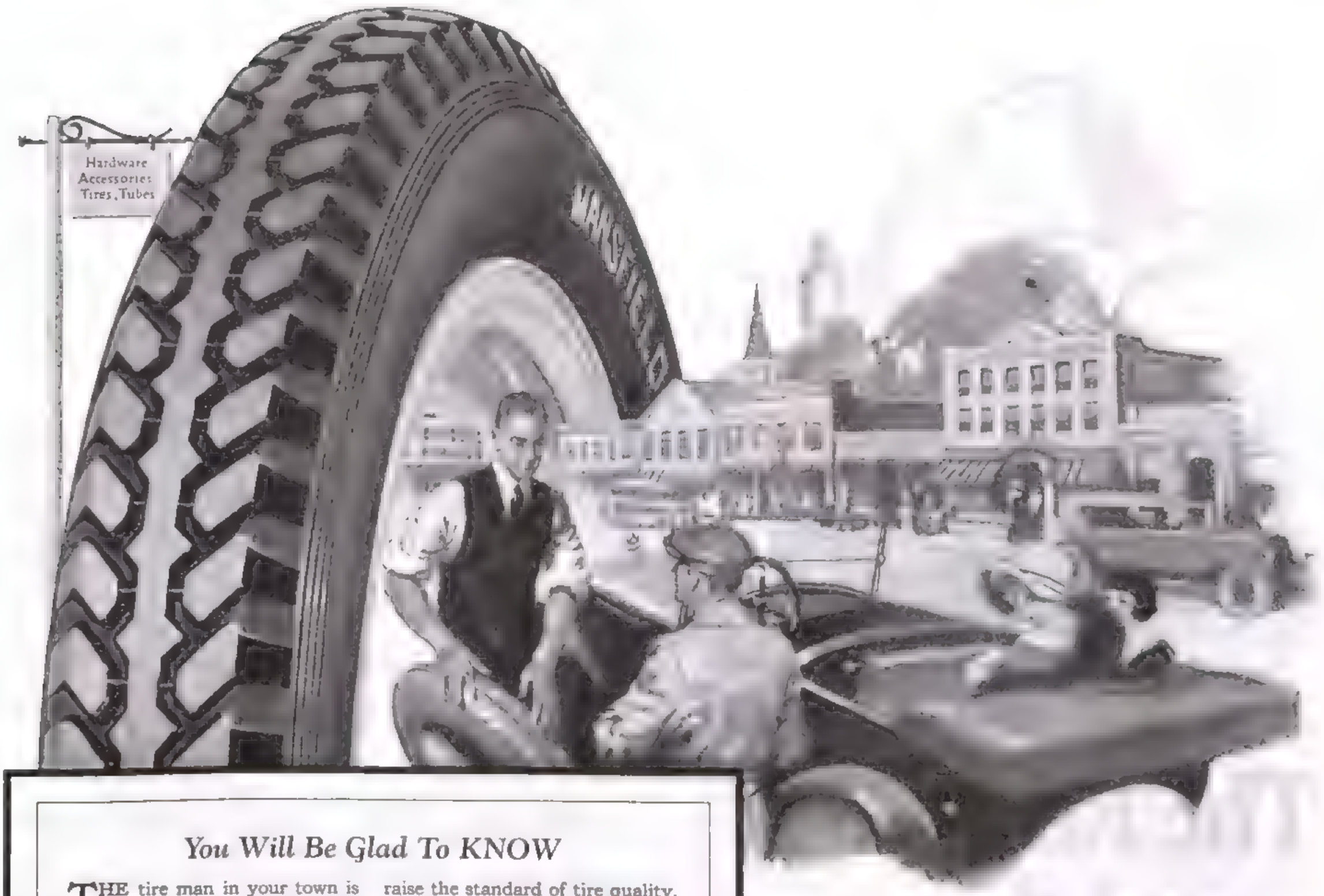
"You don't really imagine that I'll allow a parcel of drifting mustang hunters to come romping in here and shut off water so my cows can't get to it, now do you?" Langford inquired. "You know range custom. If you don't, I'll tell you. One of the first points is that you can't close off a water hole."

"Not on the open range, you can't," Holister conceded. "But I've heard somewhere, seems to me, that Spanish Acres is owned ground."

"And I'll use it as my range up until the owner acquaints me with something different," Langford declared.

Whetzel broke into the debate, speaking in a casual vein.

(Continued on Page 68)

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# The Farm and the Department Store

**Samuel W. Reyburn, one of America's leading merchants, points out some vital business principles that the farmer must learn.**

*The* COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

*June 27th*

*Continued from Page 66*

"Maybe that's what Mr. Hollister, in a roundabout sort of fashion, was aiming to acquaint you with," he proffered. "There's talk to the effect that he owns Spanish Acres himself."

Hollister knew, from the occurrence of the preceding night, that this rumor must be afloat.

Langford's whole figure seemed to sag as if he had been suddenly stricken with a blasting illness. His eyes sought the face of one after another of the group as if seeking denial of Whetzel's utterance. He read confirmation instead.

"It wasn't even for sale," he said. "They refused to put a price on it."

"But I was a friend of the family," Hollister said, by way of an offhand explanation. "So I expect that will settle any dispute as to how I'm to operate on my own premises."

"On the contrary," Langford retorted, "it only just starts a dispute." He then made the same statement that old Tom Langford had once made to Al Porter, which the son had made to every subsequent owner of Spanish Acres—"You sell out to me, Hollister, or I'll run you out of business."

"I'll sell—if you pay my price," Hollister offered.

"Name it," Langford requested.

"There's somewhere round a million and a half acres in the grant. I'll sell for a dollar an acre."

"I'll buy it by the section, not by the acre. Acres ain't any unit of measurement in this country," Langford declared. "I'll give you fifty dollars a section."

"That's something less'n a tenth of what I'd consider," said Hollister. "We can't deal. Adios."

He was turning away when Langford addressed him again.

"I'll do as I've always done and range my cows over every square foot of it," he said. "There's no law to keep cows off of owned land unless it's fenced."

"That's a fact," Hollister agreed. "They boast that there's no law of any variety south of the Palo Verdes anyway. But I came in here to get along, not to make war unless I'm crowded into it. Whatever of your cows drift into Spanish Acres up until I fence will be welcome."

"Drift!" Langford scoffed. "I'll shove twenty thousand head in here the first time my range is short."

"Then you'll lose twenty thousand head of cows, Langford," Hollister predicted. "Because water will be still shorter. I'll block every water hole in Spanish Acres solid if you try it."

"And I'll have men opening 'em," Langford countered.

"Then, right after one job of opening, you'll find a brace of warriors intrenched at every water hole when you elect to do it again. Cows can't live on grass unless they can collect a drop of moisture now and then. Strays will be welcome, but a general drive into here will find it the most arid region extant. If the prevailing fashion hereabouts is for a man to take what he can by force and hold it the same way, then I'll stock up with warriors first. Here's the first two.' He pointed to Farrel and Alden. "I've played that game too. I came in here peaceable, and not looking for trouble. I'd rather get along with you than not. But if you won't let me, why set your own pace. Now I reckon we understand each other. That'll be about all I've got to remark."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# THE ART OF ENTERTAINING

*(Continued from Page 38)*

There was singing by performers from the theaters. As I saw a dappled white horse shaking his head violently, it occurred to me that it might be more than an ordinary animal gesture to dislodge a rose behind his right ear. The big beast seemed to be asking, "What's the world coming to?"

It is difficult for me to discuss society of a quarter of a century ago and not talk about horses. Year after year my employer took me abroad with him, and I think that he went as much as anything else to see the racing, although ostensibly the primary purpose of our annual visit was the replenishment of our supply of those delicacies and fine wines for which our establishment was famous.

Society in Europe, as far as I could see, paid but little attention to the strait-jacket in which Mrs. Astor kept American society. I must confess that it was disturbing to me to see that Europe operated on entirely different standards; but it was equally disturbing to discover that the ceremonials of American society were really a rather absurd effort to create a species of unpatented nobility. The truth of this, I hold, was reflected in the ease with which every now and then titled scamps carried off some of our richest girls. In New York I had announced "Baron This" or "Count That" and seen women respond to them as Trilbys to Svengalis; but I had to go to Paris to discover that nobles were no more calculated to inherit nobility than a member of Congress was necessarily endowed, upon his succession to office, with sagacity.

You must go to a race track for true democracy. You have it there as nowhere else, it seems to me. At the track, the world is divided afresh, after each race, into winners and losers.

There was a period of about twenty years when I did not miss the running of a single Grand Prix de Paris. I saw W. K. Vanderbilt's Northeast win it in 1908. He was about the first American, I should say, to run his horses abroad; but you have to realize how important the Grand Prix is to understand what a furore his winning of it caused.

Everybody in France that could tried to see that race. For days in advance the roads centering on Paris would be thick with the dust kicked up by the delicate hoofs of asses burdened with farmers bound for Maison Lafitte. Every shopkeeper, every mechanic seemed to have within him a burning desire to see that annual contest of horses. Peddlers' carts, coster barrows and huge vans would be trekking toward the forget-me-not blue that tinged mighty nearly everything at Maison Lafitte. Naturally, with so many men with money burning holes in their pockets, there were women, and such women!

I don't think anyone can interpret France until he has seen a lot of Frenchwomen, sniffed their perfume, marveled at their flashing eyes, heard their chatter and the rustle of their silks.

There was only one correct way for fashionable people to see that race and that was from the high seat of a four-in-hand coach. To get a good place at the track, the coach would have to be driven there two or three days in advance of the race. The vehicle would be parked at the rail, or as near the rail as possible, the horses would be taken out and a man left to guard it, not so much to keep it from being stolen as to keep it from being wheeled out of place.

Each four-in-hand was the site on the day of the race of a gay party. They would leave Paris about ten in carts drawn by the horses which later would haul them back in the four-in-hand coaches. Everyone who could managed to arrive about noon. The caterers did their work with the aid of huge wagons and they came equipped to serve 20,000 persons, and serve them well.

There were fleets of small wagons from which the caterers used to distribute the food. They would have been notified in advance of the position of your coach at the track and would look you up. It was very well done and good food—a cold soup, a

*(Continued on Page 70)*

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(Continued from Page 68)

*ouilli* of French whitefish, broiled kernels of lamb, and to drink, first an *apéritif*, the forerunner of our cocktail; then, perhaps, a white wine, a light Haut Sauterne; a St. Émilion claret, then a champagne, and last a Burgundy. It was a job getting up the little ladders, like miniature companion ladders, to serve liqueurs and coffee. It was a rule of fashion that the liqueurs must be served at the moment the horses began to parade for the first race. If you managed it that way, your day was a success. I was busy always, of course, with my employer's guests.

I remember well W. K. Vanderbilt on that day his horse won. He had a short gray, horsy coat; his glasses over his shoulder; a French straw hat turned sharply up in back and just as sharply down in front. His hat band was a combination of his racing colors, but I cannot for the life of me remember what those colors were.

His horse was a splendid bay gelding with a noticeably thick mane, and when he won our party seemed insane with delight.

If memory serves me rightly, I bet 100 francs that day on Titbits, an English horse that won the third race and enriched me by 600 francs. I got my money, a check, first thing the next morning, the 600 francs less the government's 2 per cent tax; and that same night I spent it touring the cafés. Time after time I'd get to the hotel where I was staying with my employer at six in the morning, and at eight, shaved and freshly dressed, I'd appear before him with the morning paper. I couldn't fool him.

"You're having a good time," he'd say, "but don't go too far. I can see, I can see."

Then he would pinch his cheek and point to mine with a gesture that seemed to hint that my mild dissipation was a killing pace. He knew how to flatter.

### Mr. Gerry's Fur Cap

Several times we crossed on the same ship with Commodore Elbridge Gerry, deservedly the most celebrated host in this country. He had a baggage-man, John. In addition, there was a valet, and three maids, one for Mrs. Gerry and each of the daughters. When they arrived in Paris horses and carriages that had been selected in advance for their use during their stay were waiting for them.

The commodore invariably appeared in a sealskin cap suitable for Arctic exploration. I remember seeing him wearing it one time in August, the last week in August, aboard the Kaiser Wilhelm II. That old cap, a dull brown from exposure to the sun, seemed to me to be a part of him. A real gentleman, Mr. Gerry, but he could not bear to have strangers about him. He was short and quick in speech, biting off his words. If he met anyone on deck, he'd say "Nice morning, nice morning," and go puffing on his way.

After the death of Queen Victoria he purchased her cellars; but from all I have heard, I do not think he added much that was better than what he had previously owned. He was not what I'd call a drinking person, but one of John's duties as baggage-man was to superintend the transfer of a sort of traveling wine cellar. Apparently he did not wish to depend on strange vintners. But I always think of him as wearing that fur cap winter or summer.

A gentleman who was at our place recently was telling about having been sent to see the commodore some years ago and being offered some Scotch. He said that after pouring himself a thick drink he started to dilute it with water, when he was startled by an exclamation, "Don't spoil it!"

I gathered from what this man said that he never has learned that what was given him was not ordinary whisky, but a Scotch that had been aged to make a liqueur. Well, the foundation of any art is appreciation.

Just the other night one of the influential men of New York gave a party at our place for a dozen of his friends. There were three bridge tables and a coach to show them some finer points of the game. His system is to go from table to table, indicating a certain playing procedure, and in no time at all he has the players fighting against one another, playing intensely. Now and again he will slip into the seat of someone who complains against a poor hand, and then, using the same cards, he will skin all of them as easily as chalk and cheese. Most of the good players that have been around our establishment have been New Englanders. They have the proper disposition and a facial control that is important when stakes are high

Mrs. Fish and Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin were responsible—or to blame, if you should feel that way about it—for making society less like hereditary aristocracy than it had been when it was swayed by Mrs. Astor. I think they may have been in a mild sort of conspiracy; inspired, in the case of Mrs. Fish, by a conviction that Mrs. Astor's way was a dull one and that a leaven of smarter people was necessary if the ones eligible under the Astor standards were to be kept from yawning in one another's faces.

Persons were received by Mrs. Fish, even sat at her table, who could not have got into Mrs. Astor's home. When that had gone on for a while, the conspicuous leaders were engaged in a competition to see which of them could be first to ensnare guests who had beauty or brains to recommend them, if nothing else.

From a position of being able to identify the eligible folks by family resemblances, correctness of behavior and kindred means, I was reduced to a sort of unofficial traffic policeman. I must confess that I'd be timid now about questioning the right of an East Side peddler to enter any ballroom where he might present himself in a dinner jacket; but there was a time when a man who came without white gloves to an evening function would have been set down as eccentric, if not a boor, no matter what his place in life. Well, there have been a lot of changes and it may be that some of them are improvements.

### Reviving Old Customs

If Mrs. Fish and the hostesses who were her contemporaries were less rigid in making up their guest lists than Mrs. Astor had been, at least they did have such lists, and a person would have needed the skin of a rhinoceros and the agility of a spider monkey to participate in one of their affairs without an invitation.

Today there are literally hundreds of persons in New York, possessing I know not what kind of a background, who make a practice of attending almost any restaurant or hotel dance that strikes their fancy. Since the people who used to constitute society live for the most part in either hotels or apartments, and since their dances are given in restaurants or hotels, this means that these crashers enjoy themselves in the company of what is left of New York society.

Some of them employ ingenious devices to get in, for some of them are sinister people. Others are merely young persons with an abundance of nerve. Possibly one young woman will have been invited to the dance. At the last minute she will telephone her hostess and explain that she has some friends dining with her and vow that she will be afflicted with horrible embarrassment if she is not permitted to bring one or two of them. It is not unusual for one of them to come, after such a conversation, trailed by a round dozen companions, cigarette smoke wreathed about the bobbed heads of the women and the slick hair of the men as they plunge into the ballroom and begin dancing without so much as a glance at the hostess.

The extremity to which this abuse has been carried has caused a revival on the part of one group of women who frequently employ us of that custom which was personified in the old days by Miss Maria de Barril. That was a time when a New York woman with social aspirations, but handicapped by poor social judgment, did not feel safe in giving a party of large proportions without allowing Miss de Barril to scrutinize her invitation list. If Miss de Barril drew the point of a hard lead pencil through a name, the owner of that name was as definitely erased as if some higher adjutant had shot a bolt of lightning at him, or her, from heaven. In fact, there were some mothers who seemed to feel that Miss de Barril's approval of a wedding-invitation list was almost as important at a marriage ceremony as the blessing invoked by the officiating clergyman. Today Miss de Barril's successor finds that to operate effectively she must fix her own standards in editing an invitation list, and if those standards are not completely acceptable to the person who retains her she washes her patrician hands of the affair.

*Nevada Falls, Yosemite Valley*

### The Swing of the Pendulum

I see enough these days to know that such precautions are not based on mere snobbishness, although snobbishness may grow out of them. They are just the common-sense measures that would be taken by a decent immigrant mother detained with her children on Ellis Island. Such a mother would warn her children to play only with such other children as might seem cleanly, well behaved and honest.

The reason that ghostly covers shroud the gilt furnishings of the big ballrooms in those private homes in New York that are equipped for large entertainments is that the owners have found it impossible to assemble any number of people who are willing to abide by the rules of conduct that prevailed fifteen or even ten years ago.

As for nakedness, I am at a loss for an explanation unless we are to accept the existence of a personal devil. I guess I am narrow about that, but I began my career in a day when a grandmother was a grandmother and not a short-haired ogler of young men. Sometimes I wonder how the children born of the marriages that occur now will behave when they are grown and are sorted out as debs, and last year's debs and year before last's. I'm not so much concerned with the young men. They will behave as they are told to, do as they are permitted.

Take it all in all, New York society reminds me of that song I hear whenever there is a reunion of some college class at our place. At the top of their voices they sing, "The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be, she ain't what she used to be."

She ain't

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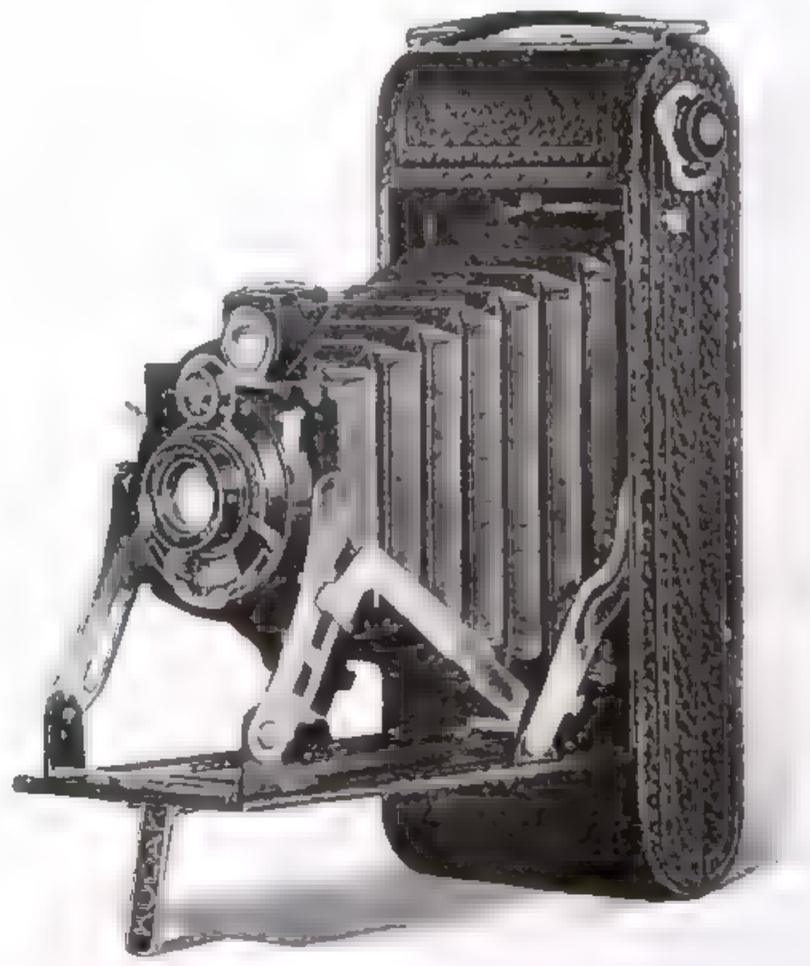

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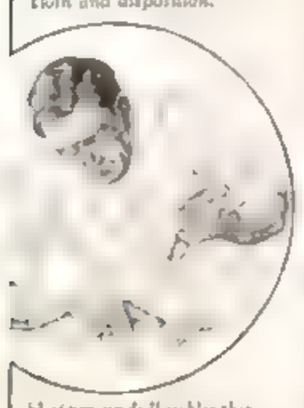

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# Have You a Tamerlane in Your Attic?

## On the Trail of Rare Books—By Vincent Starrett

DEEP down at the bottom of his erring, optimistic heart, every book collector in Christendom probably believes that the day will come. There is nothing cryptic in the remark. He means that some day, sooner or later, standing beside the ten-cent basket before an obscure little bookstall, idly pawing over the miscellany of worthless bibelots offered at that reckless sum, he will turn up a little pamphlet in tea-colored wrappers, upon whose title page he will read the legend, "Tamerlane and Other Poems. By A Bostonian." Paradoxically, the reason he believes this is that only four copies of the work are known to exist.

An Oriental monarch, decrepit and dying, pours into the ears of an attending friar—in whose incongruity an author's note acquiesces—the tale of his early peasant life, his passion for a lovely maiden, his ambition to win power for her sake, his unexplained desertion of the enchantress, his adventures and conquests culminating in his assumption of the rôle of Khan of Tartary, his return to his native valley to take possession of his love, and his discovery of the heartbroken lady's grave. She had been dead, alas, for many a year.

*What was there left for me now? despair—*
*A kingdom for a broken heart.*

That is what the collector of rare books will read if he finds the volume, or rather what he will find if he reads it. A stupid tale of a stupid monarch, expecting his light o' love to sit and smile through seven years of desertion, keeping her beauty untarnished for him, if he should happen to return to her. Obviously, the literary and philosophic content of the scarce pamphlet is not the lure that attracts our snooping Autolycus of the bookstalls. What then? There is no secret about it. Everybody knows what I am talking about. The trifle was the first published performance of Edgar Allan Poe, and the most recent recorded price paid for a copy was something more than $11,000.

### Four—Who's Got the Fifth?

Well, they do turn up. Four of them have turned up since 1860, when Henry Stevens, of Vermont, sent the first discovered copy to the British Museum; and, in 1867, the machinery of the museum at length having reached the grimy little pamphlet with its outer covers gone, received for it a shilling. But how often they do not turn up! Frankly, I have stopped looking for the thing. I no more than glance at a volume whose appearance remotely suggests it. Since adopting this sane attitude of renunciation, I have been happier and have slept better o' nights. I now smile whimsically and tolerantly at poor Will Douglass, who has been looking for a Tamerlane for forty-five years, and is still looking. I take a great deal more pleasure out of living, and in watching others hunt. It has been my happiness to start many earnest searchers on the endless trail, and it is my boast that I have disrupted more homes than all the divorce courts in the land. That is not perhaps strictly true; but my victims, if laid end to end, would reach from Nevada to the Golden Gate. Poor, eager, amiable, fatuous idiots! They even thank me for the tip.

Seriously, there is nothing more certain to break up a gathering of whatever nature than a brief statement of the rarity and value of a copy of Tamerlane. Bridge parties disintegrate before the magic of that name and the resounding sum for which it stands. Nearly every person to whom I have told the tale is certain that there is a copy in his attic; usually a relic of his grandfather's library. He has seen it; he recognizes it by every descriptive point furnished him; he knows it is there. The only thing he professes not to have known is that the author of the opus was Poe. If I will guarantee the price, he will guarantee the book. He earnestly collects his wife and children and rushes home. Days are spent rummaging in the attic. Trunks are overhauled and cedar chests are all but pulled to pieces. Frantic letters are dispatched to Aunt Lou and Uncle Dan. Nothing, of course, ever comes of it. Indubitable first editions of Snow-Bound and The Vision of Sir Launfal—even of the Rev. E. P. Roe—come to light in the chaotic resurrection; but Tamerlane remains always in concealment. It existed only in the heated imagination of the searcher.

### Breaking Up the Party

It must have happened often, much as I have described it. Third parties, listening in, catch the purport of the communication and quietly disappear. I always know where they have gone. They have gone home to turn the attic inside out. I am a bit ashamed of myself about it all; but on the foundation of what the mischievous trick has taught me of human nature, of greed, of envy, of ignorance, of cunning, even of superstition, I could build, I am sure, a new and devastating philosophy. Only once have I been fooled by a victim's earnestness. She was so very positive that I had no choice but to believe her. The incident began at a card party to which, unwillingly, I had been dragged. It was an objectionable affair, conducted by imbeciles for other imbeciles. I doubt if any member of the group had read a book through since childhood, or had heard of Edgar Poe to remember the name. Cross-word puzzles had not then come along, to make necessary a knowledge of three-letter words. The conversation was moronic and the air stifling, when into the unhappy situation I dropped the bombshell of Tamerlane. It was difficult to bring the conversation to that point, but I managed it.

"Ever hear of it?" I casually inquired.

One or two of the men grunted, whether in assent or negation I could not say.

"It's really quite a rare book," I continued, not too enthusiastically.

"Yeh?" inquired somebody.

"Yes, indeed," I said. "It's worth anything from ten thousand up."

A glassy silence fell upon that company. Immediately everybody in the room was looking at me. In the glances were disbelief, amazement, stupefaction and something like horror.

Finally a man said, "What are you giving us?"

I retorted by giving them the story, and after that the inquiries fell thick and fast. Suddenly everybody was desperately interested in the first published volume of Edgar Allan Poe. At once several of the women clearly remembered having seen the book in their father's or their grandfather's library:

"He was a great one for books, you know. I suppose he had—well, hundreds of them!"

At a neighboring table, a stout dowager in creased satin appeared to be having an apoplectic seizure. She was red and gasping. In her eyes were little covetous points of steel. In a cataract of bungled pronouns, the seizure came out.

She had the very book at home in her own bookcase at that moment!

Surprising as was the intelligence that the lady had a bookcase, I passed the point and deprecatingly smiled. The torrent of words continued. Was it a little thing about so big? Was it in paper covers? Did it have Poe's name on the wrapper? She knew it! At every point the ten-thousand-dollar rarity checked with the copy in her bookcase. It had been her grandfather's, then her father's, and now it was hers. She was going home to get it!

The rest of the company was as excited as she, and a vague doubt was gnawing at my heart. A doubt of myself, of my cynical and infallible self. After all, she might have the thing! With one arm in a sleeve of her jacket, she wheeled about. Could she depend upon my figures? Would I undertake to get her ten thousand dollars for the book? I swallowed hard and nodded.

Then, as an idea struck me, I said, "I'll give you five thousand dollars myself for it and risk getting the rest of it from a dealer. Whatever I get over five thousand I shall keep as my profit."

If she did have the item, I saw no reason why I should not be paid for my knowledge and for the information.

She considered this sporting proposition only for an instant. Then, "I'll sell it myself," she announced, and got her second arm into its corresponding sleeve. "Perhaps," she added, "you would like to come with me. I'd like to have you see it, you know. You'll see that I'm right. I can see it now. About so big, paper covers, and no name of the author. Why, I even remember the name—Tamerlane!"

By this time I was almost as excited as the lady herself. My enthusiasm, running amuck, had carried me past all my own danger signals.

"Come on!" I said, and hurried out to call a taxi.

### A False Alarm

Half an hour later, with audibly pumping hearts, we entered her apartment and plunged for the bookcase. With a shout of triumph, the stout lady snatched a volume from an upper shelf and started to hand it to me. Then her jaw dropped and her eyes pushed out. Her huge body seemed to sag at all points. She was a ludicrous and pathetic figure. Silently I took the volume from her hand. It was beyond a question of doubt an early American edition of Tennyson's Locksley Hall.

As to the real Tamerlane there is little enough that can be told. Calvin F. S. Thomas published it in Boston, in 1827. He died, it is believed, in Springfield, Missouri, in 1876. No other volume with his imprint ever has come to light. It is possible that he never found out who his eccentric and penniless customer was. What became of the bulk of the edition is the merest conjecture. Certainly something drastic occurred to make the tiny volume the rarest of its kind. The story goes that less than a dozen copies were sold when the edition was placed on the market, and that Poe, in a rage, called in and destroyed the rest. It is a plausible tale, but I believe it to be apocryphal. Of the four copies known to exist, one, as stated, is in the British Museum, and the others are in the libraries of wealthy collectors. Recently I have heard rumors of a fifth, about which I have no information.

That other copies do exist somewhere seems more than likely; but only heaven knows where. Meanwhile the devoted collector still dreams of the day that will mark the crowning achievement of his dubious career. When it arrives, he will see a tiny pamphlet measuring six and three-eighths by four and one-eighth inches, in tea-colored wrappers, the title page of which will read, Tamerlane and Other Poems. By A Bostonian. Boston: Calvin F. S. Thomas, Printer. 1827. And between the "Bostonian" and "Boston" two lines quoted from Cowper. There are forty pages all told, and the item is distinguished chiefly by its insignificance.

It is worth ten thousand dollars!

Perhaps there is one in your attic!

# Tire trouble at night—*use your flashlight!*

COUNTRY road . . . the ominous hiss of escaping air . . . a "flat"! Use your flashlight! To find the jack and tire-tools, use your flashlight! Use your Eveready to examine the carburetor or gasoline gauge without danger of fire. Use it to put the curtains on. To read road-signs. Eveready Flashlights penetrate the murk of moonless night with their bright, white light. They bring the brightness of daytime to your assistance. Everyone should have an Eveready Flashlight! Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There is a type for every purpose and purse.

Reload your flashlight and keep it on the job with fresh, strong Eveready Unit Cells. If you haven't a flashlight, see the nearest Eveready dealer at once. Buy the improved Eveready Flashlights from electrical, hardware and marine supply dealers, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

*The type illustrated is No. 2611, the Eveready 2-cell Focusing Spot light with its 200-foot range. Handsome, rubber black metal case. Safety lens screen, proof against accidental lighting. Octagonal, non-rolling shape.*

* * *

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda bulbs, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.

*Manufactured and guaranteed by*

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc., New York—San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

**EVEREADY**
**FLASHLIGHTS**
**& BATTERIES**
*-they last longer*

# If your speedometer could talk

## *it would say: every 500 miles*

## "OIL—WATER—AIR—ALEMITE!"

YOUR garage man knows. 80% of all repairs on moving parts of your car are due to a single cause. Faulty or neglected lubrication. Your engine is easy to oil. Hence, it suffers least. But below the body line are 20 to 60 vital, exposed chassis bearings. Unseen and forgotten until you get a big repair bill.

### The New Lubrication

Most car manufacturers now give you a new, easy way to lubricate these bearings. It's the Alemite high pressure system. (Now in use on nearly 7,000,000 cars.) No more grease or oil cups—hard to reach, and harder to use. Instead your Alemite gun shoots fresh lubricant entirely through bearings with an easy twist of the wrist. Old gritty grease is forced out at the same time. High pressure does it.

*Plant Executives*

Write today for "Industrial Lubricating Facts." Tells how Alemite is solving machine lubricating problems too.

### Just Mind Your Speedometer

Taxicab fleets find that regular, methodical lubrication actually saves 1c to 1¾c per mile. Alemite every 500 miles will do this for you too. And used-car merchants will always pay you $50 to $350 more for a "clean" car—one that has always been lubricated regularly.

If your car is Alemite-equipped this is easy. Simply drive into an Alemite Service Station, every 500 miles. You can have your entire chassis lubricated as quickly and conveniently as your tank is filled with gasoline.

If Alemite is not on your car, you can easily have it installed. The cost is only $5 to $20 (Chevrolet, $3.99; Overland, $5.67; Alemite-Zerk type for Fords, $6.50).—Prices in Canada and west of the Rockies slightly higher.

### Let Us Send You This—Free

"Vital Spots to Watch," a valuable booklet of practical pointers on cutting the cost of your car, will be mailed to you on request. Send a postcard today.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
2650 North Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
*Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario*

*A Bassick-Alemite Product*

# ALEMITE

*High Pressure Lubrication*

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 40)

reasonable amount, and I know now that I must have made a little real progress. I should never be writing this at all if I hadn't. But I haven't nearly enough yet, though, for I can't set down the story of my life without being hampered by a damping sense of Constant Reader, learning for the first time where—and quite probably that—I was born, and saying between yawns, "Well, what of it?"

However, he has the best of me. I am just servile enough to editors' requests to feel that I have to write this. Constant Reader doesn't have to read it.

I was born in Minneapolis a short enough time ago so that I can still enjoy fudge and rabbit at midnight, but long enough ago so that I've given away all my baby spoons with dates on them. I went through high school there, took some special work at the University of Minnesota, worked a while on the Minneapolis Journal, sold my first story for two hundred dollars and set out for New York with the entire amount in a bag around my neck and a prodigious ignorance of how little money two hundred dollars is in a big city. I found out almost the first day, though, when I presented a letter from my home bank to one of the biggest on Wall Street. A courteous gentleman there referred me to a small neighborhood bank, explaining that his did not open accounts under five thousand dollars. Fortunately, I hadn't explained to him that I hadn't had any idea of trusting any one bank with all my two hundred dollars—I'd intended dividing it up so that nothing short of a financial panic could leave me without funds.

I suppose it was a hand-to-mouth existence I led, but I didn't seem to realize it at the time. It was all such fun, the having fifty plays to choose from whenever I could go to the theater—I'm enough of the big-city lover so that I would rather have a choice of fifty plays and go to only one than a choice of two and go to both of them. And I love to shop on Fifth Avenue, even when I haven't anything but the afternoon to spend. While I was having the fun, of course, story sales were uncertain. I'm sure I was never more than fifty dollars ahead of the game, and most of the time it was nearer fifty cents. But to be young, in New York for the first time, and actually doing the work one has always wanted to do, is about all the joy any one human being is entitled to.

I found that articles were surer though smaller pay than stories, and I sandwiched in just enough of them to be assured of keeping the fifty cents ahead of the sheriff. In order to do these, I had to go about some to editorial offices, and I came back from one with the statement that I had met the nicest editor in New York City. A romantically inclined friend inquired if he was married.

"Oh, he must be," I said. "He's thirty or so, and no man as nice as he is has escaped as long as that."

He wasn't married, however, not till two years later, when he and I both were—to each other. I've been Mrs. Charles Gatchell on my purely social visiting cards for five years now, and I still think he is the nicest editor in New York City. In fact—and this is no knock on New York editors—I've come to feel that my first impression damned him by too faint praise.

We have a young Charles and Nancy, aged fourteen months apiece, and have just bought the kind of house we think they'll like to grow up in. It is two hundred and fifty years old, with five fireplaces big enough to burn Yule logs in. And every winter, just as soon as the Yule-log fires have flickered out, we're going to pack up and move into New York City for three months. That three months is one sacrifice Charles and Nancy will have to make for having a writer for a mother.

I hope they won't have to make too many sacrifices for the writer-parent combination they've been born to. Of course I haven't time to be the popular conscientious mother who studies science and history and rhythmic dancing and bird life just so that she can influence her children. I hope the twins and I will come to have a lot of common interests, but if we do they'll be really common interests, not some that I've crammed up on in order to be a good influence for my children. It has always seemed to me anyhow that influence ought to be pretty much of a by-product.

So my plans ahead are for being a writer as my job in life and a wife and mother as my pleasure. As far as I can see, they fit together extremely well. The one afternoon a week when I take my nurse's place is more fun than any matinée, and I get up an hour earlier every morning just for the joy of giving the twins their bath myself.

But there are at least six hours a day that I keep absolutely free from all the side of life they stand for. From nine o'clock till three or half-past I have nothing whatever to do with my family. Those are my working hours. I may spend them at the desk in my workroom; at a motion-picture studio, getting some piece of local color; tramping through the woods or walking properly in the park while I think out a new story; even lying in a hammock, reading the kind of thing that puts me in a writing frame of mind. What I do may not always look like work, but I always know myself that it is. And I stick to the schedule as rigorously as though I were a factory worker paid by the hour.

There seems to be still quite enough time left over for golf and dancing and playing bridge and painting old furniture and going swimming. As I have said, so far the combination seems to be working beautifully. Older mothers, however, smile indulgently and say, "Well, just wait till you have two walking at once," or, "Of course that's very nice while your children are babies, but wait till they're the high-school age!" They have made me most hesitant—I don't want to be too brash on fourteen months' experience. But I'm really optimistic, though hesitant. I'd like to make a date with THE POST to write, if my conceit still holds out, something along this line fourteen years from now.

### *Sam Hellman*

ABOUT the only thing my career as a writer proves is that the possession of large ears, a wen on the back of the neck and a birthday on the Fourth of July are no bars whatever to achieving THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and the closest of communion with some of the best advertising copy in America. Let those afflicted with a pyrotechnic nativity, generous aural appendages and a three-letter word meaning an epidermic protuberance be of good cheer. I have shown the way.

Those who have been reading my stuff will hardly believe that I am a college graduate with an early academic penchant for Greek accusatives and Latin gerundives. As a matter of fact, I once wrote a thesis on the Regeneration of the Dative of Cause by Quintilian that is still used to frighten children to sleep with out in California; and now look at the darn thing! Besides getting an A.B. from the University of California, I also got an A.B. from the Oceanic Steamship Company, on one of whose liners I shipped to Australia during a college vacation. As someone once remarked, what a triple-plated savant I'd have been had my first name only been Abie!

Talking about my ocean voyage reminds me of another distinction—I am the only writer in America with a record of decks swabbed behind me who has never essayed a sea story, which is some record in forbearance when you consider that a sea story requires nothing but a brutal mate and a half dozen sailor chanteys judiciously spread through a layer cake of "avasts" and "belays." Give me credit, lads, give me credit. On second thought—no, it's too much for a writer to ask.

Graduated from the University of California by an earthquake, which, according to a peculiar custom out in the Golden State is spelled "f-i-r-e," I set out to see the country; and in the next sixteen years I worked on no less than twenty-six newspapers, for the most part remaining in a town just long enough to earn the fare out of it. Many a stretch of the transcontinental tour was made in side-door Pullmans, on the rods, hugging the bumpers, and quite a bit on foot-back. Where newspaper jobs failed I tried other jobs for which I was peculiarly fitted by my classical education—such as peeling potatoes and fleecing fish in a Denver restaurant, muling on the sixteen-hundred-foot level in a copper mine in Arizona, cutting ties in New Mexico, and other sinecures of that nature.

During all this time, however, I was trying to write fiction, acquiring by 1918 a collection of rejection slips that visibly affected the stationery account of many a magazine. Finally I began selling to the so-called cheaper magazines, and one day in 1922 I caught THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in a moment of profound ebullition and melting charity and impinged a story on its consciousness. Since then it's had no rest.

I have found great curiosity among folks as to how writers write. Personally I have found that I write by sitting over a typewriter and perspiring. Those periods you see at the end of my sentences are often drops of sweat. As far as I'm concerned inspiration is the bunk. I get a general idea of what the story is going to be about and then plod it out, laying words side by side like a bricklayer placing bricks. If I waited around for a plot to formulate itself in my mind in detail, as many writers do, I'd be watching grass grow from the roots up before I'd even have the girl's name doped out. However, I do not advise anyone to attempt to write as I do—no more than I'd urge anyone to acquire a wen on the back of his neck or have his ears stretched as an aid to facility in writing. Be yourself.

To a publisher who once asked for some matter on my likes and dislikes I sent this, which may not interest you:

Tastes: My fair proportion of spades when drawing to a spade flush.

Distastes: Spades or clubs when drawing to a diamond flush.

Ultimate ambition: To walk along the street some day when full of years and pliable arteries and have a ten-ton safe fall from the fifty-third story of the Woolworth Building and hit me flush.

Hobbies: Talking about taking up golf, bridge, poker; three or four good fellows around a table with cracked ice and bright cracks

*Desolation Valley, Near Lake Tahoe, California*


Sealright

*Pouring-Pull*

Milk Bottle Caps

*For health and economy the cap is important*

For your own sake, ask your milk man to use Sealright Pouring Pull Milk Bottle Caps—three times more useful:

1—A safe, clean way of removing cap just lift tab and pull.

2—A safe, clean way of pouring without spilling, through opening in cap.

3—A more healthful way of drinking milk by inserting straw through cap opening.

Clean — Safe — Economical

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc.
Dept. L-10 Fulton, N. Y.

Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

# This is for men who reason

LOOK at the clothes in the snapshots—good lines, good fit, smart-looking.

Yes, and *more.*

They're the coolest good-looking suits that ever caressed a simmering body.

They look like a million dollars, and they *keep* their looks.

They won't wear threadbare; they outlast ordinary clothes by months.

**We want you to know that you can get Genuine Palm Beach Suits in all the handsome new colors and patterns, in both light and dark shades, that you see in the finest imported woolens and worsteds; also the famous tan and other light colors individual to Palm Beach.**

These are *facts.* Here are more:

Clothing stores offer Palm Beach Suits at prices that usually range about $12.50, $15.00, $16.50, and $18.50. Some styles and makes sell for more.

**The weavers of Palm Beach Cloth want to shout this truth from the housetops: Genuine Palm Beach Cloth is all of one quality, but you will find a legitimate price range in suits made of Palm Beach. Workmanship and patterns vary. You can get good tailoring, fine finish, and smart cut if you'll pay for them.**

Reason it out—good looks, perfect comfort, long wear—all proved.

*What more can you buy in a summer suit?*

Do you know of a better value in summer clothing?

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., Sanford, Me
*Selling Agent:* A. ROHAUT, 229 Fourth Ave
New York City

SNAPSHOTS

*Look at the snapshots—splendid cut, good tailoring, fine finish and perfect fit—you can see that for yourself.*

*Wear Palm Beach Clothes all around the clock—morning, afternoon, evening—for business, sport, wear, automobiling. You can be well dressed for any occasion and still be cool. And for golfing, Palm Beach Knickers are ideal.*

*Your clothier can show you cool Palm Beach Suits in light and dark colors and patterns just as in woolens and worsteds.*

Palm Beach

*Ask for Palm Beach by name and insist on seeing this label in the suit. It identifies the genuine.*

*For men, young men and boys*—COOL SUITS OF

# PALM BEACH CLOTH

© 1925, G. W. Co.


# OUR HIGHWAY AUTOCRAZY

(Continued from Page 23)

miles an hour, I saw my erstwhile luncheon companion standing at the brink of a roadside precipice gesticulating for me to stop. His wife and son were not in sight. I braked to a stand. My friend grinned broadly.

"Went over the edge," he informed me. "Nobody hurt; didn't even break the windshield or blow a tire, and the engine was still running when we stopped right side up against a tree."

He laughed, as at some huge joke.

His wife crawled up the declivity with a bromidic comment on the luck. I took her in and went on to the nearest telephone, where we ordered a tow car to pull the undamaged automobile onto the highway again. My friend took his car into town under its own power and boasted so much of his luck as a driver that for a time I quit associating with him, in self-defense.

Some days later business took me for an extended stay in the northern end of the state. At breakfast one Monday morning a headline in the newspaper caught my eye:

TWO KILLED, THREE HURT
ON DEAD MAN'S CURVE

The dispatch beneath had been sent from my home town the evening before, and told with telegraphic brevity of the death of my friend at the wheel of his motor car. He—so the reporter stated—had been on a picnic with his wife, his son, his sister and his brother-in-law. On the way home his car had run over a precipice while negotiating an S curve well known as a danger to automobilists. The two men, riding in the front seat, had been killed. The women and boy, although seriously injured, had escaped with their lives.

There was no need for me to read details. I knew what had happened as well as if I had been riding in the car when it plunged over the brink.

### *Picking on a Railroad Train*

Only the other day I was rolling along a country road in my customary way, when such peace as a decently inclined motorist may enjoy while fighting shy of death in a ditch was shattered by the wild clamor of an asthmatic horn to the rear. In my windshield mirror I saw reflected a heterogeneous collection of sheet tin and imitation leather tearing toward me under the guidance of a nondescript individual, at whose side were those I took to be his wife and child. The road for miles had been bordered with signs which read "Speed Limit 35 Miles an Hour," but the gait at which the squawking scrapheap clattered past me was fifteen miles an hour and then some over the limit set by law, if I'm any judge of pace.

Instead of giving over to the right until my off wheels sank in soft dirt, as most of these wild drivers demand that a normal person do, I inched my front wheels to the left sufficiently to let the approaching maniac see I dared hold my place on the road. This wheel-inching, a just barely perceptible veering to the left, is a trick which I learned from an old racing driver. It has, I have found at times, a most salutary effect. Anyway, this hurry-up hound went around instead of through me, and as he cut in ahead he turned, of course, to show a twisted grin. Also, he shouted something I didn't catch, then raced on up the road.

A few seconds later I heard around the curve ahead a locomotive whistle scream shrilly, loud and long. I passed a sign which read, "Danger—Railroad Crossing"; then another, the familiar black-and-white X, and, close by, a huge picture which showed a rushing railway train crashing into an automobile, and bore the pregnant warning: "Stop! This Time You May Lose!"

Down the track a hundred yards or so from the crossing the train had been brought to a stand, while conductor, brakemen, engineer and a score of passengers ran back to the scene of the disaster.

Over in the ditch was what the locomotive had left of an automobile carrying a man, his wife and their baby down the road at fifty miles an hour. The rear half of the conveyance had been entirely cut away. From the nature of the squalls which emanated from beneath the mass of tattered top we judged the infant to be more scared than harmed, and such was the case. The mother, it transpired, was unconscious, but had only fainted from fright, and she was quickly revived. The driver, the man responsible, was somewhat longer in coming to; but finally he dragged himself to his feet, decided that no bones were broken, took in the fact that wife and offspring were not seriously injured, then surveyed the remnants of his car. He looked at me, and I grinned.

"Gosh," he moaned, "the old bus is ruined."

"Lady," queried the engineer of the train as this enlightening comment penetrated his shock-numbed brain and brought a show of color back to his face—"lady, is that your husband?"

"Yes, sir," the young woman meekly replied.

"Well, when you get him home, or wherever it was that you were going when I interfered with you, I want you to make him promise never to attack me again."

"Say, you," the owner of the erstwhile automobile cut in savagely, "don't you get fresh with my wife! You won't talk so smart when I sue for damages and the railroad takes it out of your pay."

"When you—what?" the engineer gasped.

"Sue, I said," the other shouted. "How else do you think I can get another car?"

"Well, I'll be eternally —— Pardon me, lady," the engineer rejoined, and walked down the track to his cab.

This, as I since have come to realize, was the inspirational moment of my motoring career.

"Conductor," I suggested in an unnecessarily loud voice to that official, who was jotting data in a notebook, "this bird passed me down the road a few seconds before he was hit. If he brings suit let me know."

The bird glared as I nonchalantly resumed my twenty-five-mile-an-hour way. I have not seen him since, and I don't think I ever shall see him in court.

### *Not a Matter of Sex*

Of late the newspapers have devoted space to a gambling innovation which has taken the sportive-minded citizens of a certain city by storm. Handbooks, it seems, in that city are being made on automobile accidents after the same manner in which betting is done on horse races, but with the added attraction of an almost continuous run for their money open to those who play the game. Bets are laid and paid on the sex of drivers held responsible for motor smash-ups; the last quotations available give prevailing odds of three to one that a woman will be to blame. Personal observation covering a period of years convinces me that the odds are based on a faulty premise. Woman may be wild, but for sheer, cussed atavism at a wheel, the male amuck with a motor is to the deadlier sex as is nightshade to a hothouse violet.

I have at hand a newspaper clipping which appears to support my contention. During a recent eleven months in the state of California 1210 persons were killed by automobiles. Ninety per cent of these deaths, the clipping states, were due to the reckless driving of men. One hundred persons were killed by automobiles in Chicago during sixty days of the present year, this same authority declares, and in no one of these instances was a woman driver at fault.

(Continued on Page 78)

The Good Old G&J Ever Since 1902

## Back in 1902 when ice floes stopped Peary, 343 miles from the North Pole—

G & J were making good automobile tires.

G & J Tires today are better than ever.

Every important engineering principle that has advanced tire performance since 1902 has been embodied in G & J Tires—made in one of the largest and most modern tire factories in the world.

The G & J Balloon Cord Tire, illustrated here, embodies advanced features found in few other tires today. For instance, note the wide, flat tread that reduces wear, greatly increases traction and anti-skid protection—the newest scientific development in treads.

It's a safe bet that the G & J dealer can save part of your tire money for you.

G & J TIRE COMPANY
1790 Broadway New York City

G & J Balloon Cord Tires for 20, 21 and 22 inch rims.

G & J Cord Tires from 30 x 3½ up in standard sizes.

G & J Heavy Service Cord Tires *for Truck, Bus and extra heavy Passenger Car service.*

G & J 30 x 3½ "G" Tread Cord Tires. G & J 30 x 3 and 30 x 3½ "G" Tread Fabric Tires. *Clincher Tires for Ford Cars.*

G & J Red and Extra Quality Gray Tubes and G & J Heavy Service Gray Tubes.

The G&J Balloon Cord

(Continued from Page 76

On the other hand, I have a clipping from a California newspaper which tells of a woman sent to jail for five days after driving her automobile at a speed of fifty miles an hour down the main street of a Los Angeles suburb in the middle of an afternoon. In the same envelope the clipping bureau sent the account of a woman resident of Atlanta, Georgia, who was clocked doing forty miles an hour across the principal four-corner intersection of her home city's business district.

The longer I work at the task, the more am I impressed by the utter hopelessness of any individual attempt to keep up with the procession of funerals due to the speed madness upon the land. There has just been another illuminating interruption of my attempt to set upon paper the gist of notes and newspaper articles which form the basis of my wail. It came in the shape of another envelope from the clipping bureau. On top of the heap of items therein, all relating to automobile accidents, is one from the Middle West which starts out:

"Despite prominent display of the familiar red-and-white sign reading, 'Caution, Men at Work,' a laborer on the State Highway was killed today by an automobile which ran him down while he was at work with the road-mending gang."

The clipping goes on to relate at length what may be summed up in the statement that a woman driving an automobile, with her aged mother as a passenger, ignored the warning sign which had been placed in the highway, and ran at high speed into the center of a company of road workers. She hit one of them with such force that she broke his back and fractured his skull. When the woman driver learned that she had killed a man, the clipping continues, she went into hysteria approaching insanity.

There is a neighbor of mine in my home town who very evidently is going insane. There's a school in our neighborhood. I drive by it several times each day when I'm at home, and I know that every approach to a considerable area of which that school is the center, is marked by every conceivable means which a desperate board of education can devise to impress upon approaching motorists the warning: "School Zone—Drive Slowly—PLEASE."

### Traffic Buckers

In other days I've ridden with the neighbor to whom I referred, and I know how he used to go by that school, at anywhere from thirty to forty miles an hour; he was that species of driver. Once I spoke to him of this.

"Oh," he laughed, "I've never hit anyone yet."

For some eight months I was away from home. When I returned I found that my neighbor had quit driving an automobile; he sold a new thirty-five hundred dollar car for one thousand dollars, just to get it out of his sight. You see, he hit forty by that school just once too often. He struck down a youngster out for recess who darted into the street from behind a tree. When my neighbor ran back to pick up his victim he found that he had killed his own son.

Signs that may only be ignored in the outlying districts are knocked down, run over and reviled by the automaniacs who have turned life along the city thoroughfares into a crap game with the Sisters Three which the reformers never raid. Something of the general idea may be gained along any one-way street in a congested area. At each and every corner, in the middle of every block, the most prominent thing in view will be a sign reading, for example: "Eastbound Traffic Only - This is a One-Way Street."

Also in the middle of every block there may be noted a tangled mess of trucks, taxicabs and touring cars manned by yelling drivers whose finer sensibilities have been outraged. In the center of this group may be found an irate officer in hot argument with a mule in the form of a motorist whose car is pointing due west. Pause, if you will, until the untangling process is complete, then follow—as I have—the eastbound driver whose cursing has been the most vociferous. At the next corner, or possibly the second one on, you may see him sneak past the guard of an overworked traffic regulator and in the hope of saving five minutes of time which is worth, at the outside, five dollars a day, plunge head-on north into a stream of automobiles which pack from curb to curb a thoroughfare besprinkled with signs which say, "Southbound Traffic Only—This is a One-Way Street."

From the latest bundle of newspaper clippings to arrive, I select the peevish opinion of an editor concerning a lady who deliberately ignored a sign reading, "Boulevard—Stop," ran into the editor's nice new sedan and bent a shiny mud guard out of all semblance to its youth. This episode leads the editor to remark that seven persons were killed and fourteen seriously injured during a recent Sunday in the community which he serves. What, he asks, is the answer?

The lady who bumped into him, the editor avers, is a most gracious and charming person outside of her automobile; in fact, she is one of the brilliant lights in social and civic improvement circles of the town. Yet, at the wheel of her coupé, the lady acted like a fool. When folks of her type are responsible for a goodly percentage of motor-car mishaps what, our querulous commentator demands to be told—what is to be done?

### A Futile Search for Safety

I am pretty thoroughly convinced that amelioration of existing conditions can be obtained only through educational practices directly aimed at the root of autocrazy itself. Reactions to which I have been able to goad certain of the imbecilic crew which mans our motor cars convince me that, as far as education is concerned, I have prospected along constructive lines.

For some time after I pinned my faith to signs I clung to a belief that much of the mad misbehavior of my fellow motorists was due to temporary irritations set up on overcrowded roads. Give the average driver a fairly clear path, relieve him of the nervous tension which results from repeatedly baffled efforts to worm his way through traffic—I argued—and he'd be a fairly decent sort, inclined to extend the courtesies of the road and to regard another's safety as well as his own. So I took to doing as much as possible of my own driving in the early hours of the day. Eventually I abandoned this practice, and with it the last vestige of faith in my frenzied fellow man. One contributing incident should suffice.

Just after dawn, on as beautiful a spring morning as it ever has been my fortune to enjoy, I turned into a familiar stretch of highway which wound for miles across a gently undulating plain. Ahead the concrete road was bare of cars; my windshield mirror reflected a like absence of any traffic within sight to the rear. On either hand were the fertile fields of prosperous farms, dotted at intervals by groups of trees surrounding peaceful homes. From a dozen chimneys wisps of breakfast smoke curled upward, evidence enough even to my urban eye of the assiduous devotion of the agrarian to the habit for which he is famed. To my right the blue glowed warm with promise and I settled back to enjoyment of the sunrise as I held to a steady pace of some twenty-five miles an hour.

In the distance a double row of trees took form, marking a country lane which cut across the concrete boulevard at right angles. No need to worry about that this morning, I thought. Then I passed a familiar sign: "Intersection—Speed Limit 15 Miles an Hour."

I shut off the gas and with a foot on the brake pedal complied with the law of Safety First. Not all habits are bad.

At a moment when I was some twenty feet from the point of intersection, out of the quiet country lane at terrific speed shot a heavily laden touring car which without pause for the boulevard headed straight across my path.

Never, as long as I drive an automobile, shall I forget the look of helpless horror on that driver's face, or the shrieks of his two women passengers as they caught sight of me. I jammed on my brakes and stopped dead. The other driver swerved his car sufficiently to clear my front bumper by inches, sideswiped the row of trees on the far side of his road, ripped off two fenders, broke both right wheels, then stopped when his engine stalled.

I backed my car off the concrete to the dirt, sat still and waited. The man and two women clambered out of their wreck, made a hasty survey of the ruin accomplished, then, as I fully expected, started things my way.

Couldn't I look where I was going? all three wished to know. Hadn't I any sense at all? How long had I been driving an automobile anyway?

All they got out of me was silence, which goaded one of the women into delirious detail concerning the day which I had spoiled. They had started off early in the morning, it appeared, for the one purpose of avoiding later traffic conditions and particularly hopeful that at such an hour there would be no one like me on the road. They had been headed ——

"Madam," I interposed, for I was becoming nauseated, "there is no need for you to go on. I can name the spot for which you were headed—that is, approximately."

"Well," she snapped, "if you know so much, where?"

"If you have lived in anything like the manner in which that man with you drives," I replied quite amiably, "you were headed straight for hell."

What I had received from three tongues previously faded to a lifeless drab in the light of that which was delivered in my direction from one. When the tirade slowed down for want of additional epithet to express ideas I cut in again.

"If you folks will come over to this side of the road," I offered, "I'll settle with you right now."

Visions of a bank roll, or at the least a check to be extracted, moved them, I imagine, to comply.

### Reading the Signs

"Now," I continued, "before we figure out the extent of my liability let's get everything straight. You"—I directed the woman who had scolded me—"walk down the road I was traveling for a hundred feet or so, say, to the other side of that sign there, then turn and face me. And you"—this to the man—"do the same on the road you came over. There's a sign there too."

I sent the second woman back to the wreck with instructions to pay careful attention from that vantage point to all that transpired. The man demurred at what he termed all this monkey business, but feminine curiosity prevailed.

With the trio at their respective posts and waiting I called to the woman down the road, "Are you where you can read that sign?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And you?" I called to the man.

"Yup."

"What do they say?" I inquired. "Louder," I urged, although I plainly heard the first replies.

Unwittingly they fell and chorused: "Intersection—Speed Limit 15 Miles an Hour."

I pressed my starter.

"Read 'em again, and weep," I advised in the loudest voice that laughter allowed, and came closer than ever before to testing the agent's promise about acceleration possible with my car.

Since that momentous morning I have developed an even keener appreciation of the educational possibilities latent in happenings of the kind; an appreciation, I might as well own, to which I now give the freest rein.

Not so long ago as I was preparing to drive out of a small village the owner of a high-powered car which stood near by inquired of me concerning highway conditions between that place and a city some miles away. I gave what information I owned and added that as I was driving to the point he named over the best route he might follow me.

"There are several bad grades and curves," I said, "but they're not dangerous to a careful driver. Between them are several stretches where you want to keep an eye to your speed. Because of the danger spots, patrolmen haunt the straightaways in an effort to keep reckless drivers off the road. If you'll follow me you'll be all right. I'm familiar with the route and the various limits imposed."

The stranger smiled and I spotted him for what he later proved to be.

"Go ahead," he said. "I'll trail until I am sure of the way."

### An Average Speed of Fifty Miles

We barely had negotiated a district of confusing crossroads and diverging forks and come to a point where the concrete gave promise of a not-to-be-mistaken path when the man behind began to toot his horn. As I was holding a steady pace just even with the legal limit I ignored the noise. It is true that I was driving well up on the crown of the highway, but the sides of the road were rough and jolty; off the edge, as I knew well, was a strip of deep and dangerous sand. So, with one eye to my speedometer I let my impatient acquaintance honk.

As is my invariable custom under such circumstances, I thrust out my left hand in a warning signal as I headed into a bad curve, although there was the customary automobile-club sign at the roadside. If I had been carrying a gun I think I would have shot the fool, as he chose the moment when I slowed down to cut by me on the inner side of the turn. He grinned as he passed me, missed by inches an automobile which shot around the bend in the opposite direction, and went tearing on his way.

Fifteen minutes later I caught up with the stranger again. He was waiting for a motorcycle policeman to finish filling in the familiar ticket. I pulled up.

"Got you, didn't they?" I gloated.

"Oh, it'll be only ten dollars or so," he replied.

"Think so?" I inquired. "Officer, I'd like to appear as a witness against this fellow. Don't let him off with the usual nominal deposit to cover a speeding charge; make certain he shows up in court."

The stranger's jaw dropped, the policeman did his duty, and the next day, on the strength of my gratuitous testimony, I had the pleasure of hearing a judge sentence my chance acquaintance to pay a fine of one hundred dollars or spend thirty days in jail and in addition deprive him of the right to drive any automobile on any road for one month, despite the prisoner's objection that he was three hundred miles from home.

That's the kind of disposition I've developed since I took to reading signs.

After five years of ironic submission under the ruthless rule of our autocrazy it is my opinion that all motorists are either sane or stark staring mad. I reserve the right of classification to myself.

By this time the more presciently inclined may have gained an inkling of the acrimonious regard in which I hold motorcyclists. There was a sort of legendary belief quite prevalent with the late A. E. F. which may reveal something of what I mean.

Rank and file of the army we sent to France, after much expensive instruction at the hands of experience, held to an opinion that all soldiers who displayed symptoms of the milder forms of mania were assigned to driving ambulances, while

(Continued on Page 83

# a million a day

MANY business men pass out more expensive cigars to their customers, and contentedly smoke White Owls themselves.

This isn't due to economy but to the fear that there still may be some who judge a cigar by its price.

The successful business man has long since come to understand that the price of White Owls is based solely upon their popularity. Were they not produced at the tremendous rate of a million a day it would be impossible to offer such remarkable VALUE at 2 for 15 cents.

2 for 15¢

Package of 10 for 75¢

White Owl

General Cigar Co., Inc.

Millions of soldiers! It took the Coolidge inaugural parade hours to pass a given point. Millions of soldiers it seemed. Yet the entire United States [illegible], at present, made up of only [illegible] officers and men.

Small wonder [illegible] daily production of White Owls a million a [illegible] to meet the demand [illegible] gers the imagination.

And figuring that in the United States there are only 20,000,000 men of smoking age, it would seem that every cigar smoker must be a White Owl devotee. Not quite a fact but nearly so when you consider that White Owl is the biggest selling cigar. No cigar ever attained [illegible] of White Owl by clever [illegible] effort. That must [illegible] but it [illegible] established [illegible] has been built solely upon remarkable VALUE—a statement which is more convincingly proven by White Owl, itself, than all the words in the world.

No other cigar has done so much to break down smoking snobbery as has White Owl. Time was when price was taken as the sole indication of the quality of a cigar. That was before White Owl had made its astonishing record of a million a day.

White Owls were born of a determination to surpass all previous efforts in value giving. We determined to make a cigar of such quality and sell it at such a price that [illegible] could not be offered by any-[illegible].

And the smoking public, itself, has enabled us to maintain the quality and price through changing markets and conditions. It has enabled us to buy largely of the best tobacco crops so that we can truthfully say that the quality of White Owl never varies.

The success of White Owls is no different from that of outstanding industries which have taken the lead by giving far greater value at smaller profit per [illegible] and depending upon huge [illegible] olume for ultimate re-[illegible]urn. There are many examples of the soundness of this principle but in the cigar [illegible]eld none so marked as White Owl.

[illegible] makers of [illegible]te Owls will [illegible]uable on var[illegible]. Only a com-[illegible] with the vast re-[illegible]s of the General [illegible]ar Company can al-[illegible] to buy tobacco on [illegible]sis and tie up such [illegible]amount of money for [illegible], in order to keep [illegible]ty uniform.

[illegible]e 1923 tobacco crop [illegible]n pronounced by ex-[illegible] to be the finest in years. [illegible] General Cigar Company [illegible] liberally of this so that [illegible] Owls taste better than [illegible] and will continue to do so [illegible] indefinite period.

[illegible]hite Owl smokers don't [illegible]h. They know that the mel-[illegible]ate they enjoy so much in [illegible] White Owl will be exactly the [illegible]e in the next. They know that the White Owl they [illegible] will be fresh and full fla-[illegible] wherever [illegible] White Owl [illegible] through [illegible] the country and [illegible] deliveries insure this.

The enormous consumption of [illegible]te Owls is another assurance that [illegible] will be fresh when you get [illegible]m—that they will always be at [illegible] peak of their natural goodness [illegible] never stay on dealers' shelves [illegible] their show cases long enough [illegible]become dry.

More smokers than ever are buy-[illegible] their White Owls in handy pack-[illegible]s of ten. There is no danger [illegible] of running short and the cigars [illegible] always in perfect condition. *It [illegible] the common sense way to buy White Owls*

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

# for WALLS

# New Rooms For Old

The old rooms may be so shabby that you are thoroughly ashamed of them. The ceilings may be falling and the walls may be cracking and crumbling away. But Beaver Fibre Wall Board will save them. It will transform them into flawless, modern new rooms—at a low cost and without litter, muss or fuss.

Beaver Fibre Wall Board is spruce lumber made into big, smooth panels to nail right over old, cracked walls—the only type of material which can be nailed direct to old ceilings. It is light, easy to handle, easy to saw, easy to apply and easy to paint. It will not crack, crumble or fall.

Send for a free sample of this miracle worker and a copy of the famous Beaver Plan Book which shows scores of beautiful modern interiors built of Beaver Fibre Wall Board. Learn all about this new-fashioned way of restoring old-fashioned homes. See how it can serve you. Mail the coupon now.

BEAVER PRODUCTS

*Write for a sample of genuine*

## BEAVER *Fibre* Wall Board

Genuine Beaver Fibre Wall Board is made entirely of spruce fibre. It has an art mat finished surface. It is primed at the factory. The genuine is stamped with the famous Red Beaver Border. Supplied in smooth clean panels, 4 feet wide by 6 to 10 feet long. Mail the coupon for samples and ask your dealer for estimates.

## BEAVER PRODUCTS

### *for* WALLS

Beaver Fibre Wall Board
Beaver Tile Board
Beaver Plaster Wall Board
Beaver Best Wall
Beaver Gypsum Lath
Beaver American Plaster
Gypsum Partition Block
Beaver Architectural and Industrial Varnishes and Enamels

### *for* ROOFS

Slate-surfaced Shingles and Slabs to meet every requirement of color and design
Special Re-roofing Shingles
Slate- and Smooth-surfaced Roll Roofing—in weights and finishes for every use
Built-to-order Roofs
Roof Paints and Cement

## FREE

*Samples and Descriptions*

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y., Dept. A-6
(or) Thorold, Canada
(or) The Beaver Board Co., Ltd.
133-136 High Holborn, London, England

Gentlemen: Please send me a sample and description of Beaver Fibre Wall Board. I am also interested in other Beaver Products listed below:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

# *for* ROOFS

## *Cut Re-roofing Costs*

Beaver Vulcanite Hexagon Slabs are made especially for re-roofing purposes. You simply lay these tough, rigid slabs right over the old shingles. Being extra heavy and extra thick, they lay tight, smooth and flat. Their design insures fast, accurate application. You save the expense and muss of ripping off old shingles and get extra protection. Supplied in charming shades and blends, Beaver Vulcanite Hexagon Slabs combine both genuine economy and unmistakable artistry of color and design.

Send for a sample and a copy of Beaver's authentic treatise on "Style in Roofs." Put the sample to Beaver's 6 Daring Tests. Twist it; bend it. Kick it; scuff it. Put it on ice; then pour hot water on it. Leave it on a hot radiator. Soak it in water. Lay burning embers on it. Convince yourself that Vulcanite's quality is incomparable—that its beauty is, indeed, *lasting* beauty.

**BEAVER PRODUCTS**

ASK
how you can now
*Re-roof*
*or*
*Remodel*
and have
10 MONTHS TO PAY

Beaver's Partial Payment Plan provides the way. See your dealer or contractor for details, or mail the coupon.

BEAVER PRODUCTS

*for* ROOFS

Slate-surfaced Shingles and Slabs to meet every requirement of color and design
Special Re-roofing Shingles
Slate- and Smooth-surfaced Roll Roofing—in weights and finishes for every use
Built-to-order Roofs
Roof Paints and Cement

*for* WALLS

Beaver Fibre Wall Board
Beaver Tile Board
Beaver Best Wall
Beaver Gypsum Lath
Beaver American Plaster
Beaver Gypsum Block
Beaver Architectural and Industrial Varnishes and Enamels

*Mail this for*
FREE
*Samples and Descriptions*

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
Dept. A-6, Buffalo, N. Y.
(or) Thorold, Canada
(or) London, England

Gentlemen: Please send me
☐ Details of your Partial Payment Plan
☐ Literature on the Beaver Products mentioned below.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

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# Ask for #895

## Full-fashioned pure thread Japan Silk

Allen A

Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children

Underwear

For Men and Boys Only

Correct style, beauty of weave and color. These have long made Allen-A silk stockings favored by discriminating hosiery buyers.

Now we offer you this hosiery in a special style—at a very moderate price. It is made with the same exquisite weave and finish that have made Allen-A hosiery famous for two generations. And it is specially designed to give the utmost in wear.

Ask for this stocking in the weight you want, *by number*. [See list below]. If your dealer hasn't it, just write us direct. We'll see that you are supplied. THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN.

*Pacific Coast prices slightly higher*

**No. 895** **$1.85** *the pair* — *Service hose regular weight* full-fashioned pure thread Japan Silk. Lisle garter top, toes, heels and soles. Specially reinforced. Dip-dyed. Unadulterated. All shades.

**No. 3785** **$2.00** *the pair* — *Chiffon hose extra sheer* full-fashioned, all silk with special inner foot of lisle, woven inside. Dip-dyed. Unadulterated. All shades.

**No. 3765** **$1.65** *the pair* — *Medium weight* pure thread Japan Silk. Full-fashioned. With mercerized lisle garter tops, heels and toes. Dip-dyed. Unadulterated. All shades.

(Continued from Page 78

those who gave promise of rapid development into murderous insanity were placed on motorcycles and turned loose down the road. To that particular article of an older faith I cling.

I cannot place in memory a single motorcycle that has passed me in a city street making less than thirty-five miles an hour, while observation on country roads has established the firm conviction that the average speed maintained by riders of the contraptions is in the neighborhood of fifty. Adequate description of the manners displayed by them is beyond the weak words at my command; the lengths to which I may go when crowded, or pushed by one of them, are limited only by the opportunities for vicious action which may arise.

One afternoon, a short time since, I was picking my way along a crowded street. To my left was a double street-car track with cars passing in both directions; to my right, an uninterrupted line of automobiles parked against the curb, from which vehicles constantly were pulling out to cut into the traffic stream.

As I edged along, one eye on the parking line and the other on an approaching street car, I heard to the rear that sirenic scream, that long-drawn, raucous whine which is the motorcyclist's threat of impending doom. There was no heed I could pay. I couldn't give way to the right, and most certainly I was not going to sideswipe a trolley car. So I plugged straight ahead.

### The Speedy Speed Cop

The clamor behind me increased. Then, to it was added in the unmistakable tones of a manly male that stream of lurid profanity to which the hurry-hound gives tongue as he closes on his prey. I plugged right along.

A street car approached ahead, and another from the rear. The profanity rang harshly at my elbow.

"What the —— Do you want the whole road? Shrdu! Etaoin! ——!!" howled the maniac as he shot by.

In a voice that was held to be a valuable asset for a sergeant during my army career, I suggested sweetly where that particular driver should go.

Praise be! The speeder heard. Heedless of anything ahead, he turned half around on his seat to deliver another string of malediction. I had seen that he was khaki clad, but now—praise be! again—I discovered on his left breast the shield of a highway policeman. With a grimace intended, no doubt, to awe, the motorcyclist faced forward once more and roared along his way. I saw on the rear of his machine a license tag which established official ownership and presently I saw something else—a welcome sign by the curb: "Speed Limit 15 Miles an Hour."

I set myself to follow that speed cop with both eyes pinned to revenge. I memorized his license number as I trailed him down the street. By the time he had gained three blocks on me while I was going one at fifteen miles an hour, I had worked up a case against him which I believed could be made to stick. I turned off in a side street and made my way to police headquarters, where I did a little detecting on my own.

Next morning when the speed cop whom I had followed appeared to prosecute the motorists who constituted his pinch of the day before, I horned in before the judge to charge that particular policeman with exceeding the speed limit, an offense which I swore was aggravated in that it had been committed in a heavily congested street and had been accompanied by language most unseemly for use in a public place.

Naturally, the cop protested. He had been, he said, hurrying a little in performance of official tasks! He was, however, unable to recall that he had cursed that week. It then became my painful duty to make a liar out of a policeman. This one, I charged, had made forty-five miles an hour along one of the most crowded streets in town with the only possible excuse for his conduct an overwhelming desire to get home. For, as I pointed out to the court, my sleuthing of the previous afternoon had established from official records the incontrovertible fact that the cop against whom I planned reprisal had gone off duty for the day two hours before I pursued him down the street.

On the strength of my testimony—unsupported, too—the policeman was fined fifty dollars by the judge, and suspended from the municipal pay roll for ten days by his chief.

That is additional evidence of the kind of guy I've grown to be.

Twenty-two thousand deaths and 675,000 serious accidents in the United States are one result of automobile driving during the year 1924; fifteen per cent of the casualties children under sixteen years of age!

As I finished the paragraph last above I was summoned downtown. I hurried home at the pink limit set by law, to get down on paper that for the time being at least as far as public protests are concerned I quit, I'm licked, I'm through.

In the middle of a roomy and not overly-crowded street through which I drove just now stood an iron fence three feet high, circular in form, temporary in character and painted a flaming red. Twenty feet on either side of it stood a sign: "Caution—Men at Work."

### Look Before You Step On It

While I looked on, an unidentified but I presume distinguished adherent of automaniac supremacy knocked down one sign, brushed the fence aside with a mud guard and crashed a front wheel to the hub in an open manhole which the structure had been set to guard.

Tomorrow, I confidently expect, I shall read in the newspaper that this driver has instituted legal proceedings to recover damages from the city. The complainant will allege under oath that he suffered mental anguish in the mishap.

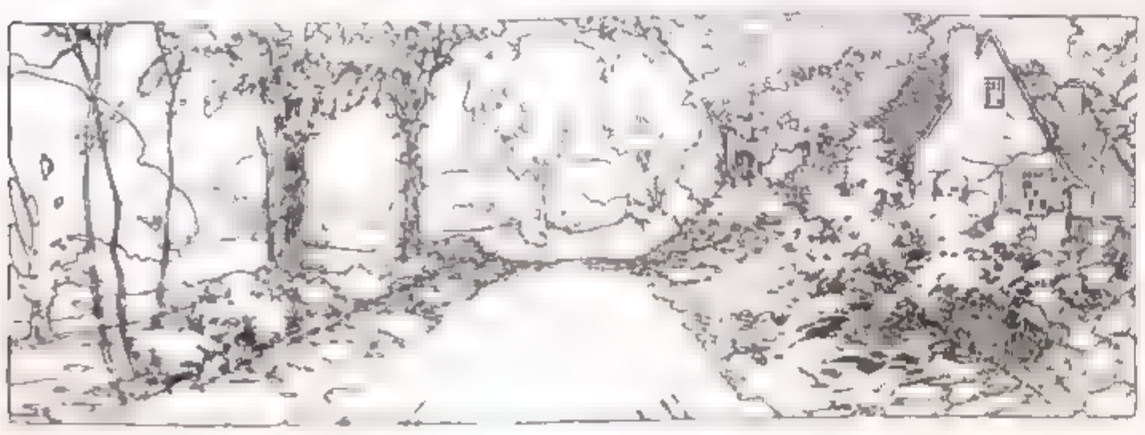
"When You Step on Your Starter Think of Your Motor," is the suggestion urged upon our autocrazy by a firm of advertisers.

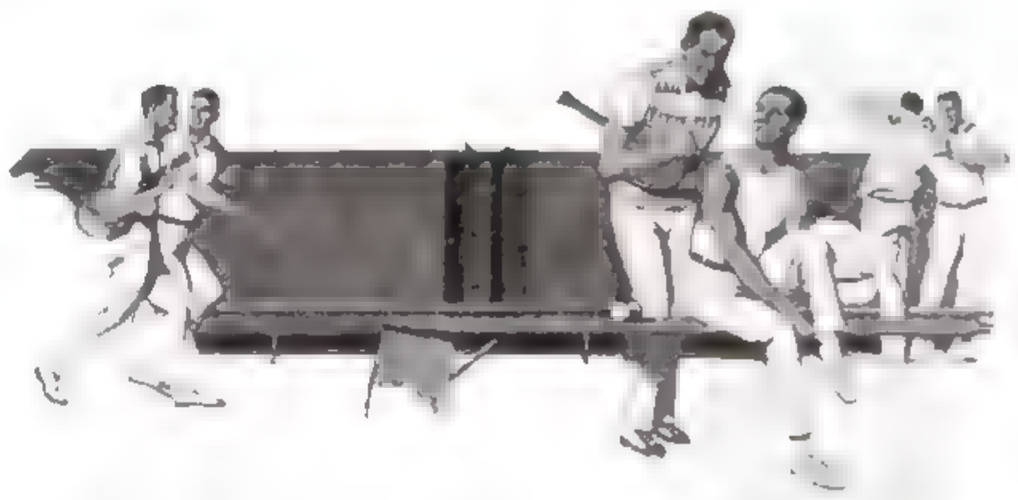
It seems to me the advertisers give a lot of unwarranted credit to those whom they address. The admonition to think presupposes possession of wherewithal. Granting, however, for the sake of argument, that the United States of A-mania is not entirely bereft of inherent ability to reason, I should imagine an advertiser with an eye to preserving a few customers for the future might suggest:

"When You Step on Your Starter Think of Cæsar!"

There may have been no motor in Cæsar's chariot, but—he refused to believe in signs.

You guessed it—Julius is dead.



*In the world's most famous Tennis Club*

# 7 out of 10 wear KEDS

THE great West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills, N. Y., includes in its membership of 800 nearly all of the leading tennis players in the country.

Recently it was found that among the membership of this club, *7 out of every 10 wear Keds.*

Keds stand out preëminently as the choice of these players who demand the very best an athletic shoe can give.

And here's the reason. The unusually strong, reinforced construction of Keds enables them to stand the very hardest kind of wear. Their soles of tough, springy rubber are unequalled for ground-grip. A special Feltex inner sole absorbs perspiration, thus keeping the feet cool.

*In every detail Keds are built to combine the maximum of speed, comfort and long, hard wear.*

These are also qualities that make Keds ideal for all summer outdoor uses—and especially for the active feet of growing children in vacation time. Keds are built to stand the hardest kind of wear you can give them.

### *Just one caution!*

Not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. That's an important point to remember, because no other shoe can give you real Keds value and service.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company, and every real Keds shoe has the name Keds on it. *They come in all the popular styles—and at prices ranging from $1.25 to $4.50.*

### *Free Booklet for Boys and Girls*

*Our Keds Hand-book of Sports contains information on games, sports, camping, and dozens of other interesting subjects. Sent free if you address Dept. A-50, 1790 Broadway, New York City.*

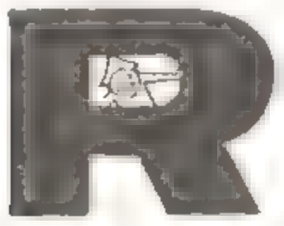
**United States Rubber Company**

## They are *not* Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

An attractive oxford Keds model—designed for general wear as well as for sports.

A sturdy athletic-trim Keds model with the popular crepe sole—designed for the hardest sports and vacation wear. Athletic-trims also come with corrugated and suction soles—and with black, brown or gray trim.

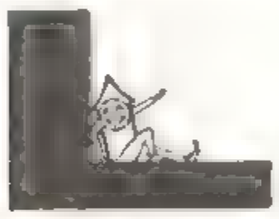
Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting



Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

Good gum is good for you – doctors and dentists affirm this.



Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.

Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's. F 33

"after every meal" – the flavor lasts!

# WHITE FLANNELS

(Continued from Page 21)

"What makes you act so?" she asked.

"I don't know what you mean," Johnny said stubbornly.

"Yes," she said, "you know."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Johnny said.

"You are a fool," his mother said—"a big fool."

Johnny said nothing.

"You think I don't know?" she asked. "I know!"

Johnny knew that she knew.

"You are afraid," she said gently; "you are afraid those boys in New Haven will ask you who your father is."

"What if I am?" Johnny asked desperately.

"It would be just like you to tell them. You are such a fool!"

"What do you want me to tell them—that he is the president of the bank?"

"No," said Johnny's mother. "You will tell them that your father works for the New Haven Railroad. They will think you mean he is a big man."

"You want me to pretend that I am like them?"

"Yes," said Johnny's mother. "At first you will have to pretend. But afterward you will be like them."

"I don't want to be like them," Johnny said. "I want to be what I am."

"Listen, Johnny; do you think I have worked all these years so you could be like me—like your father? No! I have worked so you could be different from us. Since you were a little baby I have wanted that you should be different."

"How different, mother?" Johnny asked.

His mother spread her hands in a quick gesture.

"Every way, Johnny."

"You don't know what it means, mother," Johnny said.

"It means that you will have to go away—you will have to forget Polacktown—you will have to forget your father and mother."

Johnny saw that she meant exactly what she said. It made him feel that she did not love him. She was only ambitious for him—quite ruthlessly ambitious. The tears came to his eyes, ran down his cheeks His mother jumped up and put her arm around his head, pressed his head against her breast.

"It is hard, Johnny," she said. "I do not want to lose you, but I must. I would rather never see you again—never—than have you be like us."

Johnny looked up at her miserably. Her eyes were bright with tears. He had never seen tears in his mother's eyes before. The sight reassured him. He put his arm around her, held her close.

"I won't leave you," he said. "Never!"

Ten days later, Johnny Jacobs, in white flannels that had been laundered as only his mother could launder them, took his match in the preliminary round at New Haven, 6-0, 6-0. He beat the national junior champion in the finals, 6-4, 6-1, 6-3.

Philip took him to New York that night to dine with Walker Crawford, who has devoted more time and thought and money to the promotion of tennis than any other three men.

Johnny, remembering what his mother had told him, that you used the astounding array of spoons and forks they gave you in order, beginning at the outside, was not so unhappy as he expected.

After dinner, Mr. Crawford talked for twenty minutes about Johnny's form. He spoke of Johnny's backhand drive as John Ruskin wrote of Veronese's drawing a profile in one incomparable stroke.

"Now," said Mr. Crawford, "the question is, what college are you going to in the fall?"

"I am not going to college," Johnny said. "I can't afford it."

Mr. Crawford smiled and waved his hand.

"That part of it need not detain us. I have more money than I know how to spend and you are the kind of boy I've always wanted for a son."

Johnny flushed and stammered. He could not bear the prospect of four long years of pretending that he belonged among boys who went to college. But he could not face his mother either.

"I—I I couldn't pass the entrance examinations," Johnny said.

"What kind of a record have you made in school?" Mr. Crawford asked.

"Pretty good," Johnny admitted.

Philip laughed.

"Johnny gets about the highest marks of anybody in the Fair Harbor High School," Philip said.

"That makes it very simple," Mr. Crawford said. "I want you to spend the summer down at my place on Long Island. You'll have a tutor who'll get you ready for the examinations. And the Longview Club is only a mile away. Andy Graham will be there this summer. He'll work with you for an hour or two every day. And there are a lot of young people you'll like."

"But—I—I—but ——" Johnny tried to speak and couldn't.

"My idea is," Mr. Crawford said, "that in a few years you will beat any man living."

"But ——" Johnny began again.

"I'll speak to his mother about it," Philip said.

Johnny knew that he was caught between his tennis and his mother, irrevocably caught. He would have to leave Polacktown. He would have to go alone into that world he feared so much—the world in which he didn't belong.

### III

JOHNNY met the girl the spring he came back from Cannes, when he was twenty-five.

After four months of play up and down the Riviera, from Marseilles to Monte Carlo, Andy and Mr. Crawford had agreed he must lay off tennis for a month. He could begin again when the season opened and play through most of the summer tournaments. But they were taking no chances on his going stale. Andy meant to have him at the very top of his form in September for the national championships. The time had come for Johnny to depose the old champion, the greatest of them all, who had reigned so long.

Andy and Mr. Crawford talked of it, as Cromwell's Roundheads once talked of laying low a king.

Johnny had got used to it in the years at college, with summers on Long Island and holidays in Bermuda and at Palm Beach. His feeling about the people who had always had an assured position was overlaid by his long experience of them. He wore the clothes, used the speech and made the gestures of those whose ancestors had thought so well about money that their descendants did not need to think about it at all, but only about sport. No one, meeting him, would have guessed that Johnny had not been born to the life he lived. No one, meeting him, would have guessed how miserable that life made him.

His mother had connived with Walker Crawford to make people suppose he was Crawford's nephew. His Polacktown past was so completely buried that no one was ever likely to dig it up. No one was interested to dig it up. And whenever Johnny thought of throwing the whole thing overboard, he thought of his mother and couldn't. She was happy just to know that he was part of the great world. She had refused to move from Polacktown. She went on contentedly doing fine laundry for the Pitcairns and reading what the papers said about Johnny, in her immaculate kitchen with the shining range, with the oil lamp hung over the table on chains, with the white-enameled sink and the scrubbed drain boards—the room that would always be home to Johnny.

Johnny felt that he was a hollow sham. He knew that he hadn't earned and couldn't hold the place his tennis had given him. He got a handsome salary for doing nothing at all in Mr. Crawford's Broad Street office, and lived at Mr. Crawford's Long Island home, and drove a fine roadster and rode any horse in the stables, provided he didn't play any polo or do any jumping. Mr. Crawford gave him everything except the right to break his collar bone. His mother gave him every right except the right to assert himself. Where did they think he'd be when he was through with tennis?

Johnny met the girl of a warm and misty midnight in April, the night the Actors' Guild opened its new theater with a revival of Shaw's Candida. She played the lead—a tallish, blond girl with high cheek bones and a wide mouth and that fine air of womanly knowledge that belongs to Candida. Johnny sat watching her through three acts and wondering if she were really old enough to know all the wise things she said, and hoping she wasn't.

Walker Crawford introduced him backstage when the play was over. Johnny got a quick impression of a very young and jolly and warm-hearted girl, a Candida at twenty instead of thirty, before she excused herself to dress. They were going to an enormous party in honor of the opening. Johnny stood beside Mr. Crawford while they waited, getting up his nerve to question him about her.

"Who is that girl?" he asked bluntly after five minutes.

"Which girl?" Mr. Crawford asked.

"The one who played Candida."

"Her name is Rosamund Winslow," Mr. Crawford said.

"I know that," Johnny said impatiently.

Mr. Crawford grinned.

"She's a very popular girl, Johnny," he said.

"I don't care how popular she is," Johnny snapped.

"Good Lord," said Mr. Crawford, "is it as bad as that?"

Johnny was too astonished at himself to reply.

"She's a protégée of Mrs. Layton's," Mr. Crawford explained. "A cousin or something, I believe. She's living less than a mile from where we do."

"Oh," said Johnny, "then she isn't a regular actress."

"What do you mean—regular? I thought she was very good indeed."

"Of course she was good," Johnny said. "I mean, acting isn't her business—her profession."

"I believe she had several parts with the Provincetown Players, and the Guild crowd saw her and brought her uptown last year."

"What I mean," Johnny said in exasperation, "is this: Is she a debutante who thinks it's fun to act, or is she acting because that's the way she earns her living?"

"I don't imagine she has to earn her living," said Mr. Crawford.

"That's what I wanted to know," Johnny said.

"I don't see why you're so cross about it," Mr. Crawford murmured.

"I'm not," Johnny snapped.

He was cross, of course. He was cross until he found himself in front of the theater with her in the warm April night.

"Where is this party?" he asked.

He needn't have asked. The occupants of three different cars were calling to them to come on. But she understood him.

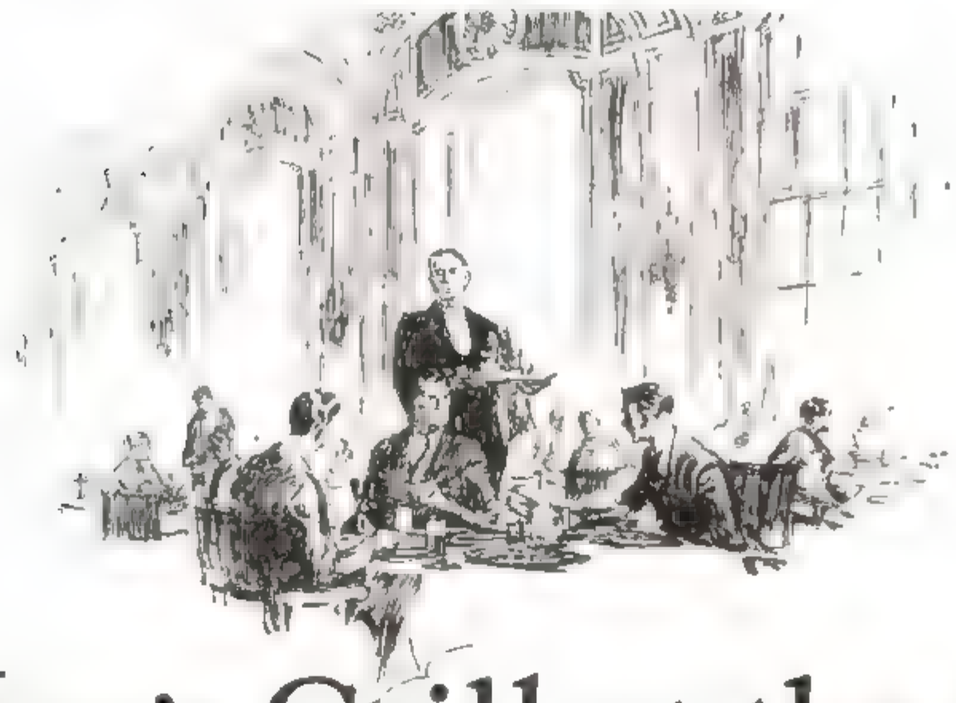
"Just down the street," she said. "At the Carlton."

"Why don't we walk?" Johnny asked.

"Let's," she said, and put her arm through his.

In that brief walk, which needn't have taken more than five minutes and didn't take more than ten, they discovered that they both liked Candida and grass courts

(Continued on Page 56)



# In the Men's Grill at the famous Palace Hotel *they serve it toasted*

SLICES of Raisin Bread lightly toasted, buttered well and served real hot. Here *is* a treat.

Nearly everybody gets it at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco where they serve some 3,300 people every day. It's a "Special," particularly popular in the Men's Grill.

You may have it easily and inexpensively at home. Everywhere now, bakers are making fine Raisin Bread—loaves generously filled with plump, rich flavored Sun-Maids.

And for Wednesdays they bake it "Special."

Try this mid-week treat your baker prepares for you with Sun-Maid raisins. Your family will like it plain. They'll love it toasted.

To be sure of getting it on Wednesdays since so many people are ordering it "Special" that day, give your baker or grocer a standing order. Then he will save a loaf for you or deliver it fresh from the Wednesday special baking.

## RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays

(Continued from Page 84)

and Irish setters and Irving Berlin's music and Charlot's Review and Nantucket and Florian's and Venice and fine cars and Fanny Brice and the Cathedral at Milan. At that rate, seeing each other nearly every day for the month that followed, they ought to have exhausted their capacity for discovering each other. But they did not. They rode together and drove together and had tea together and danced together. Johnny found her everything that he had ever hoped a girl would be. He quite forgot his absurd position in the world in the joy of being with her, or of arranging to be with her, or of watching her play Candida. He was happy.

When Johnny's month was up he had to go to Longview and work out with Andy Graham every morning and go to bed at ten o'clock every night. He couldn't see her often. But he had so many happy memories of her, she seemed so glad to see him when they did meet, that it didn't matter.

"I will say," Andy observed one day as they were changing courts at Longview, "that girl hasn't put you off your game."

"Why should she?"

Andy shook his head mournfully. He was a sad little man.

"I don't know," he said. "But they often do."

"She's different."

"They always are," Andy said.

"Look here, Andy, are you worrying about it?"

"Yes," Andy said. "You've always been one of these quiet, stubborn, unhappy chaps. I didn't worry about you, because I'm like that myself. But now you've got this top-of-the-morning look to you, as if you'd found what you've been looking for all your life."

Johnny considered that.

"I don't know, Andy," Johnny said. "I only know I've made up my mind to win this time." He didn't add that when he had won he would be free.

"That's all you've needed for the last two years," Andy said.

"What?" Johnny asked, startled.

"You heard me," Andy said. "You're better than he is—you've been better for a long time now, but your heart wasn't in it."

"It is now," Johnny said.

"Then you'll win."

Johnny laughed.

"I wish I thought it was as easy as that."

"I didn't say it would be easy," Andy reminded him. "I said you could do it."

*IV*

THERE is always a crucial point in a close match at tennis, a single point on which the whole decision seems to turn. Sometimes the players know it at the time and sometimes they only see it afterward.

The crucial point in Johnny's match with the old champion came in the third set. Johnny had taken the first set at 6-4. The old champion had taken the second set at 7-5. In the third set he was going his very best. He had Johnny 5-4 and he was serving and the score was 15-0.

The old champion served and Johnny drove and the champion drove until he ran Johnny far out of court on his backhand. Johnny just made the get and did the orthodox thing. He lobbed to give himself time to get back. It didn't give him time enough. The old champion knew where that lob should come. He stood back of the point where center line and service line meet, waiting for it. And as it came down he killed it neatly, surely. The score was 30-0.

The old champion served again, and again they drove at each other; and again the old champion worked Johnny far off the court to his backhand. Johnny just made the get and did the orthodox thing. He lobbed to give himself time to get back. It didn't give him time enough. The old champion stood waiting for that lob and as it came he killed it exactly as he had killed the previous one. The score was 40-0. The old champion needed just one more point to win the game and the set.

Johnny stood waiting for his service. He was sobbing for breath after those last two dashes way out of court and back. His knees were wabbly. He had been rushing the net for three sets now and he had given nearly everything he had. But he hadn't lost his head. On the contrary, he had seen on that last dash out of court, too late, what he should have done. He was so far out of court that he needn't have lobbed. He didn't have to get the ball over the net to put it in the old champion's court. He had only to send it past the outside of the net post. And all Johnny asked was another chance like that. He meant to get it too.

The old champion served again. Johnny drove down the sideline. The old champion drove cross-court. Johnny let him have the same old opening that would run him way off the court. The old champion took it. And as Johnny put his head down and sprinted for that ball he knew that the old champion was coolly taking his place to wait for the orthodox thing—for the lob to gain time that he would kill. Johnny turned as he reached the ball, saw the clear space outside the post between him and the old champion's forehand corner, and drove the ball singing toward it, not two feet above the turf. The old champion saw it too late.

Johnny walked slowly back, trying desperately to fill his lungs with air, trying to hold his wabbly knees. The old champion appealed to the umpire. Johnny stood on his baseline listening.

"You surely know the rule," the umpire was saying. "The ball landed in your court and you did not return it. That's all there is to it. The point is Mr. Jacobs'."

"But it didn't go over the net," the old champion protested.

"The old fool!" Johnny said to himself. "He knows the rule as well as anybody. He's just mad because he got taken in, and meanwhile I'm getting my breath."

Johnny was getting his breath and the wabble was going out of his knees and the old champion was losing his temper. It was apparent to everybody in the stands that he had lost his temper, because when he quit arguing with the umpire and served again he served a double fault. On the next service Johnny passed him at the net. The game score was tied. Johnny ran out the set then, and after the ten-minute rest he came out very fresh and took the fourth and deciding set, the set that gave him the match and the championship.

Johnny took a long breath as he walked up to the net to shake hands. He was free at last—free to do what he wanted to do.

That night, after the dinner party at Walker Crawford's, he slipped out into the garden with Rosamund. They walked down the path away from the lights of the house. They paused, as if by mutual consent.

"Rose," he said, "I've been wanting a long time now to ask you to marry me."

Rose looked up at him and smiled.

"I've been wanting a long time now for you to ask me," she said, and put both arms around his neck.

They stood, cheek against cheek, looking back at the house.

"I suppose," Johnny began, "I ought to tell you—no, I won't. I'll show you. Will you have lunch with me tomorrow and go for a drive with me?"

"Yes," she said; "of course I will."

Johnny laughed and kissed her again. The world was his.

He went around the next morning to the sporting-goods house whose rackets he liked best and asked for a job. And when they got over their astonishment at his willingness to give up his amateur standing the day after he had won the championship, they gave him a job.

He lunched happily with Rose and put her in the roadster and drove out the Boston Post Road to Fair Harbor, and turned into the narrow street of Polacktown. Johnny's mother came to the door.

"Mother," Johnny said, "this is Rose."

"I'm pleased to meet you," said Johnny's mother shyly.

Rose kissed her. Johnny's mother blushed and led the way into the parlor she never used. Johnny put his arm around his mother. For the first time in his life he was not in the least afraid of her.

"Mother," he said, "tell me the truth—have you an apple strudel?"

"Y-y-yes," said Johnny's mother.

"Then give it to us in the kitchen."

"Oh," said Johnny's mother, "not in the kitchen!"

"Yes," Johnny insisted, "in the kitchen."

The three of them sat around the table in that room Johnny loved so well, the room with its shining range and its oil lamp hung on chains above the table and the white-enameled sink with its scrubbed drain boards. Slowly, Johnny's mother forgot her shyness. When they said good-by to her on the front steps, she caught his sleeve and pulled him back and whispered in his ear.

"She is a nice girl, Johnny," his mother said. "Be good to her."

Johnny drove back toward town, drove ten miles without speaking, but he smiled often.

"Johnny," Rosamund said, "I like you better—so much better."

Johnny turned and smiled at her.

"I was a fool," Johnny said. "I was afraid you wouldn't care about me if you knew where I came from. And then I realized that you weren't like that at all. You would only mind because I had concealed it from you. And then I realized that you wouldn't mind even that. But I was still afraid of her. She made me ignore her—all these years. Do you understand?"

Rose put her hand on his arm gently.

"Of course I understand."

"I wonder if you do," Johnny said. "I think sometimes it isn't possible for people who have always had all the things that money means to understand the feelings of people who haven't."

"Do you think that I've always had money, Johnny?"

"Aren't you Mrs. Layton's cousin?"

"No more than you are Walker Crawford's nephew," Rosamund said. "I have earned my own living since I was fifteen."

Johnny stopped the car beside the road and looked at her.

"Some day," Rosamund said, "I'll take you to see my mother. She lives in a mining town in Pennsylvania, and she has a kitchen just as neat and shining as your mother's. My father is a coal miner—a Pole."

"But your name!" Johnny protested. "Winslow isn't a Polish name."

"No," Rosamund said. "Winslow is merely the nearest an American mine boss could get to Wenczalav."

For a long time they looked into each other's eyes.

"Then," Johnny said, "it's really true—you are the one girl in the world for me. We just naturally understand each other."

"Yes," she said softly, "we just naturally understand each other."

# A SWEET BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 19)

and silver, silks and satins, ribbons, embroideries, beaten brass and hammered silver have entered into keen competition to provide suitable housing for the transient sweets. Moreover, as the container is permanent, it generally has a secondary use to which it is adapted after the candies are used. It may be designed for a jewel case, a stationery box, a puff box, a work basket, a pin holder, a flower bowl, a powder jar.

Yet with all the exquisiteness of workmanship and the diversities of design, sometimes an occasion is so very special that a holder must be brought to the confectioner's and filled. A young man had an old Venetian bridal chest lined with satin and packed with candy.

"It has been in our family for generations," he said, "and is always the engagement gift from the oldest son to his fiancée. I want to make a little concession to Miss Eldridge's candy fondness, so I am combining the two."

But he took no chances with the chest, waiting in his motor until the delicate folds of satin were arranged and the soft bonbons were incased.

The regular holidays, however, are the special boon of the candy manufacturer and retailer. New Year's Day, St. Valentine's Day, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, Saint Patrick's, Easter, Mother's Day, Flag Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Halloween, Thanksgiving and Christmas are all candy days. But the best three days are Christmas, Easter and Mother's Day.

Easter is children's time, and the greatest amount of traffic is done in confections that have an appeal to the youthful customer—rabbits, eggs, animals of all kinds, novelties in clear candies and milk chocolates. Mother's Day sees an immense volume in one and two pound boxes, particularly the ones with the appropriate cover design.

But Christmas is the biggest in both volume and outlay of all the year. Hard times affect that candy season least of all. The reasons are obvious. Persons who have been in the habit of buying high-priced boxes may drop to a less expensive kind. But others who bought jewelry or an expensive trinket often drop to a very fine box of candy. Hundreds of fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and thirty dollar boxes of candy are purchased during the two weeks before December twenty-fifth. Yet the French box of seventy-five or eighty dollars that was so popular a few years ago has almost disappeared. Reckless candy buying became *passé* during the war and has had no new vogue.

The generous, slightly tipsy soul who would herd half a dozen selected beauties into a confectioner's and say, "Th' plashe is yours, girlsh, help yourselfs. An' remember, the sky's the limit," has vanished utterly. Now, after he treats everyone to drinks and helps himself, he is dead or broke or both. So the sky may be his limit literally, but not figuratively any more.

Isolated cases of candy prodigality stand out. An old negro has been buying expensive confections for the past twenty-five years. He appears only on Christmas Eve and then he has his formula.

"I'se another milestone furder, but my Emmeline, she still have her sweet toof."

The toof may be showing signs of service, however, for though he shows the same desire to get a container that "wallops fifty dollars," he is very careful to choose chocolates and bonbons with softest of centers.

Any large buying is likely to be by churches, Sunday schools, fraternal organizations, and other group units. Such buying is generally in bulk and does not deal much in fancies.

In fact, the large novelties have a much smaller place both in the merchant's heart and in the public's than formerly. A manufacturer stated the case concisely: "Baskets woven from fine strands of candy and filled with spun sugar are very lovely as a nesting place for ices, especially if they are decorated with hard candy roses, sweet peas or valley lilies. But it takes the most

(Continued on Page 91)

# "This is the Place"—

"They refinished this car of mine in less than a fortnight. See what a wonderful job they did. It's an *authorized* shop where you're sure of Genuine Duco—that's what the sign means."

• • •

These authorized Duco Refinishing Stations dot the country. Their trained workmen are capable of giving you a genuine Duco refinish —*completely* stripping the old finish and actually *refinishing* from the bare metal.

Your old car can have the same finish used by 23 automobile makers. Dirt and mud do not harm it. Sleet, or snow, or broiling sun have no effect upon it. Neither do alkaline dust nor strong soaps.

*Refinish now. It takes little more than a week. Look for the sign or write for name of nearest Duco Refinisher.*

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
*Chemical Products Division*
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*Canadian Distributors:* Flint Paint and Varnish Limited, Toronto

## *What DUCO is:*

A finish of glass-like smoothness and astonishing durability. It is not a paint nor a varnish. It is an enduring finish of unusual beauty, not to be confused with any other—for Duco was created and is made *only* by du Pont.

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There is a Duco Refinisher near you who can put a quality finish on your automobile. A real Duco Refinish from the bare metal. There are more than 1100 Refinishing Shops in the United States applying Genuine du Pont Duco.

It will pay you not only to ask for Duco, but also to be *sure* the shop uses genuine Duco *on your car*. If you do not know the authorized Refinisher near you—ask us for a list of those in your locality.

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*There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco*

**Incomparable Silvertown!** For years it has been the national index of superfine cord tire quality and the unerring pledge of tire thrift. Here it is in service values embracing every phase of modern motor transportation.

SILVERTOWN BALLOONS} for super riding comfort and more enduring performance.

SILVERTOWN BUS-TRUCK CORDS} heavy duty tires for economical, dependable service on buses, trucks and commercial cars.

SILVERTOWN CORDS}—for those who demand the peerless standard of cord tire value.

Three Silvertowns—three matchless tires—three distinct services! The same regal quality, the same supercraftsmanship, the same Goodrich value.

For you who wish to enlarge upon your Silvertown experience—to carry Silvertown quality into your commercial enterprises—to thrill with the comfort of Balloons—here's opportunity.

All GOODRICH dealers have the SILVERTOWN trio.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

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Goodrich

SILVERTOWNS

BEST IN THE

*Standard Cord* *Bus-Truck Cord* *Balloon Cord*

L O N G R U N .

# SERVING
## *the universal need*

It was inevitable that the Ford Car should ultimately become the most widely used car, not only in America, but everywhere.

In the Ford are found the two basic qualifications the world requires in transportation—reliability and low cost.

Even among those people where the old order gives way most slowly and prejudices are hardest to overcome, the Ford has steadily grown in favor, because it so conspicuously answers this universal need.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY .·. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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|---|---|---|---|
| Runabout | $260 | Tudor . | $580 |
| Touring . | $290 | Fordor . | $660 |
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*All Prices F. O. B. Detroit*

*On Open Cars Starter and Demountable Rims $85 Extra*
*Full-Size Balloon Tires Optional at an extra cost of $25*

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

MAKE SAFETY YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

(Continued from Page 86)

expert candy maker and a helper one or two days to fashion one. The retail price may be twenty-five or thirty-five dollars, but while the man was engaged in this single trifle he could have turned out hundreds of pounds of fine staples."

On the public's side is the increasing difficulty of domestic service. Fewer and fewer spectacular parties are given in the homes, and continually more in the hotels. The luncheons and teas and small dinners which represent the main at-homes are adequately handled by bonbons in the proper shades, or mints or small baskets. The candy trellis with a climbing cupid and trailing attendants, or the inverted Gainsborough hat of spun sugar and elaborate ribbons is of infrequent appearance.

### The Educated Palates

But if there are fewer novelties, there is more general buying—and more discriminating. A candy dealer does not merely cater to all pocketbooks, but to many tastes.

One manufacturer found out what young people like best by deferring to the taste of a large university. He sent a huge consignment to the school and had the students vote on their favorites. He found an overwhelming majority in favor of nuts, fruits and heavy creams. So he put up a box of college specials which stands high in favor with all between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

A retail store kept an index system of customers' favorites, making separate tabulations for age, kinds and usual combinations. From the data there were evolved four best sellers. There is the widest divergence in individual preference. A woman had never purchased anything but soft bonbons. One day an obliging salesgirl said to her, "I would like you to try our caramel special. It is a new variety that has just passed our examiners and is delicious."

An hour later the customer was back with the box opened and one candy piece missing. "Keep your specials all you want. This candy is stale. I had to chew it a dozen times—and then I could not swallow it."

Caramels, irrespective of freshness, do not dissolve quickly, as do soft creams. But the customer was not interested in an apology, she said, but in her regular candy.

"Give me a box containing all the kinds of nut confections that you have," was a man's order.

Bonbons filled with marzipan, pistache creams, peanut-butter candies were slipped into the box beside the chocolate-coated pecans, almonds and Brazil nuts. The man was furious when he saw the box.

"I asked for nuts," he pointed out, "and you have given me half a box of creams."

So the nut creams, which are among the most expensive of all candies, were removed and whole coated nuts were substituted.

With a public taste that is so fastidious, it is necessary not only to make many kinds of candy, but to make them very well. Fifty years ago the Confectioners' Journal named as the essentials of boiling sugar the small thread, the large thread, the small pearl, the large pearl, the blow, the feather, the ball, the crack and the caramel, and added: "These are the mysteries of confectionery."

Now there are no mysteries, for the public usually has access to a confectioner's plant. But any lacks in mystery are made up by the complication of the process. Candy is a great deal more than cooked sugar; in fact, the confectioners use only 8 per cent of the nation's sugar supply. The price of candy is very little affected by the price of sugar, since the latter acts more as a vehicle that carries the expensive flavorings. Sugar may be seven or eight cents a pound, while the nuts range from fifty cents to three dollars, and vanilla averages thirteen dollars a pound. Vanilla is an orchid, and the price of the bean shows a close financial affinity to the flower as well.

The fineness of candy depends upon its purity. This means that the factories must be clean. A government inspector after a thorough-going trip through a plant said, "I might as well tell you that I shall have to hand in an adverse report."

Amazement, incredulity and presently anger showed on the face of the firm representative. The factory was one of the most careful in the country, with a quality standing of three-quarters of a century. "Where did you see signs of uncleanliness?" he asked in an unfriendly voice.

"In the sugar," was the answer. "It was very dirty."

The dirt proved to be ground vanilla, and was worth twenty-six dollars.

"Rich dirt," agreed the inspector, when the point had been cleared and amicable relations restored.

### Candy for Convalescents

As a matter of fact, candy would not stay fresh if there were any carelessness in the making. The best ingredients must be used, and the markets of the world are combed for them. Spain supplies nuts and apricots, Italy cherries, France vegetable flavorings, India cinnamon, Panama carmine, Cuba sugar, Hawaii pineapple, Mexico honey and nuts, Holland gelatin, Brazil cocoa.

The imports are in quantities too. In 1924 there were 2,516,843 bags of cocoa beans imported; and from Mexico alone 1,397,244 pounds of pecans. In the month of December alone thirteen countries shipped to us cane sugar amounting to 296,042,192 pounds.

The quantity is not allowed to affect the quality, however. Every shipment is tested in the factory by an expert chemist. Nuts and fruits—strawberries, cherries, oranges, lemons, pineapples—are incubated. When the slow warmth penetrates them any germ life has opportunity to quicken. If the incubation shows small worms, tiny bugs or signs of decay the consignment is not accepted.

This very purity in the hands of the far-seeing advertising men is constantly developing new fields of candy use. Hospitals are buying it, certain doctors are ordering it for convalescent patients, some surgeons give a small amount to a patient before an operation to keep up the strength.

Its indorsement by medical men is a curious cycle, since candy was a part of medicine before it became a separate industry. Physicians confectionized certain noxious drugs to make them palatable as well as beneficial, long before anyone thought of a sweetmeat.

### Eat and Keep Thin

New uses, as well as the keen existing competition, are giving candy the widest possible distribution. Aside from the numerous shops that handle only candy, it is a side line in cigar stores, stationers', jewelry shops, novelty shops, pharmacies. It appears in office buildings, hotels, even in elevators. In fact, the smallest candy store I have ever seen is conducted by an elevator operator who keeps his stock in neat piles on a wide-topped stool. When the Atlantic Squadron went on cruise, not whisky or rum, but 40,000 pounds of candy were stored in the hold, as a stimulant for the men.

A man was so impressed by the possibilities of candy that he addressed a long letter to an advertising manager and said, "I can tell you of a point that you have left untouched in your advertising. Eat candy to keep thin."

The manager, a most courteous individual, answered the letter and said that the matter had not been brought to his attention, and asked for further data.

The answer was illuminating: "You advertise 'Eat and keep thin'; and this is the way. Advise those who are wanting to reduce to eat three pieces of your candy before meals. As a matter of fact, when they eat the candy their appetite will leave them, so they will eat less at the table. Therefore they will become thin."

The method sounds practical, but the manager has never gotten around to trying it out.

Other managers have developed other ingenious ideas, however. We cannot make sugar from fir needles as the Indians of British Columbia can, but we have a chewing gum that blows pink candy bubbles! We do not fill an unbroken eggshell with nougat and nuts as the Chinese do, but we have a combination balloon and all-day sucker that can be used an entire day before the mouthpiece is consumed.

No wonder then that the candy industry is called a billion-dollar one and ranks thirty-fifth in size and value of output.

Pleece Lake in the Adirondacks

Made in our own factories and sold only through our own stores

THE Hanover Shoe
FIVE DOLLARS

No matter how much you've been paying for shoes, no matter how critical you are, you'll quickly appreciate the superb style, sound construction and unprecedented value offered in Hanover Shoes. Write for catalog.

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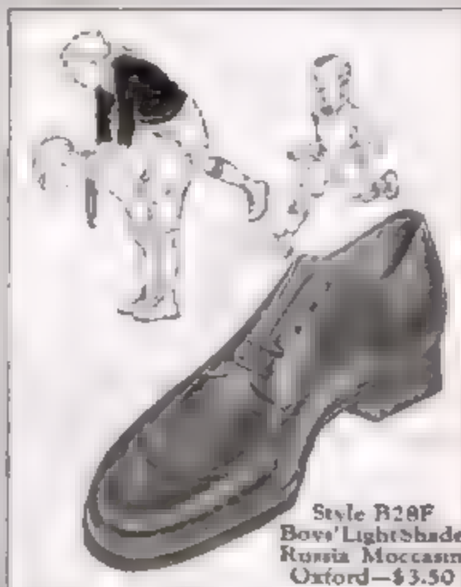


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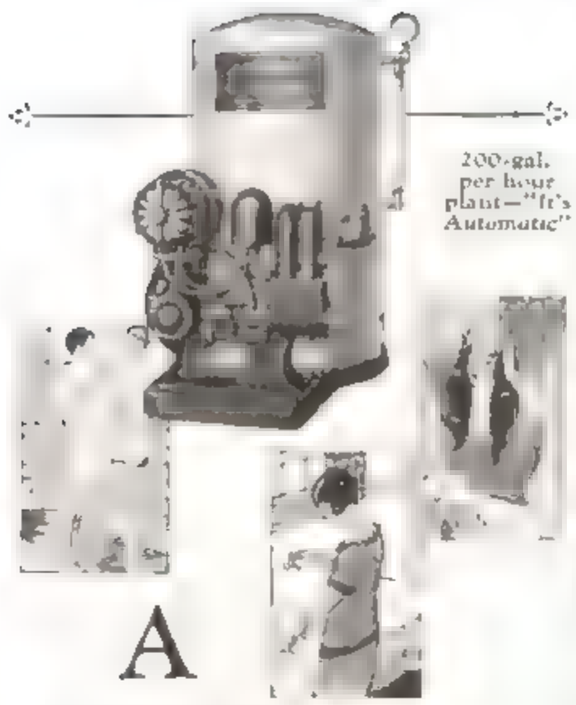


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EVEN though you live beyond the reach of city water mains, you can easily have all the comforts and conveniences of water under pressure. At the mere turn of a faucet you can have *all* the water you want in bathroom, kitchen, laundry, barn, watering trough —*any place* about the home or farm.

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No longer will you have the drudgery of pumping and carrying bucket after bucket of water.

*Greater Health*

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You can install a Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant *at a cost of less than half the average assessment for a city water main!*

*No Matter Where You Live*

you can have water under pressure. There is a Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant for drawing water from any source—lake, spring, stream, deep well, shallow well, cistern. Furnished to operate on electric, kerosene or gasoline power. Operation of electric plants is automatic—self-starting, self-priming, self-oiling. Installation is quick and easy.

See the local Fairbanks-Morse dealer. Write to us if you do not know his name.

*Send for free 32-page Water Service Book*

There are eight chapters in the book which contain very valuable information and answer all questions concerning water under pressure. Send the coupon for a free copy.

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# SAM IN THE SUBURBS

(Continued from Page 36)

his hand and his stick dangling from his arm, it was as if a tornado had passed through the interior of San Rafael, and Kay, having seen him off, went out into the garden to try to recover.

It was a pleasant, sunny morning, and she made for her favorite spot, the shade of the large tree that hung over the edge of the lawn, a noble tree, as spreading as that which once sheltered the Village Blacksmith. Technically, this belonged to Mon Repos, its roots being in the latter's domain; but its branches had grown out over the fence, and San Rafael, with that injustice which is so marked a feature of human affairs, got all the benefit of its shade.

Seated under this, with a gentle breeze ruffling her hair, Kay gave herself up to meditation.

She felt worried and upset and in the grip of one of her rare moods of despondency. She had schooled herself to pine as little as possible for the vanished luxury of Midways, but when she did so pine it was always at this time of the day. For although she had adjusted herself with almost complete success to the conditions of life at San Rafael, she had not yet learned to bear up under the suburban breakfast.

At Midways the meal had been so leisurely, so orderly, so spacious, so redolent of all that is most delightful in the country life of the wealthy; a meal of soft murmurs and rustling papers, of sunshine falling on silver in the summer, of crackling fires in winter; a take-your-time meal; a thing of dignity and comfort. Breakfast at San Rafael was a mere brutish bolting of food, and it jarred upon her afresh each morning.

The breeze continued to play in her hair. Birds hopped upon the grass. Someone down the road was using a lawn mower. Gradually the feeling of having been jolted and shaken by some rude force began to pass from Kay, and she was just reaching the stage where, reëstablishing connection with her sense of humor, she would be able to look upon the amusing side of the recent scramble, when from somewhere between earth and heaven there spoke a voice.

"Oo-oo!" said the voice.

Kay was puzzled. Though no ornithologist, she had become reasonably familiar with the distinctive notes of such of our feathered chums as haunted the garden of San Rafael, and this did not appear to be one of them.

"I see you," proceeded the voice lovingly. "How's your pore head, dearie?"

The solution of the mystery presented itself at last. Kay raised her eyes and beheld, straddled along a branch almost immediately above her, a lean, stringy man of ruffianly aspect, his naturally unlovely face rendered additionally hideous by an arch and sentimental smile. For a long instant this person goggled at her, and she stared back at him. Then, with a gasp that sounded confusedly apologetic, he scrambled back along the branch like an anthropoid ape, and dropping to earth beyond the fence, galloped bushwards up the garden.

Kay sprang to her feet. She had been feeling soothed, but now a bubbling fury had her in its grip. It was bad enough that outcasts like Sam Shotter should come and camp themselves next door to her. It was bad enough that they should annoy her uncle, a busy man, with foolish questions about what she had been like as a child and whether she had ever done her hair differently. But when their vile retainers went to the length of climbing trees and chirruping at her out of them, the situation, it seemed to her, passed beyond the limit up to which a spirited girl may reasonably be expected to endure.

She returned to the house, fermenting, and as she reached the hall the front doorbell rang.

Technically, when the front doorbell of San Rafael rang, it was Claire Lippett's duty to answer it, but Claire was upstairs making beds. Kay stalked across the hall, and, having turned the handle, found confronting her a young woman of spectacular appearance, clad in gorgeous raiment and surmounted by a bird-of-paradise-feathered hat so much too good for her that Kay's immediate reaction of beholding it was one of simple and ignoble jealousy. It was the sort of hat she would have liked to be able to afford herself, and its presence on the dyed hair of another cemented the prejudice which that other's face and eyes had aroused within her.

"Does a guy named Shotter live here?" asked the visitor. Then, with the air of one remembering a part and with almost excessive refinement, "Could I see Mr. Shotter, if you please?"

"Mr. Shotter lives next door," said Kay frostily.

"Oh, thank yaw. Thank yaw so much."

"Not at all," said Kay.

She shut the door and went into the drawing-room. The feeling of being in a world bounded north, east, south and west by Sam Shotter had thoroughly poisoned her day.

She took pen, ink and paper and wrote viciously for a few moments.

"Claire," she called.

"'Ullo!" replied a distant voice.

"I'm leaving a note on the hall table. Will you take it next door sometime?"

"Right-ho!" bellowed the obliging Miss Lippett.

### XVI

SAM was preparing to leave for the office when his visitor arrived. He had, indeed, actually opened the front door.

"Mr. Shottah?"

"Yes," said Sam. He was surprised to see Mrs. Molloy. He had not expected visitors at so early a period of his tenancy. This, he supposed, must be the suburban equivalent of the county calling on the newcomer. Impressed by the hat, he assumed Dolly to be one of the old aristocracy of Valley Fields. A certain challenging jauntiness in her bearing forbade the suspicion that she was collecting funds for charity. "Won't you come in?"

"Thank yaw. Thank yaw so much. The house agent told me your name."

"Cornelius?"

"Gink with a full set of white whiskers. Say, somebody ought to put that baby wise about the wonderful invention of the safety razor."

Sam agreed that this might be in the public interest, but he began to revise his views about the old aristocracy.

"I'm afraid you'll find the place in rather a mess," he said apologetically, leading the way to the drawing-room. "I've only just moved in."

The visitor replied that, on the contrary, she thought it cute.

"I seem to know this joint by heart," she said. "I've heard so much about it from old pop."

"I don't think I am acquainted with Mr. Popp."

"My father, I mean. He used to live here when he was a tiny kiddy."

"Really? I should have taken you for an American."

"I am American, and don't let anyone tell you different."

"I won't."

"One hundred per cent, that's me."

Sam nodded.

"'Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light?'" he said reverently.

"'What so proudly'—I never can remember any more."

"No one," Sam reminded her, "knows the words but the Argentines."

"And the Portuguese and the Greeks." The lady beamed. "Say, don't tell me you're American too!"

"My mother was."

"Why, this is fine! Pop'll be tickled to death."

"Is your father coming here too?"

"Well, I should say so! You don't think I pay calls on strange gentlemen all by myself, do you?" said the lady archly. "But listen! If you're American, we're sitting pretty, because it's only us Americans that's got real sentiment in them. Ain't it the truth?"

"I don't quite understand. Why do you want me to have sentiment?"

"Pop'll explain all that when he arrives. I'm surprised he hasn't blown in yet. I didn't think I'd get here first." She looked about her. "It seems funny to think of pop as a little kiddy in this very room."

"Your father was English then?"

"Born in England—born here—born in this very house. Just to think of pop playing all them childish games in this very room!"

Sam began to wish that she would stop. Her conversation was beginning to give the place a queer feeling. The room had begun to seem haunted by a peculiar being of middle-aged face and juvenile costume. So much so that when she suddenly exclaimed "There's pop!" he had a momentary impression that a whiskered elder in Lord Fauntleroy clothes was about to dance out from behind the sofa.

Then he saw that his visitor was looking out of the window, and, following her gaze, noted upon the front steps a gentleman of majestic port.

"I'll go and let him in," he said.

"Do you live here all alone?" asked the lady, and Sam got the idea that she spoke eagerly.

"Oh, no. I've a man. But he's busy somewhere."

"I see," she said disappointedly.

The glimpse which Sam had caught of the new arrival through the window had been a sketchy one. It was only as he opened the door that he got a full view of him. And having done so, he was a little startled. It is always disconcerting to see a familiar face where one had expected a strange one. This was the man he had seen in the bar that day when he had met Hash in Fleet Street.

"Mr. Shotter?"

"Yes."

It seemed to Sam that the man had aged a good deal since he had seen him last. The fact was that Mr. Molloy, in graying himself up at the temples, had rather overdone the treatment. Still, though stricken in years, he looked a genial, kindly, honest soul.

"My name is Gunn, Mr. Shotter—Thomas G. Gunn."

It had been Mr. Molloy's intention—for he was an artist and liked to do a thing, as he said, properly—to adopt for this interview the pseudonym of J. Felkin Haggenbakker, that seeming to his critical view the sort of name a sentimental millionaire who had made a fortune in Pittsburgh and was now revisiting the home of his boyhood ought to have. The proposal had been vetoed by Dolly, who protested that she did not intend to spend hours of her time in unnecessary study.

"Won't you come in?" said Sam.

He stood aside to let his visitor pass, wondering again where it was that he had originally seen the man. He hated to forget a face and personality which should have been unforgettable. He ushered Mr. Gunn into the drawing-room, still pondering.

"So there you are, pop," said the lady. "Say, pop, isn't it dandy? Mr. Shotter's an American."

Mr. Gunn's frank eyes lit up with gratification.

"Ah! Then you are a man of sentiment, Mr. Shotter. You will understand. You will not think it odd that a man should cherish all through his life a wistful yearning for the place where he was born."

"Not at all," said Sam politely, and might have reminded his visitor that the feeling, a highly creditable one, was shared

(Continued on Page 94)

# Why COLGATE & CO. paint with Barreled Sunlight

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THESE photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed as easily as tile.

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

(Continued from Page 92)

by practically all America's most eminent song writers.

"Well, that is how I feel, Mr. Shotter," said the other bluffly, "and I am not ashamed to confess it. This house is very dear to me. I was born in it."

"So Miss Gunn was telling me."

"Ah, she has told you? Yes, Mr. Shotter, I am a man who has seen men and cities. I have lived in the hovels of the poor, I have risen till, if I may say so, I am welcomed in the palaces of the rich. But never, rich or poor, have I forgotten this old place and the childhood associations which hallow it."

He paused. His voice had trembled and sunk to a whisper in those last words, and now he turned abruptly and looked out of a window. His shoulders heaved significantly for an instant and something like a stifled sob broke the stillness of the room. But when a moment later he swung round he was himself again, the tough, sturdy old J. Felkin Haggenbakker—or, rather, Thomas G. Gunn—who was so highly respected, and perhaps a little feared, at the Rotary Club in Pittsburgh.

"Well, I must not bore you, Mr. Shotter. You are, no doubt, a busy man. Let me be brief. Mr. Shotter, I want this house."

"You want what?" said Sam, bewildered. He had had no notion that he was going to be swept into the maelstrom of a business transaction.

"Yes, sir, I want this house. And let me tell you that money is no object. I've lots of money." He dismissed money with a gesture. "I have my whims and I can pay for them. How much for the house, Mr. Shotter?"

Sam felt that it behooved him to keep his head. He had not the remotest intention of selling for all the gold in Pittsburgh a house which, in the first place, did not belong to him and, secondly, was next door to Kay Derrick.

"I'm very sorry ——" he began.

Mr. Gunn checked him with an apologetic lift of the hand.

"I was too abrupt," he said. "I rushed the thing. A bad habit of mine. When I was prospecting in Nevada, the boys used to call me Hair-Trigger Gunn. I ought to have stated my position more clearly."

"Oh, I understand your position."

"You realize then that this isn't a house to me; it is a shrine?"

"Yes, yes; but ——"

"It contains," said Mr. Gunn with perfect truth, "something very precious to me."

"Yes; but ——"

"It is my boyhood that is enshrined here—my innocent, happy, halcyon boyhood. I have played games at my mother's knee in this very room. I have read tales from the Scriptures with her here. It was here that my mother, seated at the piano, used to sing—sing ——"

His voice died away again. He blew his nose and turned once more to the window. But though he was under the impression that he had achieved a highly artistic aposiopesis, he could hardly have selected a more unfortunate word to stammer brokenly. Something resembling an electric thrill ran through Sam. Memory, dormant, had responded to the code word.

Sing Sing! He knew now where he had seen this man before.

It is the custom of the Welfare League of America's most famous penitentiary to alleviate the monotony of the convict's lot by giving periodical performances of plays, produced and acted by the personnel of the prison. When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling, in fact, he is probably memorizing the words of some popular lyric for rendition on the next big night.

To one of these performances, some eighteen months back, Sam had been taken by a newspaper friend. The hit of the evening had been this very Thomas G. Gunn, then a mere number, in the rôle of a senator.

Mr Gunn had resumed his address. He was speaking once more of his mother, and speaking well. But he was not holding his audience. Sam cut in on his eloquence.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid this house is not for sale."

"But, Mr. Shotter ——"

"No," said Sam. "I have a very special reason for wishing to stay here, and I intend to remain. And now I'm afraid I must ask you ——"

"Suppose I look in this evening and take the matter up again?" pleaded Mr. Gunn, finding with some surprise that he had been edged out onto the steps and making a last stand there.

"It's no use. Besides, I shan't be in this evening. I'm dining out."

"Will anybody be in?" asked Miss Gunn suddenly, breaking a long silence.

"Why, yes," said Sam, somewhat surprised, "the man who works here. Why?"

"I was only thinking that if we called he might show us over the place."

"Oh, I see. Well, good-by."

"But, say now, listen ——"

"Good-by," said Sam.

He closed the door and made his way to the kitchen. Hash, his chair tilted back against the wall, was smoking a thoughtful pipe.

"Who was it, Sam?"

"Somebody wanting to buy the house. Hash, there's something fishy going on."

"Ur?"

"Do you remember me pointing out a man to you in that bar in Fleet Street?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was the same fellow. And do you remember me saying that I was sure I had seen him before somewhere?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've remembered where it was. It was in Sing Sing, and he was serving a sentence there."

Mr. Todhunter's feet came to the floor with a crash.

"There's something darned peculiar about this house, Hash. I slept in it the night I landed, and there was a fellow creeping around with an electric torch. And now this man, whom I know to be a crook, puts up a fake story to make me let him have it. What do you think, Hash?"

"I'll tell you what I think," said Mr. Todhunter, alarmed. "I think I'm going straight out to buy a good watchdog."

"It's a good idea."

"I don't like these bad characters hanging about. I had a cousin in the pawnbroking line what was hit on the 'ead by a burglar with a antique vase. That's what happened to him, all through hearing a noise in the night and coming down to see what it was."

"But what's at the back of all this? What do you make of it?"

"Ah, there you have me," said Hash frankly. "But that don't alter the fact that I'm going to get a dog."

"I should. Get something pretty fierce."

"I'll get a dog," said Hash solemnly, "that'll feed on nails and bite his own mother."

### XVII

THE dinner to which Sam had been bidden that night was at the house of his old friend, Mr. Willoughby Braddock, in John Street, Mayfair, and at ten minutes to eight Mr. Braddock was fidgeting about the morning room, interviewing his housekeeper, Mrs. Martha Lippett. His guests would be arriving at any moment, and for the last quarter of an hour, a-twitter with the nervousness of an anxious host, he had been popping about the place on a series of tours of inspection, as jumpy, to quote the words of Sleddon, his butler—whom, by leaping suddenly out from the dimly lit dining room, he had caused to bite his tongue and nearly drop a tray of glasses—as an old hen. The general consensus of opinion below stairs was that Willoughby Braddock, in his capacity of master of the revels, was making a thorough pest of himself.

"You are absolutely certain that everything is all right, Mrs. Lippett?"

"Everything is quite all right, Master Willie," replied the housekeeper equably.

This redoubtable woman differed from her daughter Claire in being tall and thin and beaked like an eagle. One of the well-known Bromage family of Marshott-in-the-Dale, she had watched with complacent pride the Bromage nose developing in her sons and daughters, and it had always been a secret grief to her that Claire, her favorite, who inherited so much of her forceful and determined character, should have been the only one of her children to take nasally after the inferior, or Lippett, side of the house. Mr. Lippett had been an undistinguished man, hardly fit to mate with a Bromage and certainly not worthy to be resembled in appearance by the best of his daughters.

"You're sure there will be enough to eat?"

"There will be ample to eat."

"How about drinks?" said Mr. Braddock, and was reminded by the word of a grievance which had been rankling within his bosom ever since his last expedition to the dining room. He pulled down the corners of his white waistcoat and ran his finger round the inside of his collar. "Mrs. Lippett," he said, "I—er—I was outside the dining room just now ——"

"Were you, Master Willie? You must not fuss so. Everything will be quite all right."

"—— and I overheard you telling Sleddon not to let me have any champagne tonight," said Mr. Braddock, reddening at the outrageous recollection.

The housekeeper stiffened.

"Yes, I did, Master Willie. And your dear mother, if she were still with us, would have given the very same instructions—after what my daughter Claire told me of what occurred the other night and the disgraceful condition you were in. What your dear mother would have said, I don't know!"

Mrs. Lippett's conversation during the last twenty years of Willoughby Braddock's life had dealt largely with speculations as to what his dear mother would have said of various ventures undertaken or contemplated by him.

"You must fight against the craving, Master Willie. Remember your Uncle George!"

Mr. Braddock groaned in spirit. One of the things that make these old retainers so hard to bear is that they are so often walking editions of the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the family. It sometimes seemed to Mr. Braddock that he could not move a step in any direction without having the awful example of some erring ancestor flung up against him.

"Well, look here," he said, with weak defiance, "I want champagne tonight."

"You will have cider, Master Willie."

"But I hate cider."

"Cider is good for you, Master Willie," said Mrs. Lippett firmly.

The argument was interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell. The housekeeper left the room, and presently Sleddon, the butler, entered, escorting Lord Tilbury.

"Ha, my dear fellow," said Lord Tilbury, bustling in.

He beamed upon his host as genially as the Napoleonic cast of his countenance would permit. He rather liked Willoughby Braddock, as he rather liked all very rich young men.

"How are you? said Mr. Braddock. "Awfully good of you to come at such short notice."

"My dear fellow!"

He spoke heartily, but he had, as a matter of fact, been a little piqued at being invited to dinner on the morning of the feast. He considered that his eminence entitled him to more formal and reverential treatment. And though he had accepted, having had previous experience of the excellence of Mr. Braddock's cook, he felt that something in the nature of an apology was due to him and was glad that it had been made.

"I asked you at the last moment," explained Mr. Braddock, "because I wasn't sure till this morning that Sam Shotter would be able to come. I thought it would be jolly for him, meeting you out of the office, don't you know."

Lord Tilbury inclined his head. He quite saw the force of the argument that it would be jolly for anyone, meeting him.

"So you know young Shotter?"

"Oh, yes. We were at school together."

"A peculiar young fellow."

"A great lad."

"But—er—a little eccentric, don't you think?"

"Oh, Sam always was a bit of nib," said Mr. Braddock. "At school there used to be some iron bars across the passage outside our dormitory, the idea being to coop us up during the night, don't you know. Sam used to shin over these and go downstairs to the house master's study."

"With what purpose?"

"Oh, just to sit."

Lord Tilbury was regarding his host blankly. Not a day passed, he was ruefully reflecting, but he received some further evidence of the light and unstable character of this young man of whom he had so rashly taken charge.

"It sounds a perfectly imbecile proceeding to me," he said.

"Oh, I don't know, you know," said Mr. Braddock, for the defense. "You see, occasionally there would be a cigar or a plate of biscuits or something left out, and then Sam would scoop them. So it wasn't altogether a waste of time."

Sleddon was entering with a tray.

"Cocktail?" said Mr. Braddock, taking one himself with a defiant glare at his faithful servant, who was trying to keep the tray out of his reach.

"No, I thank you," said Lord Tilbury. "My doctor has temporarily forbidden me the use of alcoholic beverages. I have been troubled of late with a suspicion of gout."

"Tough luck."

"No doubt I am better without them. I find cider an excellent substitute. . . . Are you expecting many people here tonight?"

"A fairish number. I don't think you know any of them—except, of course, old Wrenn."

"Wrenn? You mean the editor of my Home Companion?"

"Yes. He and his niece are coming. She lives with him, you know."

Lord Tilbury started as if a bradawl had been thrust through the cushions of his chair; and for an instant, so powerfully did these words affect him, he had half a mind to bound at the receding Sleddon and, regardless of medical warnings, snatch from him that rejected cocktail. A restorative of some kind seemed to him imperative.

The statement by Mr. Wrenn, delivered in his office on the morning of Sam's arrival, that he possessed no daughter had had the effect of relieving Lord Tilbury's mind completely. Francie, generally so unerring in these matters, had, he decided, wronged Sam in attributing his occupancy of Mon Repos to a desire to be next door to some designing girl. And now it appeared that she had been right all the time.

He was tall staring with dismay at his unconscious host when the rest of the dinner guests began to arrive. They made no impression on his dazed mind. Through a sort of mist, he was aware of a young man with a face like a rabbit, another young man with a face like another rabbit; two small, shingled creatures, one blond, the other dark, who seemed to be either wives or sisters of these young men; and an unattached female whom Mr. Braddock addressed as Aunt Julia. His Lordship remained aloof, buried in his thoughts and fraternizing with none of them.

Then Sam appeared, and a few moments later Sleddon announced Mr. Wrenn and Miss Derrick; and Lord Tilbury, who had been examining a picture by the window, swung round with a jerk.

In a less prejudiced frame of mind he might have approved of Kay; for, like so many other great men, he had a nice eye for feminine beauty, and she was looking particularly attractive in a gold dress which had survived the wreck of Midways. But now that very beauty merely increased his

(Continued on Page 99)

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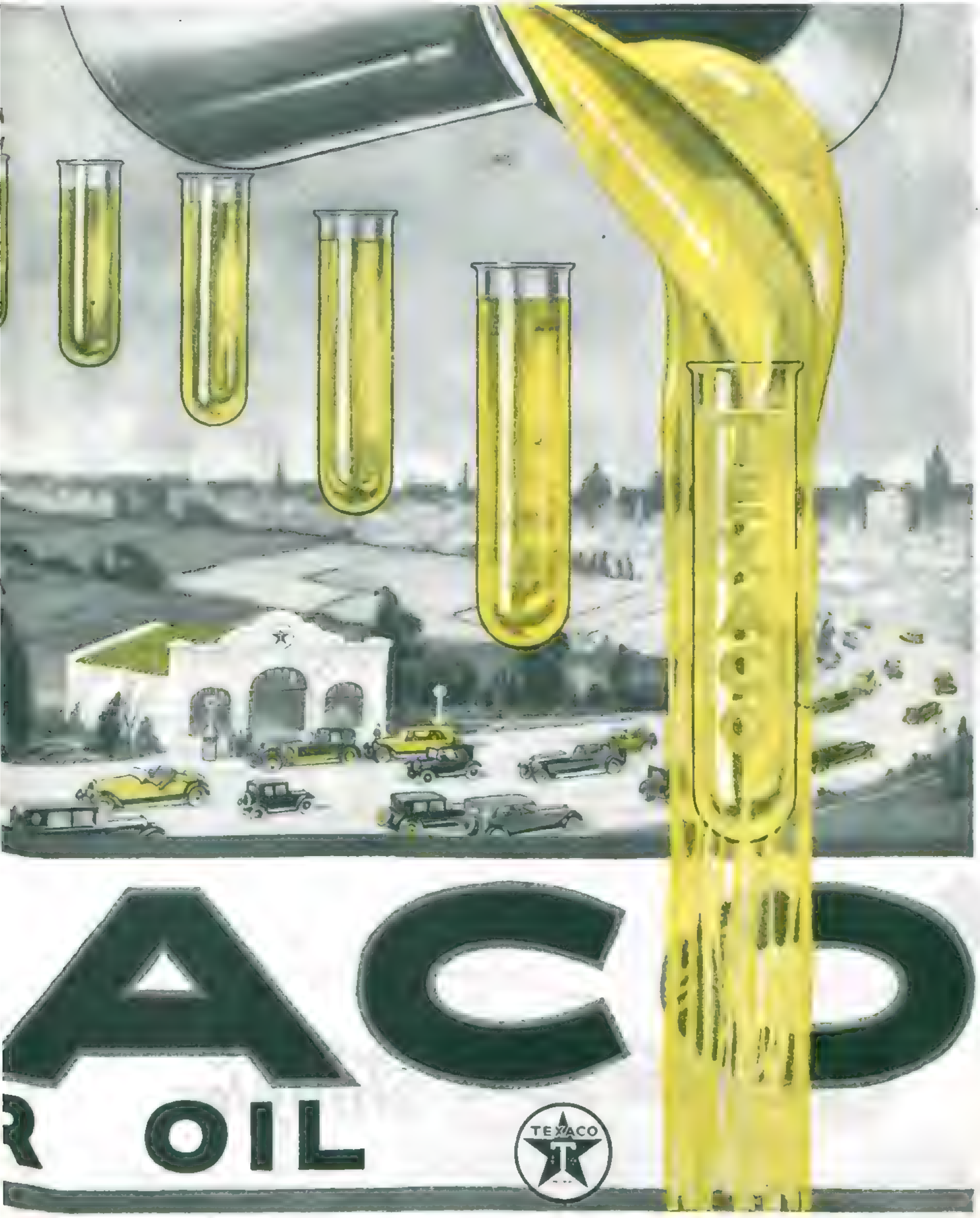
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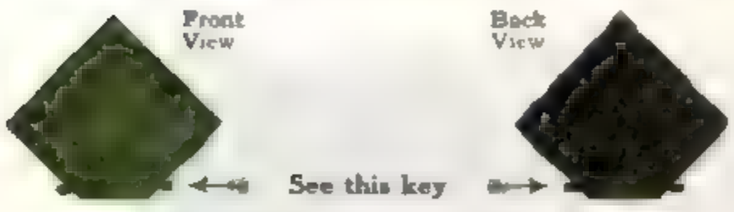


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disapproval and alarm. He looked at her with horror. He glared as the good old father in a film glares at the adventuress from whose clutches he is trying to save his only son.

At this moment, however, something happened that sent hope and comfort stealing through his heart. Sam, who had been seized upon by Aunt Julia and had been talking restively to her for some minutes, now contrived by an adroit piece of sidestepping to remove himself from her sphere of influence. He slid swiftly up to Kay, and Lord Tilbury, who was watching her closely, saw her face freeze. She said a perfunctory word or two, and then, turning away, began to talk with great animation to one of the rabbit-faced young men. And Sam, with rather the manner of one who has bumped into a brick wall in the dark, drifted off and was immediately gathered in again by Aunt Julia.

A delightful sensation of relief poured over Lord Tilbury. In the days of his youth when he had attended subscription dances at the Empress Rooms, West Kensington, he had sometimes seen that look on the faces of his partners when he had happened to tread on their dresses. He knew its significance. Such a look could mean but one thing—that Kay, though living next door to Sam, did not regard him as one of the pleasant features of the neighborhood. In short, felt Lord Tilbury, if there was anything between these two young people, it was something extremely one-sided; and he went in to dinner with a light heart, prepared to enjoy the cooking of Mr. Braddock's admirable chef as it should be enjoyed.

When, on sitting at the table, he found that Kay was on his right, he was pleased, for he had now come to entertain a feeling of warm esteem for this excellent and sensible girl. It was his practice never to talk while he ate caviar; but when that had been consumed in a holy silence he turned to her, beaming genially.

"I understand you live at Valley Fields, Miss Derrick."

"Yes."

"A charming spot."

"Very."

"The college grounds are very attractive."

"Oh, yes."

"Have you visited the picture gallery?"

"Yes, several times."

Fish arrived—*sole meunière*. It was Lord Tilbury's custom never to talk during the fish course.

"My young friend Shotter is, I believe, a near neighbor of yours," he said, when the *sole meunière* was no more.

"He lives next door."

"Indeed? Then you see a great deal of him, no doubt?"

"I never see him."

"A most delightful young fellow," said Lord Tilbury, sipping cider.

Kay looked at him stonily.

"Do you think so?" she said.

Lord Tilbury's last doubts were removed. He felt that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Like some joyous reveler out of Rabelais, he raised his glass with a light-hearted flourish. He looked as if he were about to start a drinking chorus.

"Excellent cider, this, Braddock," he boomed genially. "Most excellent."

Willoughby Braddock, who had been eying his own supply of that wholesome beverage with sullen dislike, looked at him in pained silence; and Sam, who had been sitting glumly, listening without interest to the prattle of one of the shingled girls, took it upon himself to reply. He was feeling sad and ill used. That incident before dinner had distressed him. Moreover, only a moment ago he had caught Kay's eye for an instant across the table, and it had been cold and disdainful. He welcomed the opportunity of spoiling somebody's life, and particularly that of an old ass like Lord Tilbury, who should have been thinking about his end instead of being so infernally hearty.

"I read a very interesting thing about cider the other day," he said in a loud, compelling voice that stopped one of the rabbit-faced young men in mid-anecdote as if he had been smitten with an ax. "It appears that the farmers down in Devonshire put a dead rat in every barrel ——"

"My dear Shotter!"

"——to give it body," went on Sam doggedly. "And the curious thing is that when the barrels are opened, the rats are always found to have completely disappeared—which goes to show the power of the juice."

A wordless exclamation proceeded from Lord Tilbury. He lowered his glass. Mr. Braddock was looking like one filled with a sudden great resolution.

"I read it in Pyke's Home Companion," said Sam. "So it must be true."

"A little water, please," said Lord Tilbury stiffly.

"Sleddon," said Mr. Braddock in a voice of thunder, "give me some champagne."

"Sir?" quavered the butler. He cast a swift look over his shoulder, as if seeking the moral support of Mrs. Lippett. But Mrs. Lippett was in the housekeeper's room.

"Sleddon!"

"Yes, sir," said the butler meekly.

Sam was feeling completely restored to his usual sunny self.

"Talking of Pyke's Home Companion," he said, "did you take my advice and read that serial of Cordelia Blair's, Lord Tilbury?"

"I did not," replied His Lordship shortly.

"You should. Miss Blair is a very remarkable woman."

Kay raised her eyes.

"A great friend of yours, isn't she?" she said.

"I would hardly say that. I've only met her once."

"But you got on very well with her, I heard."

"I think I endeared myself to her pretty considerably."

"So I understood."

"I gave her a plot for a story," said Sam.

One of the rabbit-faced young men said that he could never understand how fellows—or women, for that matter—thought up ideas for stories—or plays, for the matter of that—or, as a matter of fact, any sort of ideas, for that matter.

"This," Sam explained, "was something that actually happened—to a friend of mine."

The other rabbit-faced young man said that something extremely rummy had once happened to a pal of his. He had forgotten what it was, but it had struck him at the time as distinctly rummy.

"This fellow," said Sam, "was fishing up in Canada. He lived in a sort of shack."

"A what?" asked the blond shingled girl.

"A hut. And tacked up on the wall of the shack was a photograph of a girl, torn out of an illustrated weekly paper."

"Pretty?" asked the dark shingled girl.

"You bet she was pretty," said Sam devoutly. "Well, this man spent weeks in absolute solitude, with not a soul to talk to—nothing, in fact, to distract his mind from the photograph. The consequence was that he came to look on this girl as—well, you might say an old friend."

"Sleddon," said Mr. Braddock, "more champagne."

"Some months later," proceeded Sam, "the man came over to England. He met the girl. And still looking on her as an old friend, you understand, he lost his head and, two minutes after they had met, he kissed her."

"Must have been rather a soppy kind of a silly sort of idiot," observed the blond shingled girl critically.

"Perhaps you're right," agreed Sam. "Still, that's what happened."

"I don't see where the story comes in," said one of the rabbit-faced young men.

"Well, naturally, you see, not realizing the true state of affairs, the girl was very sore," said Sam.

The rabbit-faced young men looked at each other and shook their heads. The shingled young women raised their eyebrows pityingly.

"No good," said the blond shingled girl.

"Dud," said the dark shingled girl. "Who's going to believe nowadays that a girl is such a chump as to mind a man's kissing her?"

"Everybody kisses everybody nowadays," said one of the rabbit-faced young men profoundly.

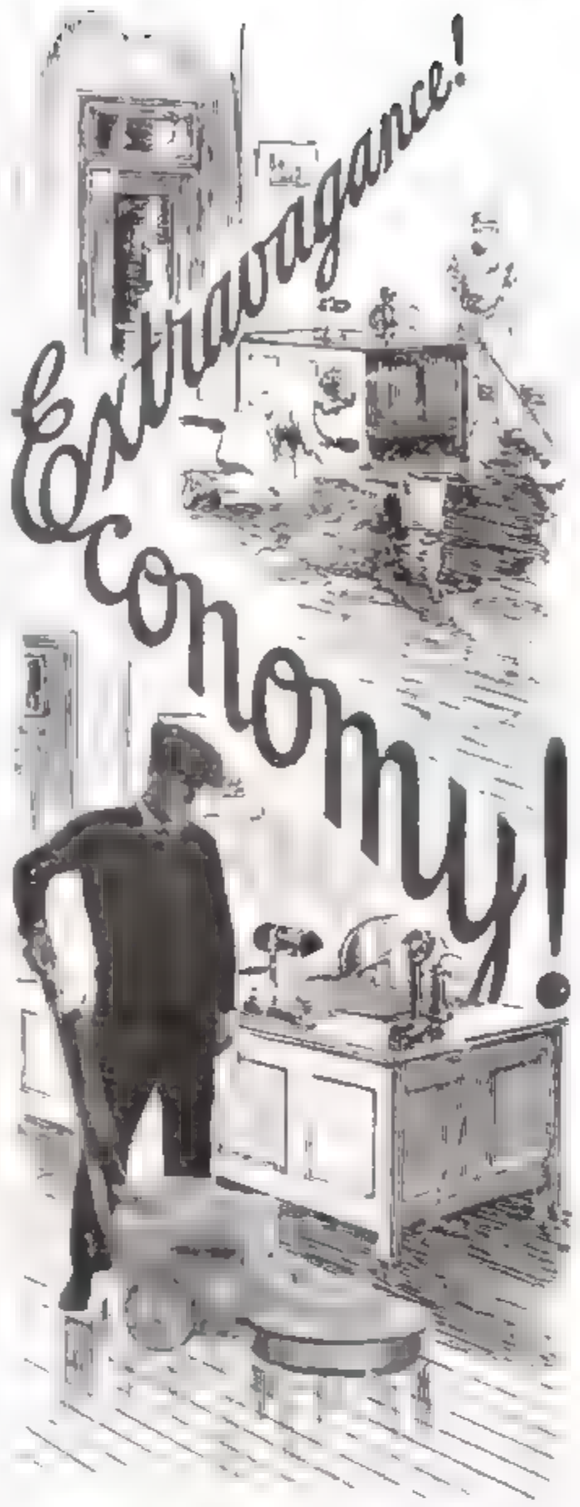
"Girl was making a fuss about nothing," said the other rabbit-faced young man.

"And how does the story end?" asked Aunt Julia.

"It hasn't ended," said Sam. "Not yet."

"Sleddon!" said Mr. Braddock, in a quiet, dangerous voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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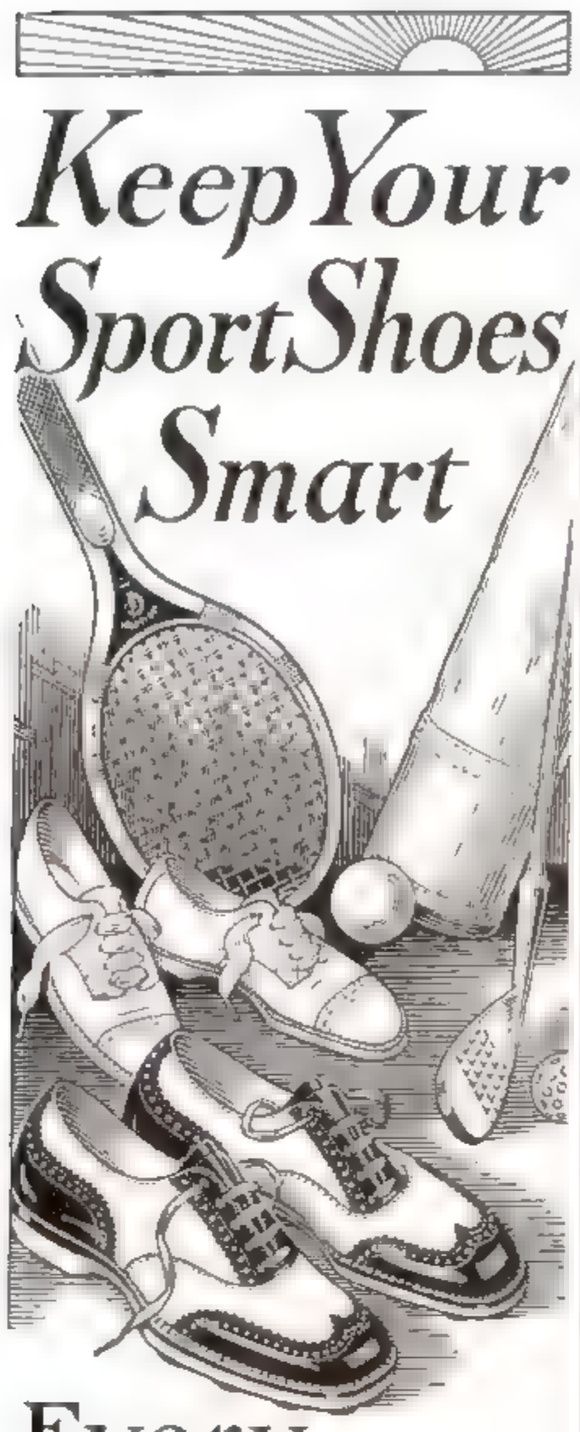

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# THE WINTER KILL

(Continued from Page 11)

"Not for himself I don't mean. I mean afraid for the girl."

"I guess it's her fortunes he'd be shouldering, not her fears."

"Her fortunes—hers? I guess it's his fortunes she'd be shouldering. She'd be taking her chance."

"She might jump at it. Women have been known to in the past."

They were standing up together, speaking in the third person, and suddenly the third person disappeared. She was in his arms. He had a wild notion of carrying the situation off by forcing her to dance. He destroyed this possibility by kissing her. It was all a succession of tyrannizing impulses.

"Over Niagara in a barrel," Gertie said mistily, not looking at him now.

"This won't do. Catastrophe Andy, they call me," he muttered, his lips against her ear. "Everything I touch turns to trouble, as the sparks fly upward. If I go aboard a ship she founders under me. I put money in a bank and the cashier absconds. It's a wonder the earth doesn't open at my feet and swallow me."

He gave every reason but the one reason that might have brought this house of cards, this palace of enchantment, down about his ears. Gertie Roman, undeterred, put her palm over his mouth. It was icy cold where she had had it laid against the frosty pane. She had actually burned a hole there through the frost with the heel of her hand. Through this they could see a light burning in the town clerk's office at the bridge end.

"Mr. Carter's in now," she whispered. "Of course, you know anything that's done would have to be done in Jimmy Roman's absence. It's not as if I wasn't at the age of consent. Once—once it was a fact accomplished, he'd have to digest it the best way he could. Andy, we might be married now."

"Now?"

"Before supper, yes. I could pick up, over at the big house, and we could be gone and leave Aunt Katy to break the news to him on his arrival."

"It seems to me, though, the license has to be five days old, or some such matter."

"Does it so?" she cried, triumph in her voice. "Someone seems to know the ins and outs of the ceremony pretty well. Have you been studying up lately? Well, so have I—by proxy. It so happens that Mr. Carter can be coaxed into dating back the paper, Andy."

"Coaxed?"

"Yes, coaxed. In a good cause, that is, where both parties are marriageable and known to him. And what man could resist me tonight, Mr. Lincourt?"

Light flashed from the little silver globes that fastened her dress below the throat.

"He doesn't live. The man doesn't live," Mr. Lincourt whispered.

"Wait, and let me put my things on then."

Shutting the door to Mr. Carter's store back of them, they were out upon the footbridge. A white moon blazed over the dark-wood township and struck silver darts from the ice-capped bowlders nosing through the harbor water. Andy went fast, moon-struck, across the hundred-legged bridge; and his wife kept pace with him, silent now, and even perhaps on second thoughts intimidated by the fateful consequences of her audacity, which up to this point had carried everything before it. Gertie's arm was thrust through his, and he could partly read in her face the scurrying belated alarm of her thoughts.

A little sheep trotting behind them on the bridge nuzzled his free hand. He made a noise so extraordinarily like that of a sheep that the sheep answered him.

"I guess we understand each other," he said, looking back and down.

The stiff-legged little sheep seemed like nothing but a bunch of wool and vapor. He forgot it at once when Gertie pressed his arm. They were off the bridge now, and she drew him against the cavernous windows of the grocery across the way from Jimmy Roman's house. The lower story here was of brick painted black, and plastered with tin tobacco tags; and the body of the house projected over their heads and was upheld by two precarious pillars.

Gertie, staring across the road, gripped her husband's hand.

"My stars, he's home already!" she breathed. "He's back before his time."

In fact, the kitchen window had blinked at the passing back and forth of somebody between them and the light standing on the mantelpiece. Shipwreck, as foretold by Mrs. Waite. This marriage had been too terribly fierce in its impulsive rush.

"Let's pass him up," Andy whispered.

Gertie shook her head. She stripped the gloves from her cold hands and closed her husband's fingers round them.

"*Attendez, monsieur!*" she cried. "I won't go away without something in the way of clothes. And really we might as well have it out with him first as last."

He watched her into the house, quaking, standing there in a terrible stillness with the terrible house of Jimmy Roman staring him down. Was it possible that he had thought he might kill two birds with one stone like this? Love and hate. To a man in his full senses, they might have seemed an ill-assorted couple.

He listened with all his ears; but he could hear nothing—nothing but the shattering fall of an icicle from the mansarded roof, a dog howling, clumping footsteps on the distant footbridge, his own heart. He mistrusted that that house had made one mouthful of her. It forged at him—he was on the dark side of it now—like a black bull. There was not one line or angle in the whole grim edifice to hearten him. It breathed a kind of deadly hostility and looked capable of falling on him and crushing the life out of him.

What if the girl's father had told her by now that her new husband had married her out of malice, as one of the devices, stratagems, in this battle to the death between two enemies? Could the new husband himself entirely refute that charge?

The blood ebbed from his heart and he felt for the first time the talons of that paralyzing cold. He quaked. How could even heart and brain be warm where there was this black frost everywhere, this ringing and whining of the frozen ground underfoot?

The black water and the white shore met a hundred yards away, and one was not more remorseless than the other.

No longer able to hold quiet in one spot, he swung his legs stiffly across the road, putting his feet into the blue holes left by Gertie's feet. Then he found himself glaring in at the kitchen window.

The kitchen itself was dark, or nearly so; but one cover of the stove had been dipped; and there was light enough to show him Jimmy Roman standing there in a sheepskin jacket, his curly iron-colored hair rising up off his forehead like surf, but stiff as a pig's bristles. He was smoking furiously. Gertie was only a tall fixed shadow opposite.

Premonitions of disaster to his cause actually filtered through the window glass and through the door panels. On impulse he opened the door and stepped inside.

"So this is the groom," Jimmy Roman said.

He had put on the ugly bleak look he had for people who rubbed him the wrong way or set their wills against his in any particular. He spat into the fire, which had grown paler, and put his pipe back into his mouth. The sound of his voice must have reminded him of his enormous powers of banishing trouble out of his way with a wave of his hand. His eye shot sparks.

"Clear out of this!" he yelled.

"Not so fast," said Andy.

But his triumph had shriveled into nothing. He was well served by the girl's silence, her rapid breathing, by that obduracy expressed in every muscle of her rigid body pressed back against the oilcloth of the dresser. Jimmy Roman had wasted no time. He had planted that weapon of his in the girl's breast without compunction, destroying her illusion and her trust together.

Andy stood staring and throbbing, a convicted light in his eye. If only he could have brought himself to tell the girl that piece of domestic intrigue! With her actually in his arms, full of the quick pulse of that joint undertaking, he might have done it; but he had put it off, and now the very planets looked nearer to him than Gertie Roman.

Her father dipped a newspaper spill into the stove and put fire to his pipe, drooling.

"Maybe I'll let my wife tell me when it's time to go," said Andy Lincourt.

"Tell him, girl," Roman commanded.

His fists bulged in the pockets of his sheepskin jacket; his mustache was teased out. Unless it might be Andy Lincourt, there was no man in the county who would have set himself against Jim Roman in anything, let alone this question of possession. The master of the barge Virago—lately a ship—had killed men in Australian gold fields, by his own confession; he had dropped able seamen off his ship's yards, on little or no provocation; he had cracked their heads together and hung them in the rigging.

Andy looked toward the girl, but she was standing in almost total darkness. He could see nothing of the expression of her face.

"What do you say to it?" he managed to utter.

"You've heard—what my father says."

"You just want everything that's been said between us to be unsaid again?"

"Yes."

"There's nothing more for it then."

Catastrophe! Catastrophe of a kind new to him and worse than anything that had gone before, worse than cold, worse than shame or poverty or death. He stepped back, stumbled at the sill, and found the door shut in his face by Jimmy Roman's boot, the winter kill sinking toward his heart.

It was all over town that the marriage had been made and had come to nothing. Andy Lincourt was nowhere to be found. Malice whispered that he had fled from the power of Jimmy Roman's arm. Roman was celebrating his victory over Gertie Roman at his customary haunts. He had tapped a cask of old New England rum. While the Virago was loading he was to be met with at the ship chandler's, at the wharf ends. He was drinking drunk and the glass going lower all the time. At the ship chandler's there was no other topic.

"Must be the law runs pretty thin in this neck of the woods, where a husband and wife can be parted by the father's say-so," Zinie Shadd said. "If it was me, I'd just try the effect of applying to the constable. I'd ask for a writ of mandamus."

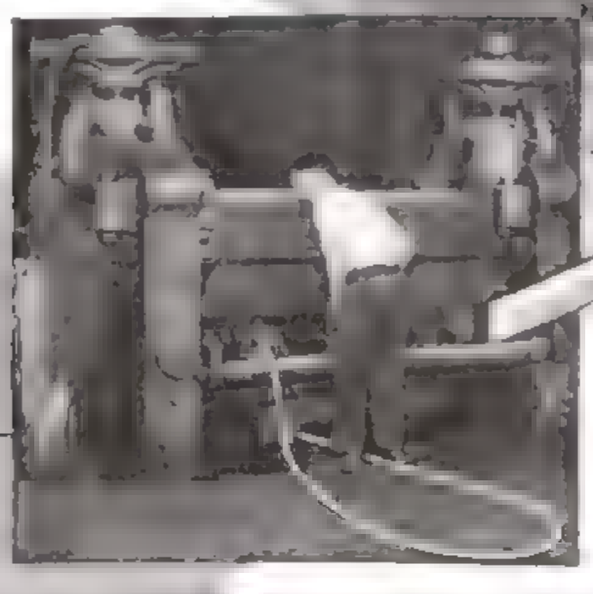
"The tow is going out before night. Leave you kind of short up for time, wouldn't it?"

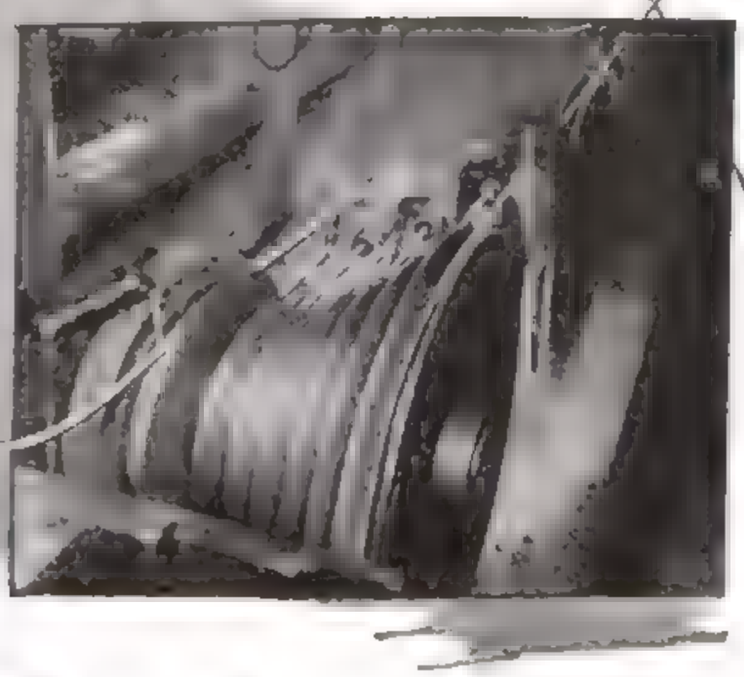
"Going out tonight? You're crazy, man. Not with that under-engined tug. I heard Captain Jethro say himself the crittur wouldn't make above five knots, laden, in a mill pond."

"You'll see," grunted Mr. Waite, called Old Hopeless.

They craned their necks out at the back window dubiously. The day was ugly, bleak and windy, with spits and feathers of snow. The floating ice pans were dusted with snow and the snow was marked with the print of gulls' feet. The gulls themselves were flying high and tumbling in the wind. (Continued on Page 102)

From the furnace the white-hot copper bar is put through a series of rollers. These squeeze it out, thin and long. Then, as heavy wire, it is run through dies and drawn down even to the fineness of a thread.





# A metal tongue millions of miles long

BREATHING FIRE, this modern dragon extends a white-hot tongue—out, out, far and wide, over mountains and plains, till finally it crosses and recrosses the continent.

In the fiery mouth of this great furnace in the wire drawing mill at the Western Electric Works in Chicago starts the conversion of copper bars to wire used in electrical communication.

Here are operatives displaying astonishing skill and dexterity in handling difficult operations. Here are new methods and new equipment contributing new standards in the manufacture of wire.

This too is a contribution to your service. For every material used in making telephones, cable and switchboards, Western Electric is constantly planning ahead to assure an unfailing supply for an unfailing telephone service.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 100)

Old Hopeless tapped the barometer. In his gravy-stained green reefer, horn-buttoned and held in two places by copper safety pins, he looked like a discredited prophet. He could see the Old Prince showing a tusk at him from the harbor's mouth. To the eastward the sea was breaking already, and in seventeen feet of water.

"It's grown colder," a voice said. "Wind's hauled. It's gone round the wrong way though. Yes, it's backened round. I don't much look for it to moderate before morning. It's blowing a living gale now outside."

"It may die away some when the tide turns," Old Hopeless muttered.

"Don't trust it to. You'll lose your napper. Don't you let Jimmy Roman heave short," they said to Mr. Waite.

Old Hopeless puffed under his mustache three times. That was how men talked who hadn't felt the weight of Jimmy Roman's fist or the pinch of his will. If the day came when want would have to be his master, that would be his dying day, in Mr. Waite's opinion.

Old Hopeless looked at that cluster of conservatives back of the stove with a light of vague alarm. They were secure, and their security menaced him, since he, personally, if he could not extricate himself from Jimmy Roman's grip, was a man in peril of his life. They were secure, but only to enjoy their insecurity. On the edge of the abyss, sipping at their pipes there, with one foot in the grave, and when it was only a tick of the clock one way or the other, they deprecated the conduct of a man who would take chances with his life. What was he thinking of, what could any man be thinking of, to heave short, to up anchor and steam out of a safe berth, when by every law and every warning, whether of God or of the Government, he ought to stay quiet at his mooring?

An hour later Jimmy Roman came upon him from behind and smote him between the shoulder blades.

"Looks to me like a plaguy dirty night," Mr. Waite muttered weakly.

"See the signs in the heavens, do you?"

Jimmy Roman's head and shoulders had an orbit, though he did not move his feet at all. He swayed and wavered, limber as rooted kelp in a tideway. Mr. Waite said intensely that he hadn't liked the look of things from early morning, on account of the tendency of those low-lying brassy clouds to climb up with the sun and hang round its lower limb.

"Those southeast seas will make her grunt, loaded down the way she is," he ventured.

"Let her grunt then," Jimmy Roman said darkly. "While she cracks, she holds."

"When she cracks, she splits, I say," Old Hopeless answered. He divided his beard with shaky fingers.

But there was no escaping the man. The Virago's boat, he saw now, was waiting for them at the float, with Ned Larkin at the oars. Gertie Roman—if it was true that she had taken back her maiden name—was already sitting in the stern sheets, her chin held down hard against one ungloved fist. Mr. Waite, swinging a leg over the gunwale, stole a glimpse at that tragically married woman. Well, that was none of his affair, thank heaven. He reflected that it might be compensated to her in the end.

He swung his head about, his eyes blurred, no doubt by a dash of flying spray. They were breasting in on the Virago's lee side. There was a dismal shine of ice on her barklike planking. She looked grim, down deep as she was in the water. Her clipper lines cried out mournfully against the stumps of masts Jimmy Roman had supplied her with in her old age. The scent of tea and silks still seemed to hover round her, though her decks were leveled and her holds full of paving stones. She was another of the proud sisterhood laid low by that man's cruelty.

"She's down deep," said Mr. Waite.

"She'll take the better purchase," said the master of the Virago.

Purchase! So that was how he felt about it. Well, nobody could deny that she had legs enough, and to spare, in this condition; legs enough to find the bottom maybe.

"I don't like it a little bit," Old Hopeless whispered to Ned Larkin when they were getting up the anchor. "It's breezing up all the time. I say it don't augur well, this having a woman aboard, if it came to such a thing as a case of getting away from her in a hurry."

Ned Larkin didn't seem to be concerned. He went on jolting steam into the winch.

"There's some say," Old Hopeless went on, "that Jimmy Roman knows more drunk than other men know sober. I hope so."

"Hey?"

"I say I hope he does, because he's drunk now good and plenty—plastered."

"His brain's clear enough," said Larkin.

It was known that Roman had a cellarful of rum comfort from the West Indies; and most of it had been to sea a year or two, to swash about and gather courage, as he phrased it. Courage it had, and courage was what it was well qualified to impart. Jimmy Roman was the very incarnation of that courage.

"The sea's coming more aft," he roared, putting his head out of the companionway, when they had got a mile or so to the westward of the headlands. "Wind's hauling aft, too, ain't it, Mr. Waite?"

"Southeast, still, I make it," Mr. Waite retorted. "She's sagging in, too, don't it seem as if?"

"Sagging in, no. She's right in line for the Sow."

"Will Jethro go outside the Sow, or inside, did he say?"

"Outside," Roman yelled. He sank out of sight.

Mr. Waite, going down after him for a bucket of hot ashes, saw Gertie lying in her bunk, her room door being open. Her arm was across her face. Old Hopeless tiptoed away, mortified by his presence in that atmosphere of grief. On deck again, he made his way forward with the filled bucket. The hot ashes were for throwing on the coils of the hawser forward, melting the ice off those great coils snugged down around the iron bitts.

But before he could come up with them, he slipped and fell, and found himself in collision with a living body.

This gave him a horrible start. There was nobody forward here that he knew of. Everyone was aft. Old Hopeless felt his soul freezing inside his freezing body. He had heard a good few tales of Jimmy Roman's shooting men down off the Virago's yards in days when she had boasted a ship's rig. He got his toe into a ringbolt and pried himself desperately loose from that unlikely embrace.

He was only a very little reassured to hear Andy Lincourt's voice sounding in his ear. In his panic, he lost the sense of what the man was saying to him.

"You? You aboard here?" shrieked Old Hopeless. "This is the last straw! She won't live out the night!"

By the shine of a white crest that fled forward, hissing along the wet crooked rail, he could half see Lincourt's dark face. It struck terror to his vitals.

"What is there strange about a man's taking passage with his wife?" Andy shouted.

Mr. Waite, groping for his bucket of ashes, said with much agitation, "I wouldn't want the Old Man to know you were aboard. He's loaded for bear."

"Is he? I never heard that you could kill a bear by spoon-feeding it on rum," Andy said savagely. He was drenched to the skin and he looked mad enough to kill.

"Go forward into the lamp locker and find yourself a place to hide," whimpered Mr. Waite.

"Give that advice to Jimmy Roman," Lincourt answered. He put out a hand to Mr. Waite's shoulder and urged him aft.

But now that he was here, Andy Lincourt scarcely knew what it was he next intended. Deep in the shades of the dark-wood township he had put his hand by chance into his pocket and found there the walnut made of two half shells glued together. He crushed it between his fingers and decided that his wife had sold him out.

He went over their relations step by step. She had put herself in his way deliberately from the first. She had no doubt suggested his name to the selectmen as a likely man for that job of strengthening the bridge. She had invited him to tea and put him up to reading Latin with her on the sofa. It was all a trick of Jimmy Roman's, a fool's marriage.

A marriage? It was not even a marriage, the chances were. A thousand to one, there was no such thing as dating back a license. She had lied to him and made a fool of him from start to finish. Ruination.

He ran headlong out of the dark-wood township, meaning to choke the truth out of old Carter's throat. But Carter's place was shut. Looking past that, he had seen Jimmy Roman being pulled out to the Virago with Gertie in the stern sheets.

He flattened himself against a big tin-topped apile until the boat vanished under the ship's counter, then jumped into the first skiff that came to hand and pulled after them. He meant now to take Gertie back by force, which would be strictly legal, he inferred; but managing to get aboard unseen in a sudden snow flurry, he waited, deferring his vengeance.

Now confronting Old Hopeless, he cried out, "How long is this wind good for, think you?"

"Eight hours, more or less," mumbled Old Hopeless. "Then will come a lull like at slack water; you'll know it by the wind tailing away and the water cockling and sizzling to leeward. If he knows his business then, he'll stand in under the land, because any moment he's liable to get a nor'wester jumping at him butt end foremost off the land. He might get driven off entirely."

"Old Captain Jethro, you mean. I know this wind. It can shift like a cat."

"Shift? I've seen a nor'wester clap on and knock a southeaster on the head so quick a man could tack ship without changing her course. Simply swing the booms over to the other side."

"That's my case," Lincourt cried. His laugh was ugly. "Wind first on one side, and then smack on the other, and still I hold my course."

Old Hopeless said, "I swear that tug is sagging in."

"He's looking to creep in under that nor'easter you're expecting."

"It's in a poor time then. The Sow and Pigs is just ahead. I saw the lightship on the port bow a second ago. Fixed red and flashing white. Look now. Look there on the starboard hand. Three points. Ain't that the Sow?"

"That's her," said Andy.

They stared cheek by jowl. The Virago and her consorts were like fat drunk slack-rope walkers, lifted up and let down hard, shambling across a high sea, one behind another, with the cruelest coast of the wickedest ocean in the world ambushed on the lee. These hulls, crammed with paving stone, were old, gutted, strained; loosened by beam seas and head seas and following seas; crook-backed and hogged from hanging out, loaded to the eyes, over space. Rolling masts and failing mast partners had opened the seams; they had spewed their oakum and taken flats mud in place of it; still, they floated.

"Tap your heel on her after part and 'twill drop off like a rotten apple off a branch," Old Hopeless said with an apprehensive eye behind.

There was a sound like cannonading forward, a rumbling; the Virago's tormented prow went sky high, carrying the ghostly hawser with it.

"She's sagging in—sagging in every minute," Mr. Waite repeated. "I can see the Sow coming right across our bows."

He didn't like this ambling along after a one-lunged tug, he complained, like a cat on a string; not even in moderating weather. What if the hawser parted? Hawsers had been known to in the past. What could an old hulk like the Virago do in that contingency? Wallow ashore like a sick whale, that was the sum and substance of it. Worse; she might come down somewhere on these indistinguishable Pigs. And there was nothing ethereal about a shipload of paving stones either.

"There's the Sow again, dead ahead, right against the fore rigging."

That sinister mound, blacker than the dark, standing up stark with the brilliant scintillation on its southernmost cliff, wasn't changing its bearing. At least they were not drawing past it as they should. The tug was losing heart, sagging in. And to miss the Sow was to come into collision with the Pigs.

"She's laboring awful heavy," the old fellow quavered.

"She'll scare you a lot before she'll hurt you any," Andy said; but there was no comfort in his twisted smile. The Virago was taking water in over the weather fence in one long vivid cataract. There was a great hue and cry to windward. A succession of short steep-sided seas came out of it. Nothing man-built could stand up long against such hammer blows. Ned Larkin, writhing at the wheel, shouted that she wouldn't steer.

"Why don't that fool Jethro head more to sea?" Mr. Waite inquired. But the answer was obvious. He was now abreast of the Pigs. There was no turning back. He must go forward or perish. But if he headed up into the wind and sea, all forward movement would be stopped; wind and tide would conspire to set him on the Pigs. If he continued in the trough, there was still a ghost of progress. Inching along so, he might come clear and fetch the Sow after all.

On the chart the thing looked simple. But then a chart is much-simplified ocean. This wicked barrel-chested slop wasn't to be met with there. The chart knew nothing of this wolfish leaping in of hundred-ton waves at their business of the winter kill. The chart hadn't provided against this wind that tore the tops off waves and filled the air with spray harsh as desert sand. They were blinded; the strength was out of their arms, the reasoning faculty dwindled to nothing. Their legs were stumps, footless stumps.

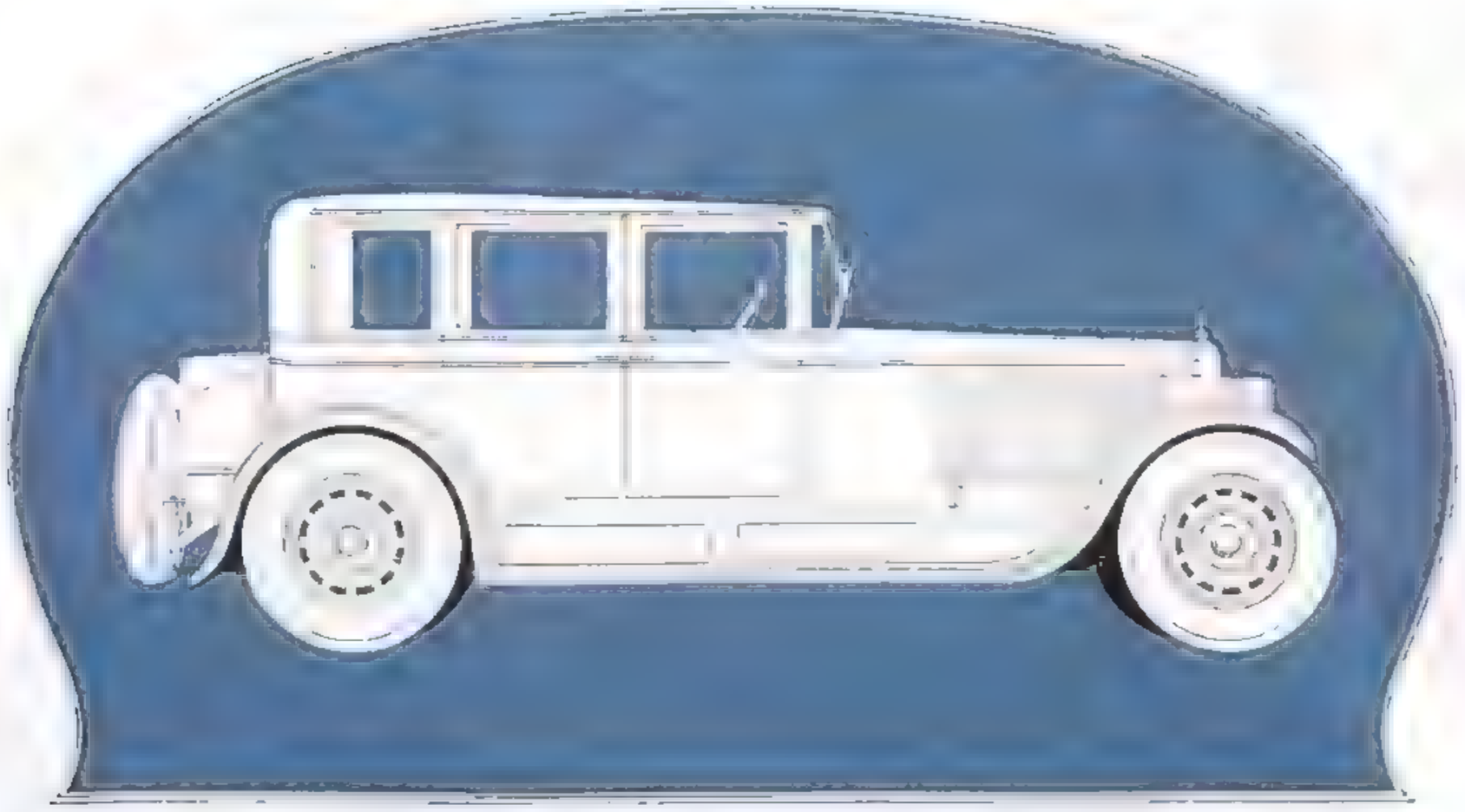
"I'd rather see it come screeching off those beaches than this," Old Hopeless managed to convey.

"We're going to take an awful licking," Andy shouted.

There are the two mercies. A man forgets what has happened to him and he doesn't know what is going to happen to him. He ignores what's past and he's ignorant of what's to come. Once he has struggled on into fair weather, he slurs over the worst of his experience or converts it into reminiscent poetry. He forgets the bitterness, the sickening futility of his acts, the fatal complication in the fact of mere bigness and bedevilment that sap a man's resources and nullify his simplest devices. Rope swells or jams or parts; winches petrify; decks tilt; slob ice molds familiar gear into the likeness of swollen ghosts. Running-gear sticks and standing parts let go. Wind devils and frost devils and water devils act together as if they had a point of professional self-esteem to maintain in the face of man's cunning.

You hear tell of keeping a ship's head into a sea in a storm, as if the waves were orderly and never got out of the procession. As like as not, with the wind and tide opposed, and an old sea persisting against a shift of wind, the thing's at you from all sides, snarling. Nothing for it then but an oil slick. A breaking sea will slide in under a slick like a snake squirming under a blanket; but there was no oil aboard the Virago, Old Hopeless lamented; and already the waves were uglier, more abrupt. They delivered themselves against the Virago's shuddering hull with awe-inspiring

(Continued on Page 107)



# Come On! Let's Go Somewhere

The neighbors have all gone—or are going. School is out. The children are mooning.

It's going to be awfully hot around here in a few days. And this house is getting stuffy.

Come on! Let's go somewhere.

I know a place where breezes blow and someone else worries about the dishes and dusting and doughnuts.

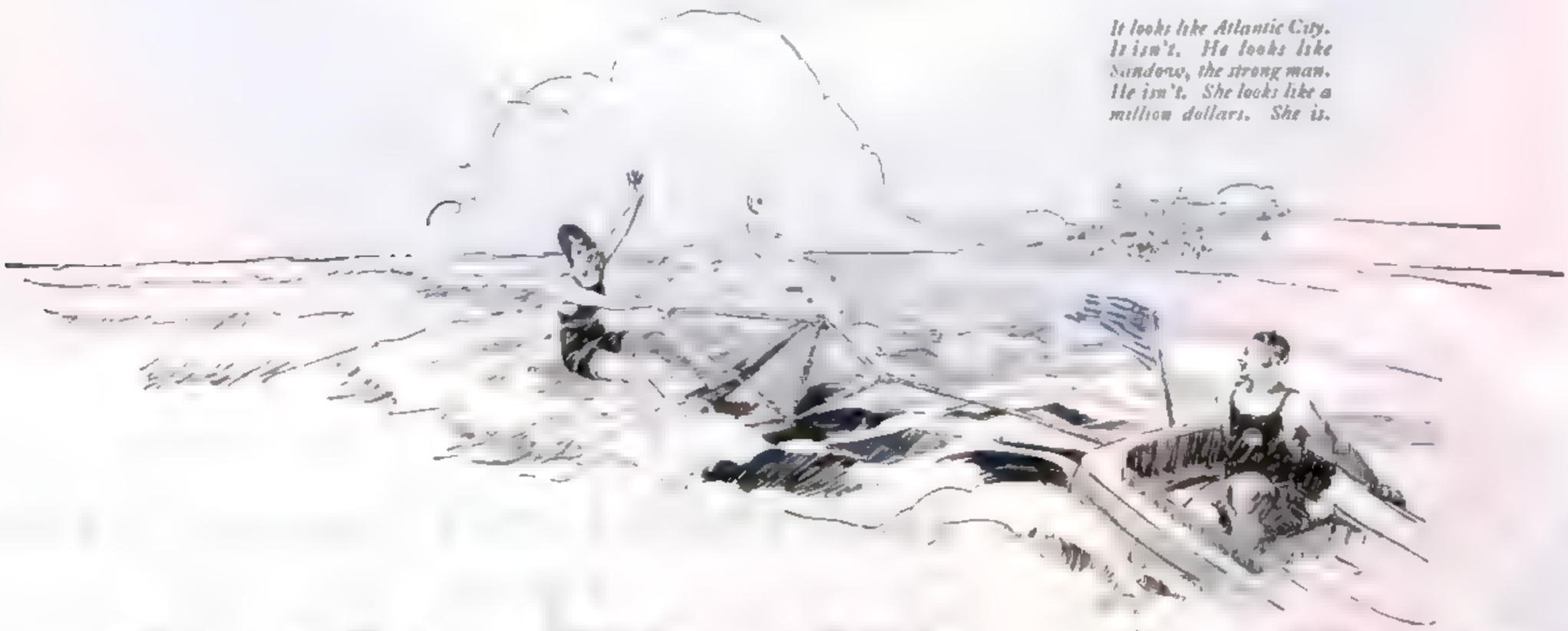
Some place where you can sleep nights and live in the day time. Golf if you feel like it. Swim if you can, and laugh if you want to.

Let's go in a Jordan Brougham with a few things packed in the trunk behind.

Go leisurely. Travel in the early morning and travel in the twilight.

Just for the fun of going somewhere. Just for the change. Just to break the monotony of winter and spring. Just to be happy.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO



*It looks like Atlantic City. It isn't. He looks like Sandow, the strong man. He isn't. She looks like a million dollars. She is.*

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casing—made all in one piece, without seam or joint. Therefore *stretching under inflation* is practically eliminated so that the tube does not *heat up* like other tubes. And it *needs no troublesome flap!* A stronger, better tube in every way, it will prolong the life of any tire. Ask to see it at the nearest Seiberling dealer's store.

*A student in one of the mission schools in the Solomon Islands. The natives use the typewriter before they know how to write longhand.*

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The Remington Standard 12 costs no more than the ordinary typewriter. We will gladly place one on examination in your own office, with no obligation on your part. Easy payment terms if desired.

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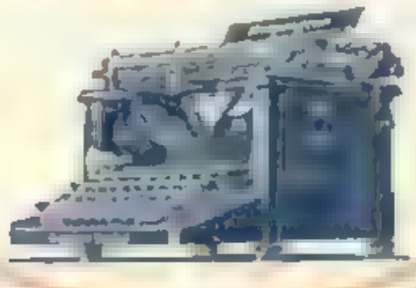
## New Remington Standard 12



(Continued from Page 102)

slaps, spoutings, thunderings. Her deck was just a long ravine of ice.

The Virago was like a boxer, stunned by one lucky punch, not able to stand, unwilling to fall, holding on into a rain of blows with misery in his breast and oblivion in easy prospect. There was no saying what was going on ahead of her. She might have broken in two already for all they knew to the contrary.

"If they saw us from the light before dark," Old Hopeless shouted, "maybe they sent for the cutter. She's all awash now. Those Pigs are right on the beam, by my reckoning."

"Better call the Old Man," Andy grinned.

Mr. Waite would before now have done this; but he was afraid to bring these two bloodthirsty souls face to face. They might grapple and both go by the board. Then what would Mr. Waite's dismal situation be, with a young woman on his hands and no one but Ned Larkin to look to for advice?

"Get you forward," he whined. "Get you forward under that canvas in the lamp locker."

"Get you down," Andy mocked him. "Get you down and fetch up Jimmy Roman."

Old Hopeless capitulated. He rushed into the companionway. Andy, crouching high on the weather side, saw Jimmy Roman come out bareheaded, stagger in the wind and topple round into the dark lee, with Mr. Waite's arm lovingly about his waist.

Andy slipped into the companionway. The ship's motion fairly threw him to the bottom of those stairs. And there, to his amazement, he found himself skillfully deposited in Gertie's arms. He hung one second over her shoulder, glaring at the spider-legged stove fixed to the forward partition. The wrinkled cannon-ball bell of this stove was cherry red.

"Andy! Andy!" Gertie whispered. "Can it be actually you? How did you get aboard? You're wringing wet."

"Wet, yes. I'll be wetter before I'm dryer, maybe," he muttered.

He felt twisted, tied into a knot, helpless in those arms. He had never known her to exert her strength like this. He felt like breaking into tears. It must be her craft. He saw himself walking with her on that footbridge, with the little lamb trotting behind them. What had she been up to then? What was she up to now?

His presence here was his retaliation. The presence of Catastrophe Andy deliberately imposed on her. Ships foundered under him. He carried wreck and ruin in his coat pocket, and he had come aboard the Virago to drop them out on her decks. It was likely enough he was out of his head altogether. The girl had blown hot and cold in the same breath, which is a good way to crack good metal.

Now she was putting up her arms about his neck, honeying the fool in his breast. Making the best of a bad job, that was, no doubt. She was afraid; afraid of his retaliation, so cleverly conceived. The lids were dropped deep over her eyes.

He dashed her arms down one after the other. He struck her two hands together at her back and held them nipped cruelly in one of his. He put his free hand against her damp forehead, forcing her head back, drawing her very eyelids open to force her eyes to see.

"Andy! Andy!" she faltered.

"Andy me now to your heart's content. You've not much time left for it."

That was true enough. The explosion of a pistol filled their ears. Andy, holding the girl up hard against the shining sycamore panel of her cabin door, whirled half round and knocked his head against a hinge. He went completely limp in Gertie's arms.

When he opened his eyes he was still lying in those arms; but there had been a change, certainly a lapse of time. The girl was wet to the skin; her hair, cheeks and shoulders shining wet; and she was breathing hard. She held a flask in one hand. Andy had on his lips and in his throat the sting of Jimmy Roman's rum.

"He shot you, you see," Gertie whispered. "It's not bad, though. Just a knock on the shoulder. What put you out was bringing up against that door."

"You're—wet."

"My father had me with him under his arm. He's gone, you know; he and Larkin and old Waite in the small boat. He had to let go, to capsize the falls when the time came, and I made a jump and hung onto the falls."

She had come back to him when coming back meant death.

"Don't you see?" she pressed it on him softly. "I was tongue-tied there in that kitchen. He had promised me that he would shoot you down in your tracks as soon as you set foot inside the door unless I kept you at arms' length. What could I do more than what I did? And then—afterward—I couldn't find you. Andy, I was in such trouble. He would shoot you on sight, he said, unless I came away to sea."

"Troublement," Andy said. "The old lady was right. I'm nothing but a bunch of troublement, Gertie. Nothing but grief could come of it where an ignoramus like me was at the bottom of it. Better for me, better for all concerned, if she had stopped my wind with her finger there in that basket, the way she threatened to."

She shut his mouth with the palm of her hand, that warm palm that had melted a hole through the frosty window and revealed the light in Mr. Carter's window at the bridge end.

"Lay it at my door if at anybody's," she whispered. "If I hadn't set my heart on you ——"

"You don't know the half," the man moaned. He got to his elbows, to his knees. "I say, if he judged by how I started in, Jimmy Roman was right to let daylight into me. I'm a worse man than my father. Maybe you don't know."

"I never knew your father," Gertie said; "but if he was anything like you, and I had to choose between him and Jimmy Roman, I know what I would do. Andy, maybe it's come round to just that again."

So then—she knew. He had been told that drowning was a pleasant death and he was willing to believe it now. The dusky oval of her face, with the lantern light swaying, first on one cheek and then on the other, seemed the one thing real in a world of agitated stage properties.

"Always talking of wreck and ruin as you do, you simply invite it," she murmured, bowing her head against his. "You get to expect it. You expected it that night when I left you to cross the road and go into the house. You did. I could tell by the expression on your face. And then you got it—slap. Wasn't it the Apostle Paul who said 'The thing I feared has come upon me'? If you could only wrench off these shoes for me. There's simply no feeling from the knee down at all. There; now the stockings. I simply haven't the reputation of an unlucky woman and I won't acquire it. I won't. You'll have to remember that heretofore you've been a single man. Single men come to wreck more easily, where they've no anchorage. No holding ground at all."

No holding ground. That was Jimmy Roman's daughter speaking. Andy's seamanship began to revive. He felt stronger. He might at least try to get one of those anchors down, forward. It wouldn't hold, probably, any more than a kitten's paw on that hard ground; but still it might fall into a crevice or catch against a shelf.

He got to his feet. Gertie, kneeling by the stove, swung loose wet hair down intimately between them. She did not see what he was up to.

She said pleasingly from behind that dusky curtain, "You know the French saying, '*On meurt; oui, les autres.*' People die; yes, other people. Doesn't it somehow seem applicable to you and me, thinking as we think? I never felt less like dying in my life."

He hadn't heard her. He had got painfully to the deck, but such a weeping fury of wind and wave jumped down his neck that for a second he was struck all of a heap. It was like being pried loose by an implement about as flexible as a crowbar.

He began to inch forward toward the windlass, but the deck water met him halfway and hurled him back, in company with a deck bucket that clipped him smartly on the ear as it sailed past him. Then Gertie was standing over him again, in her father's sea gear. He struggled up.

"Got to—get—an anchor down," he shouted between snatches of a violent wind with razor edges. "Here's the Sow itself close aboard."

There in fact it was, the Sow's unscalable black cliff with its wheeling and vanishing light; powerful to warn, powerless to check.

"Isn't it just possible," Gertie conveyed to him, "they may have seen our predicament at the Sow Light before sundown, and sent for the cutter? She couldn't be more than three or four hours away at any time."

He nodded. But the cutter, he thought privately, was, in these waters, like a policeman, always somewhere else. Ships, too, so seldom came to wreck in the places made and provided for such purposes. There was the station at Nekrangen, for example. A splendid place to break up and every facility for rescue; line-firing guns, self-baling lifeboats, pulmotors, stimulants, everything; but nobody had ever picked out that place to go ashore in. In three years the guard there had rescued one fisherman in a power dory; and that man was merely out of gasoline.

The Sow and Pigs, on the contrary, had nothing but cold comfort for a ship contemplating wreck.

He wrenched a red-bitted ax out of its tin pocket in the companionway and dashed out on deck again.

"You wait here," he yelled, seeing that Gertie still attended him.

He turned his back on her and got forward again. This time, clinging to the life line, he succeeded finally in getting in the lee of the windlass. The motion here was terrific. The ship squirmed like a fish on a hook. The very atmosphere here seemed to be half water. On his knees, he inspected the windlass, or at least directed his half-blinded eyes at it.

It was hardly more than a corrugated mound of slob ice. He could do nothing, of course, single-handed, with the old-fashioned anchor fished and catted on the port side. His notion rather was to jar loose the patent anchor housed in the starboard hawse hole. Its chain was lying frozen in a steel channel bolted to the deck. He chopped at this with the ax and loosened it.

Next he must get the wildcat, or chain grab, unlocked from the driving head of the windlass, so that it might turn idle and let the chain run over it. The weight of the anchor was relied upon to slide it out of its housing, then, and into the sea. The chain grab's locking pawls were actuated by a ring mounted on a driving head. These rings had slots into which the detachable locking and unlocking lever fitted; but these slots were filled with ice.

He got a jackknife out and open to dig out this ice, but by now his fingers had lost warmth and cunning. He sank the blade into the iced socket; and a bull's toss of the Virago's head sent him to leeward, holding the handle of the knife, the blade remaining in the slot.

Catastrophe. He had invited it; was it likely he could avert it? That wasn't singing the same song. He had another knife in his pocket. This time he lashed himself to the windlass with an end of rope and cleared the slot. The lever, he discovered, was half buried in ice. He chopped at it desperately, freed it, thrust it into the slot and then clung to it, spinning round and round as the ship reeled in her gait. The lever caught and tore the whole front of his clothing out and the spray rained on his bare breast. He puffed, shook his head, bellowed out loud, and laughed like an idiot.

(Continued on Page 109)


# Your share in the Cost of CRIME

***Crime cost the people*** of the United States $3,500,000,000 last year—as much as it cost to run the Nation. And Crime is increasing.

***Carelessness*** is a large contributing factor in this appalling loss—particularly *our* carelessness in not protecting the money we carry about in our tempting, wide open pockets. And this is *wilful carelessness*—since security is so easily obtained through the use of

## *American Express Travelers Cheques*

**Easy to get. Easy to use**
**Safe against loss or theft**
**Cost only 75 cents per $100**

***They come in*** $10, $20, $50, and $100 cheques enclosed in a convenient wallet. You can get them in any one of 22,000 Banks or Express Offices.

***Crooks or pickpockets*** want *cash* not Travelers Cheques.

***Your personal signature, twice*** on these cheques, once when you purchase them, again when you spend them, insures the safety of the money you invest in them.

***If your cheques are stolen,*** or you lose them, you simply report to the nearest American Express office and your loss has immediate attention.

***And American Express Travelers Cheques*** do much more than just protect your money. They make your money *serve* you better.

***In 26,700 Express Offices*** in the United States and Canada, as well as everywhere abroad, trained and experienced men are always ready and willing to help in every way possible anyone who carries these cheques. "American Express" everywhere is synonymous with helpful, human service.

***You may not, yet,*** have paid your share in the Cost of Crime. Why pay it at all?

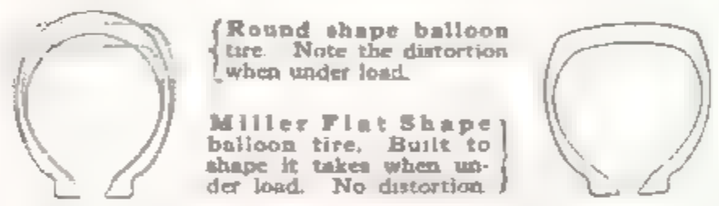
***It is so much finer*** and so very much cheaper to *prevent* Crime than to pay for it.

## American Express Travelers Cheques

*(Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries, or plan your cruise or tour through American Express Travel Department.)*

# This proves the big *extra* mileage in Miller FLAT SHAPE UNIFLEX CORD Balloons

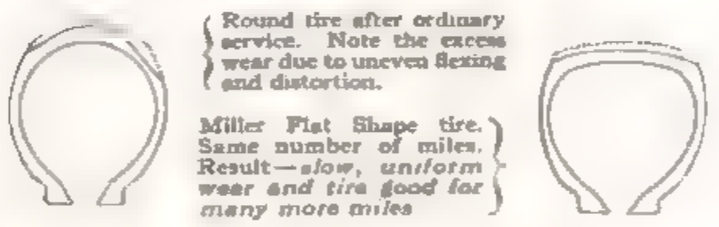
Two 32 x 6.20 balloons, built at the same time, were put on the front wheels of a heavy car. One had the usual round shape, the other the patented new Miller *Flat Shape:*



Round shape balloon tire. Note the distortion when under load.

Miller Flat Shape balloon tire. Built to shape it takes when under load. No distortion.

So running conditions might be as nearly alike as possible, the tires were changed about. After thousands of miles they looked like this:



Round tire after ordinary service. Note the excess wear due to uneven flexing and distortion.

Miller Flat Shape tire. Same number of miles. Result—*slow, uniform wear and tire good for many more miles*

The pictures are accurate. Look at the tire at the right. Think of the additional service still in it! All due to the Miller *Flat Shape* and Miller *Uniflex Cord* construction.

Put on Millers. You'll roll up thousands of comfortable, trouble-free miles. There's a Miller dealer near—look for the Miller sign.

# Miller

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD UNIFLEX CORD

*A full line of Balloon and Regular Passenger Car Tires; Heavy-duty Truck and Bus Tires; Tubes and Accessories.*

© The Miller Rubber Co. of N. Y.—Akron, O.

BUY MILLER HOUSEHOLD RUBBER GOODS

(Continued from Page 107)

Well, go down kicking. He had the wildcat unlocked now, but no action on the part of the anchor followed. The drum wouldn't turn and the chain wouldn't run. The anchor was glued fast to the ship.

Giving himself more scope of line, he crawled toward it and beat at it with the ax. But the ice had welded the anchor to the ship. It looked like a fixed lug, something that never had moved yet and never would.

Crazed with cold, half the blood out of his body, he stooped, fingering one of the huge links of the chain, frozen again into its channel. He began to chop at that again, but without conviction. Then he saw Gertie standing by the windlass and holding to his rope. She was wearing a shining black rubber helmet with shoulder flaps, a face opening; and her face appeared, in that fluorescent half light, calm, concentrated.

Next, a javelin of light glanced against the Virago's prow, leaped ahead and impaled the two forward barges on its spearhead. Andy had for a second a black-and-white vision of the winter kill lathering the sides of those two old carcasses. Captain Jethro was splashing up and down to leeward in his tug and doing very little else. He had evidently taken off the crews, or the sea had done it for him. Certainly nobody was to be seen on either deck.

"It's the cutter," Gertie cried out.

But the cutter had come too late. Her searchlight went astern, resting on the line of Pigs. Wild water was pounding there. The Virago would be laid across that reef before the cutter could shoot a line aboard.

"Gertie," Andy said, getting out the words with difficulty, "I guess I can tell you what I couldn't tell some women. The old packet's going to break up."

"I won't believe it. There must be some way to get an anchor down."

There it was. That was the unreasonable insistence of a woman who had never been forced to come off second best, wrestling with the elements and with the mechanical details of ship's gear. There must be a way.

What way was that? As a matter of fact, even if he could drop this fool of an anchor out of its housing, that would be, in the face of adversity like this, nothing but the feeblest gesture, a silly flourish. No anchor ever made by man would hold in a wild roadstead like this.

"Show me," Andy ground out. "Show me the way."

The cutter's light ranged forward again. She was making up her mind where to throw her weight. The scene revealed was sufficiently terrific. One of those old hulls had drifted back, side on, against the other. At the instant when the cutter's light sprang against her she was rammed amidships. The ramming barge immediately began to go down by the head, putting her stern up into the air as if with a humorous and willful reversal of form. Her antagonist, rolling over, glistened, spouted like a whale and turned up her foredeck, going smoothly, and all of a piece, into the gullet of one of those long-throated waves.

They were gone together, and together they exerted a mysterious pull at the Virago's bow, as if coaxing her to follow, as if exhorting her to give up the slobbering brine ghost of her and be done with her grief once and for all.

After all, they were fellow travelers across these liquid Alps; they were roped together, as if to make certain of a common fate. The Virago, as if listening to sage advice, stopped her wallowing and headed up more into the seas. Water drained out of her freeing ports. A ghost of new buoyancy showed itself. The big hawser, white with salt ice, swayed and roved at her bows; it took a steeper angle; the Virago responded with a thundering plunge.

She tore clear, heaved herself up again. Andy Lincourt, turning away from the cutter's glare, saw that the hawser was still holding. There was slack enough so that a breaking strain had not been inflicted on it. Those blessed old twins had thoughtfully come to rest on the narrow shelf of that underwater precipice instead of sliding off into the deeper water.

"They're on bottom," Andy yelled, going to the end of his tether and yelping like a dog on a leash. He flung his arms around Gertie like a man given back into this world to mend his ways. "Those blamed old tubs—those two loony old packets! They overheard you. I wouldn't have put a bet on it at any money. It wouldn't happen once in a thousand years." His voice cracked. "It couldn't. It's too ludicrous. Do you know what? They've anchored us. We're anchored, girl."

Gertie, crouching against him, cried back, "What's so ludicrous about it, though?"

"You've anchored us," Andy said again. He threw his ax over the side. "You would have it! Let me see anybody or anything get the best of a woman like that! There's nothing small about you. You've made an anchor out of two ships."

Gertie, clinging to her man, suggested, "You might snap the hawser, you know."

"I guess you can guarantee that holding," he shouted. "I know hereafter I take anything you do or say on tick. I see why optimism comes easy to you. A woman that can take and make an anchor out of two grown ships in the nick of time like that—say, she can guarantee a little thing like a hawser!"

"I do—I can guarantee it, Andy. I just do it on the ground that God wouldn't be inclined to winter kill—a newly married woman. Not even where her husband is as long on catastrophe as you say you are."

Andy Lincourt, looking closer, saw that his lady had optimistically fainted in his arms.

*Boston Lady—"Help! Aid! Succor"*
*Youth—"I'll Rescue You, Madam; No Need to Start Calling Names"*


WARNER AUTO-POLISH

For Varnish, Duco and Enamel

Guaranteed 100% Harmless

Make Your Car Shine Like New

Do It Yourself For 75c

It gives a bright, shiny lustre quickly and easily. You will be amazed at the improvement in your car's appearance. It does not cause the slightest damage to finest finish. No soap, no acid, no alkali, no oil or grease effect—nothing to injure or discolor the finish or leave a blurred, smeary effect that gathers dust and dirt. It cleans perfectly and gives a high, brilliant, absolutely dry, gloss and lasting lustre. Get a can and try it at once. Its use is a positive revelation. Do not use on weather-beaten, checked (cracked) finish. If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct. Accept no substitutes.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

*The hold was heavy with bumper crops*
*Of gate-legged tables with inlaid tops.*
*Said the captain, "Steer for the furniture shops,"*
*On Forefathers' Day in the morning.*

*"We'll leave our load on this rock-bound shore,*
*Yo-ho, my hearties, and go for more."*
*"We want antiques!" the Indians roar;*
*"It's Forefathers' Day in the morning."*

VI

*There was an old woman who lived near Crewe,*
*She had so many teacups she didn't know what to do.*
*So she cracked some and chipped some and marked 'em "Early Spode,"*
*And now she has a limousine, the very latest mode.*

VII

*"Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?"*
*"I've been up to London to look at a Queen-Anne chair with a needlework cushion of green."*

*"Pussycat, pussycat, what did you there?"*
*"I didn't. They did me, and did me for fair!*
*I only escaped with my shoes and my hair."*

VIII

*I've got more money than I can spend*
*Since I've stopped crying "Old chairs to mend"*
*Instead I gather them day by day,*
*And pile them up in my barn with the hay.*
*Fiddle-backs, ladder-backs, every kind,*
*All the cripples that I can find.*
*There's lots of money still to be made*
*From foolish folk and the tourist trade.*

IX

*I like amber Dolphins,*
*Their color's so warm,*
*And if I don't buy them*
*They'll do me no harm;*
*So I'll just put them down*
*With a shake of my head,*
*And get with my hundred*
*A cup plate instead.*

X

*Old Mother Hubbard*
*Got up from her cupboard*
*And lifted her voice in a pean;*
*Crying, "Ho, my good Rover,*
*Our lean days are over,*
*We'll sell this for pure Jacobean."*

XI

*Prudence Piper picked a pair of pewter platters.*
*Now her precious Peter potters, putting by the pounds and pennies,*
*Paying for the pewter platters Prudence Piper picked.*

XII

*Hickory, dickory, dock!*
*The mouse ran up the clock;*
*But the clock was a grandfather's clock in the hall,*
*So it struck thirty-one and the mouse got a fall.*
*Hickory, dickory, dock!*

—Kenneth Carrick.

### English As She Is Wrote

*I CRAVE the phrases unadorned,*
*The simplex munditiis,*
*Semper fidelis, ad finem,*
*From pedantry to free us.*

*I love, amo, the little words*
*With meaning so lucidus—*
*Detest ad nauseam the stuff*
*Our literati feed us.*

*With étalage conceited snobs*
*Parade their erudition;*
*With jeu d'esprit and jeu de mots—*
*But food sine nutrition.*
*They curry terms, ab hoc, ab hac,*
*Although they may not need 'em,*
*Ignoring far more common words*
*With meaning alter idem.*

*Embellished sentences are filled*
*With idioms a-plenty,*
*Not ex necessitate rei,*
*But ab convenienti;*
*Not with au fait or savoir-faire,*
*Or even ben trovato—*
*Ad libitum, sine fine,*
*No thought of moderato.*

*The more obscure, the more opaque,*
*The harder understood,*
*Ipso facto, so it seems,*
*The opus must be good.*
*Aux armes, one country and one tongue,*
*More amor patriæ;*
*Since dulce et decorum est*
*Pro patria scribi.*

*A new amendment let's evolve,*
*Preventing affectation;*
*For alien idioms aussi,*
*New laws of immigration.*
*Abusus non tollit usum;*
*Justice, I must confess,*
*Exists at times, and so, ab non*
*Uno disce omnes.*

—H. L. McNary.

### Lost Illusions

*I'M SORRY they have ever shown us how*
*They make the pictures for the silver screen;*
*I always miss the old illusions now,*
*My mind is on what's done behind the scene.*
*If the situation happens to be tense*
*I imagine the director yelling: "Shoot!*
*Go on, you ham, and choke her—that's immense—*
*Get busy, girl, and sock him on the snoot."*

*When the hero and the heroine embrace*
*I fail to get a solitary thrill;*
*She may press a peachy cheek against his face,*
*But utter calmness lingers with me still,*
*For I know that, with his handy megaphone*
*And his coat off, the director lingers near,*
*Commanding in a loud, unlovely tone,*
*And gesturing to make his meaning clear.*

*I see the boy approach the hidden snare,*
*I watch the girl for whom abductors wait,*
*But, knowing the director's always there,*
*I lean back, unexcited and sedate.*
*And if there is a raging storm at sea*
*I know the movie ship will weather through;*
*The wise director's on the job, and he*
*Will calm the waters when the time is due.*

*I'm sorry they have let the secret out,*
*For always I am seeing the unseen—*
*The great director as he hops about,*
*The boy who's busy cranking the machine.*
*I wonder, as each situation's shown,*
*How oft they had to try, to make it good;*
*And back of every wall of brick and stone*
*I see the flimsy props and painted wood.*

—S. E. Kiser.

## Old-Town Old-Timers

DRAWN BY ART YOUNG

**OUR ELOCUTIONIST—No Social Function in the Old Town Was Complete Without a Recitation From Our Elocutionist. Some Thought She Was at Her Best With "The Wreck of the Hesperus." Others Enjoyed "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" or a Poem Accompanied With a Song Refrain: "Polly, the Cows are in the Corn." "How Salvator Won" Was Perhaps Her Most Artistic Triumph. She Was a Bit Heavy to Ride a Race Horse; But We Overlooked That, and Could Only Feel Her Emotional Intensity as She Cracked an Imaginary Whip and Won the Race Gasping for Breath. Fred Smith, Who Kept the Livery Stable, Said "She Done Well"**

DRAWN BY ART YOUNG

**OUR TOUGH BOY—When the Boys of the Old Town Would Come Home All Battered Up, Mothers Would Say, "Didn't I Tell You Not to Play With Chuck Jimmens?" One of Chuck's Favorite Sports Was to Lift the Other Boys by the Ears. He Chewed Licorice, and Was Always Spitting and Making Believe it Was Tobacco, and He Was the First Boy in Our School to Smoke Cornsilk Cigarettes. When He Grew Up He Married a Girl Four Feet Eight Inches Tall Who Weighed Ninety-Four Pounds, and He Was the Tamest and Most Henpecked Man in the County. Thus Does Time Ring Its Changes on Human Conduct**

A N N O U N C I N G

THE COOL
# van Turo
THE *youngest* VAN HEUSEN

*Out this week!* — a new low collar with slightly longer points
Designed especially for smart summer comfort — cool!

The Van Turo will not wilt. Like all Van Heusens it is one single piece of smooth, strong, multi-ply fabric. Nothing sewed together, no need for starch. The loom has woven the fold in, woven a faultless curve in, woven comfort and smartness in. For all occasions it is the World's smartest, most comfortable, most economical collar.

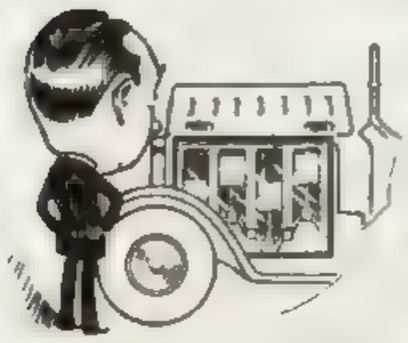
Ask your dealer for VAN CRAFT, shirts-to-order with the VAN HEUSEN collar attached

# VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
## *the World's Smartest* COLLAR

12 STYLES — PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK CITY — 50 CENTS EACH

# If the Cylinders of your *what would you see?*

WELL, first of all you'd see why 100,000,000 gallons of gasoline are wasted annually—why motor upkeep is often so costly—why the "mixture" is so important a factor in motor life and performance—why poor distribution of fuel to the cylinders can play such havoc with a car.



To make our story clear, let's compare combustion in the cylinders of your car to combustion in an ordinary oil lamp.

The lamp on the left is getting a mixture that's too "lean"—there's too much air for the amount of fuel. Result—a weak, flickering flame.

*Too lean* *Just right* *Too rich*

The lamp on the right shows a mixture that's too "rich"—too much fuel for the amount of air. It burns with a red, smoky flame. Such a mixture causes carbon, carbon monoxide and wasted fuel.

The center lamp shows the result that's obtained, using exactly the same fuel, with the proper ratio of air—perfect combustion without carbon, carbon monoxide or waste.

Now, if you were the possessor of a certain well-known four-cylinder car and could look into the cylinders through walls of glass, you'd find the condition shown below.

*A well-known four has combustion like this*

A flood of fuel pouring into Cylinders One and Two and a thin stream trickling into Cylinders Three and Four. Actual tests made by a United States Government agency show that the two front cylinders of this particular motor get an average of 30% more fuel than the rear pair.

In other words, two cylinders eat their heads off. The other two verge on starvation. Of course, neither condition is healthy and neither provides the power or economy of which this car is capable.

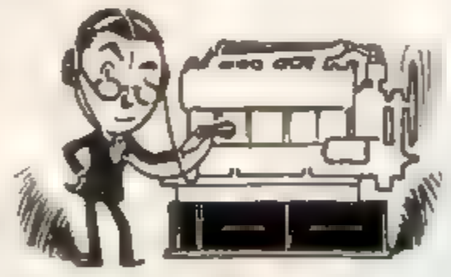
Or, if you own any one of a number of sixes, here's what you'd find.

*The cylinders of the average six would look like this*

Cylinders One and Six would be burning with the red, smoky flame. Two and Five would look better—burning fairly well. Three and Four would hardly be getting enough fuel to keep them on the job.

And here's the worst part of it. You can have a condition like this in your own car without even suspecting it. One cylinder can actually get twice as much fuel as another and yet produce the same power.

But can you imagine getting the best power, smoothness, pick-up and fuel economy under such conditions? Not in a million years!



At that, it doesn't take a specialist to diagnose a case of poor combustion. Once the symptoms are called to your attention you can do the job yourself.

For instance—does your engine spit and sputter when it's started cold? Is it jumpy and jerky below four or five miles an hour? Do some cylinders show more carbon and spark plug trouble than others? Does your oil thin out rapidly? Are you using too much gasoline?

Then your motor is suffering from improper fueling—uneven distribution to the cylinders—and consequently poor combustion.

It's a common ailment. Fortunately, however, the cure is simple as can be. Details are on the next page.

TRADE MARK

Swan

A Scientific System of Motor Fueling

# car were made of Glass

## Engineers say this is the most remarkable improvement yet achieved in carburetion

THERE'S always been a lot of hokus-pokus about this business of fueling an automobile.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing mysterious about it at all. You just put some gasoline in your tank. A tube carries it to your carburetor. Then the carburetor atomizes it and mixes it with air. Then it's distributed in equal quantities—

*Ah! There's the rub*—the matter of feeding the fuel into the cylinders. You see, gasoline isn't what it used to be—not by a long shot! A few years ago we got a volatile liquid that would evaporate completely in a couple of hours at room temperature. The kind of fuel we feed our cars today won't evaporate completely in days—or even weeks.

And yet, while the fuel has changed materially, the methods of handling it haven't changed at all—*until now!*

### *How Swan solves the problem*

Swan has developed a *complete* fueling system—a carburetor expressly designed to handle today's gasoline *and* a fuel distributor to carry this mixture in equal quantities to each cylinder.

*Here's how Swan equalizes combustion*

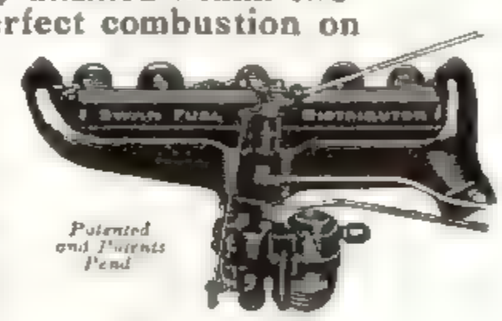
Each cylinder of a motor equipped with a Swan System will burn just as uniformly as the lamps pictured here—under all conditions of use.

The engine will have smoother, sweeter action at all speeds. It will show increased power. It will start on all cylinders—hot or cold.

And, above all, you will get the economy you have a right to expect both in fuel and *upkeep*.

These are strong statements, but true. They explain why such concerns as General Motors, Peerless, Buda, Lycoming Motors, American La France, Yellow Sleeve Valve Engine Works, and others, have taken licenses to use the Swan System as a whole or the Swan Fuel Distributor.

The Swan System has actually attained within two-tenths of one percent of perfect combustion on straight eights, fours and sixes.




Over 300,000 motorists already know just the extent to which the Swan System improves motor performance. Unsolicited testimonials from users in every part of the country tell not only of the smoother, sweeter action of their cars, increased power and better pick-up, but of marked saving in gasoline. The first 1142 of these testimonials average an increase in mileage per gallon of slightly over 26%.

Naturally the Swan System costs a little more than an ordinary carburetor. But if it cost five times as much it would be a definite and worthwhile economy to have one on your car.

### *Put a Swan System on your car*

If you drive a Buick, Chevrolet, Oakland, Nash or Hudson, you can buy a specially built Swan re-installation System to put right on your present car. Many of the country's leading service stations carry them in stock. If you can't locate one of these stations, write us and we will gladly tell you the names of those that you can reach most easily.

And to Ford owners, Swan offers the option of a complete Swan System for $18.95 or the Swan Fuel Distributor equipped with a patented "Booster" for use with the standard Ford carburetor, for $9.50.

If you'd like to know more about how Swan solves automobile fueling problems, write for our free booklet, *"Some Things You Ought to Know About Your Car."* It handles this technical subject in an extremely interesting, understandable way.

THE SWAN CARBURETOR COMPANY, *6555 Carnegie Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio*

*A Subsidiary of The Perfection Heater & Mfg. Co., Makers of Perfection Motor Car Heaters—known the world over*

★[Service Stations will find it worth while to inquire about the Swan Franchise in unoccupied territory. It is an exclusive proposition.]★

# System

## Designed to Handle Present Day Gasoline—

# When the sand runs out—*what then?*

EVER watch an hour-glass, with its thin stream of sand falling, falling—precious minutes passing, passing? Pessimistic, isn't it?

How much brighter the clock, with its hands ever circling toward a brand-new day, each minute yielding another!

Yet not so long ago, the hour-glass ruled every woman's life. As she toiled through task after task—washing and ironing, churning and baking, cleaning and cooking—the sands of time slipped downward—youth and strength and beauty ebbed away.

Then modern science and mechanics came to the rescue. The churn disappeared, the bakery became bread-maker to the home. Gas and electricity turned cooking and cleaning into matters of minutes. And now, the modern laundry has developed—offering women the greatest time-saving of all. Instead of spending tedious hours doing or supervising the washing at home, women can now bundle all the soiled clothes together, phone the laundry, and washday is over. A whole day, or more, saved each week!

Millions of modern women are using this new help. They have abandoned the hour-glass entirely—they have chosen as their symbol, the clock, each revolution of its hands bringing them new freedom, new leisure, new Time. Time for home and children, for books and plays, for club and church activities. Time to live!

***Time for Sale***—You, too, can purchase this time, and at a cost well within your reach. For the modern laundry offers services to fit every family's needs, and every family's budget. All-ironed services, partially-ironed services, services in which the clothes are returned damp for ironing at home—you have all these to choose from. Today, give yourself a rest from washday work and worry—phone a modern laundry in your city to call for your bundle. You'll have a whole new day a week that will belong to yourself alone.

"Send it to the Laundry"

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
*Executive Offices, Cincinnati*

The Canadian Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd. *Agents:* British-American Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd.

# THE DARKER HORSE

Continued from Page 25

Demmy handed the cigar back to the Wildcat, and in his dejected companion's eyes the Wildcat caught the hopeless look that marks the shackled slave. On the instant he recognized the excellence of freedom, seeing clearly the fate awaiting the unfortunate victim of the amorous tarantula in whose toils Demmy's struggles for freedom had proved unavailing.

"Yas-sum, I always tol' Demmy smokin' would ruin him."

The Wildcat lighted his cigar and blew the smoke toward Demmy. He had resolved to rescue Demmy, but before the rescue was accomplished he proposed to teach that young Lothario a lesson.

Another gratifying lungful of smoke, and then:

"Don't never leave me ketch you smokin' no more neither, Demmy. Emuna is right. You is plumb sinful wid bad habits, an' it's high time you gits to treadin' de straight an' narrow path. Bes' thing you kin do is git sanctified in some good church right after you an' Emuna gits married. All you leadin' politicians is got to 'filiate wid righteousness so as to set a shinin' example fo' us common folks. An' about yo' eatin'—you got to lay off eatin' so much rich food, Demmy. Stay away f'm chicken an' pork chops an' all such truck. Stick mighty close to plain ol' bread wid mebbe a li'l' cabbage now an' den." He turned to Emuna. "I knows you'll reform dis glutton after you begins to regulate his eatin' conduck."

Emuna was vehement in her declaration.

"I sho will. Reform begins at home, an' I aims to make a man out of Demmy right in de home circle."

"Min' dat, Demmy," the Wildcat counseled. "You an' me is trompled along together over de broad an' happy highway long 'nough. You is gittin' to be nuthin' but a careless butterfly. I sho is gratified to know dat Emuna aims to conquer yo' gluttony an' yo' cravin' fo' things of de flesh. Git yo'self clad in hair underwear, like de saints, scourge de flesh wid bread an' water, an' mebbe you 'mounts to somethin'." The Wildcat lifted his goblet of gin and drank deeply therefrom. "Whuf! De bes' thing you eveh did, Emuna, was to make dis li'l' varmint cut out his likker. Many's de time Ise seen him too likkered to work. De way de boy drinks when he gits started, you'd think he was porous. Better pry him clean loose f'm de demon rum whilst dey is yet hope."

"I aims to." Emuna's plans for reform were complete. "I wrassles him loose permanent f'm de demon rum befo' many days. I has to have my pussonal gin fo' medical purposes; but wid Demmy so healthy, he don't need no likker."

"Ain't it de truth? I 'spects befo' you finishes wid Demmy you gits him mo' pure an' spotless dan a snow-white lamb."

"I sho does. Demmy is a lamb worth savin' an' I aims to save him."

The Wildcat yawned.

"Well, right now I aims to save me a dab of sleep so as to git strengthened 'gainst de heavy labor in de iron-pipe orchard where us works." He turned to Demmy. "You remainin' here a while, or comin' wid me?"

"Ise comin' wid you." Demmy's voice was low and plaintive, but determination marked its tone. "I got to git plenty of sleep so as to keep my constitution right," Demmy explained. "I puts health high above riches."

"Dat's right, honey." Emuna's voice was softer now. "You does like I tells you an' you enjoys health an' wealth. An' don't fo'git to order dat barbecue fo' de 'lection-day rally. Tell de man to send de bill pussonal to me. Go 'long now, git you lots of sleep, an' when me an' de Boston lady an' de English lady starts our campaignin' trip down yo' way us comes in an' you kin meet de political white folks."

"Yas-sum."

With Demmy trailing him, the Wildcat left Emuna Swan's residence. The pair headed for their rooming house. A block away from the place of their recent visit, Demmy reached over and lifted the parked cigar out of the Wildcat's vest pocket.

"Gimme a match, Wildcat." A deep drag at the lighted cigar. "Whuf! Never knowed how much I craves tobacco. . . . You sees how it is."

"I sees how it is, Demmy. Someway I gits you loose. Poor li'l' Demmy. You'd be better off livin' in a hornets' nest an' married wid a grizzly bear dan you would wid dat woman. I gits you loose, Demmy. In de meantime, right at dis minnit, whut does you crave de most?"

"Wildcat, whut I mos' craves is a revivin' slug of dat gin you was drinkin' so hearty back dere, wid Emuna helpin' you fo' medical purposes."

The Wildcat reached to his hip and produced a pint flask.

"I figgered you might crave a life preserver. Here you is."

Demmy stopped short in his tracks, and the night was filled with gurgles, and the cares that infested the day were suddenly gone.

"Whuf! Wham! Wildcat, dat was sho gratifyin' likker," Demmy gasped. Then, in a sudden paroxysm of coughing, he handed the emptied flask back to the Wildcat.

"You is holdin' yo' own middlin' well—a full pint widout comin' up fo' breath ain't so bad. You is travelin' along in yo' ol'-time style, an' I aims to keep you dat way. Come on, boy, us needs all de sleep whut is. Bimeby you knocks ol' Emuna plumb deaf yellin' de Battle Cry of Freedom in her ears."

"Whut you mean, Wildcat? Is you got a saw fo' de prison bars of matrimony?"

"Sho is, Demmy. Neveh took me mo' dan twenty-fo' hours to think up a scheme fo' gittin' out of anythin'."

"Whut scheme you got?"

"Lissen to me, boy. I runs fo' Congress my own self, an' when de votes is counted Emuna stays home."

"You runs all right, Wildcat, but you didn't start soon 'nough. Whut 'bout de primaries?"

"Don't need no primaries. Ise prime 'nough de way I is. No matteh how dark-complected Emuna is, when de judges looks us oveh dey finds out us is de dark horse. Ain't you got no brains at all, boy? De next bes' thing to gittin' yo' own votes is keepin' 'em away f'm de opposition. Dat's whut I aims to do. De fust thing Sat'day mawnin' you agitate round an' spread de news dat Ise a can'date fo' Congress. Keep a-spreadin' till you meets me in de evenin' at Jeff's place. An' about dat barbecue 'quipment—you tell de man to have de wagons deliveh dem rations to de junk yard. You is Emuna's deppity manager—le's see you manage some."

### III

THE junk yard wherein Demmy and the Wildcat labored covered an area of half a block. It was crowded with rusted boilers, a dozen worn-out hoisting engines, ancient concrete mixers and a miscellany of antiquated construction equipment. In a long corrugated iron shed the proprietor treasured his stores of copper, an assortment of burned-out motors and dynamos, a few bins of negotiable brass pipe fittings, some modern plumbing and a pipe-threading machine with which he renewed the battered threads on consignments of marketable iron pipe. Against predatory prowlers the yard was defended on three sides by an eight-foot fence, embellished with four strands of heavy barbed wire. Through the night the establishment was patrolled by a watchman. During the daytime the junkman's property rights were defended by himself and a working staff of three or four employes.

The fourth side of the junk yard was the blank brick wall of an immense warehouse, against which Lily roved in search of green goods to vary her diet of oil-soaked waste, iron rust and shredded sacking.

On Friday, with election day a short four days away, Emuna Swan headed an electioneering expedition into the industrial district where Demmy and the Wildcat were wrestling with their last carload of pipe.

The working force in the junk yard included, besides the proprietor, Demmy and the Wildcat, a floating personnel of three or four truck drivers and an aged mechanic who puttered around with the pipe-threading machine in the corrugated-iron building set against the brick wall of the adjoining whisky warehouse. In spite of the insignificant voting value of her audience, the carbon-colored candidate included Mr. Rust's junk yard in the day's program, and at two o'clock in the afternoon the electioneering party rolled in upon the scene of the Wildcat's labors. Emuna Swan introduced herself to the junk-yard proprietor and asked his permission to address his employes. She explained that her visit was more of a courtesy to her fiancé than anything else.

"Half a dozen votes mo' or less fo' political reasons don't mean nuthin' to me. Ise got de 'lection cinched, Mr. Rust; but wid dese white ladies makin' speeches an' deliverin' dey orations, I figger yo' place might git distinguished." Emuna introduced the white ladies. "I wants you to meet up wid Mis' Carrie McLean Short, a leadin' club lady, an' wid Miss Bawthwell-Rully, whut come clean f'm England to help de American ladies git woman's rights."

Mr. Rust was pleased to meet one and all. Anticipating the probable value of influence in high places, and cognizant of the fact that Emuna Swan's campaign was a walk-over, Mr. Rust set about making all the hay he could while the sun shone. Not without his own brand of eloquence, he began a declaration whose eloquence was immediately cut short by the businesslike Miss Bawthwell-Rully:

"Quite so, Rust. Now if you will summon the help, the speaking will begin."

Mr. Rust batted his eyes and blew a small whistle which he carried on the end of his brass watch fob. The Wildcat and Demmy, waiting for something of the sort, made haste to rally round. They led their mascot goat between them. They were joined presently by three truck drivers and the old machinist, who had been summoned from his pipe-threading machine by his employer.

"Come out here, Joe," his boss had directed. "There's a political meeting going on. No matter how deef you are, whatever they say, you give a cheer and clap your hands every chance you get."

Emuna Swan introduced the speakers to an audience of seven:

"Fellow citizens, I is proud to stand befo' you as de champeen of yo' downtrod rights."

"Bla-a-a-a," remarked Lily.

"I axes you, whut is dis country comin' to, wid so many laws bein' made an' so many mo' laws bein' busted?"

Avoiding the answer, Emuna sketched a cartoon of perdition, pinned it over the map of the United States, suggested a solution which hinged upon her own election to the House of Representatives, and bowed to the alien uplifter, who began agitating in a good contralto. One gathered from Miss Bawthwell-Rully's impassioned flights that a conference on women's wages had been held in Washington on the memorable May sixteenth—"and as a result of a recent Supreme Court decision ——"

"Bla-a-a-a," interrupted Lily.

"Sounds like she's chokin' to death on a piece of fat meat, Demmy," the Wildcat whispered. "No wonder dis mascot talks back."

"Shut yo' mouf, Wildcat, an' lissen no matter if you kain't understand nuthin'."

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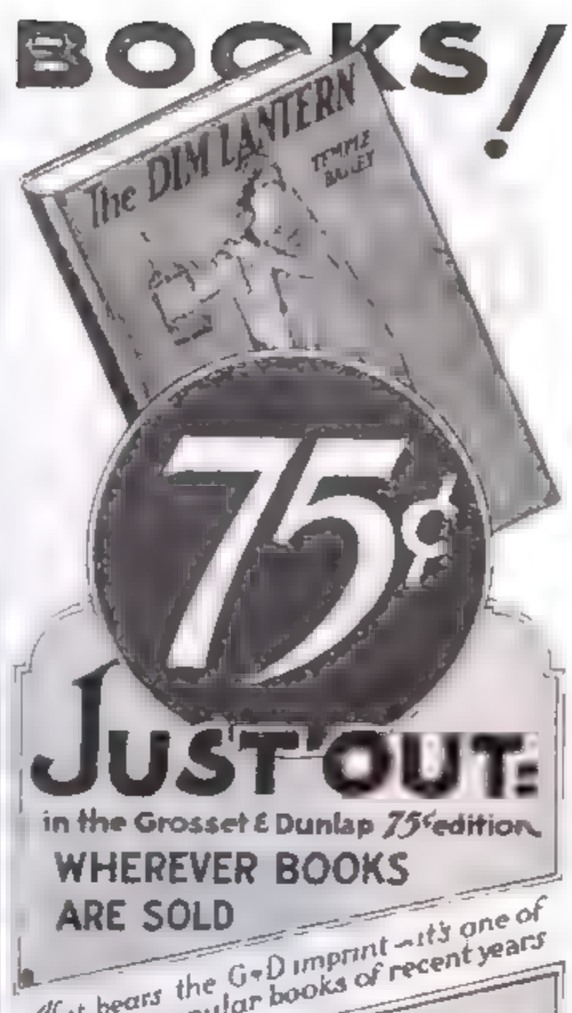


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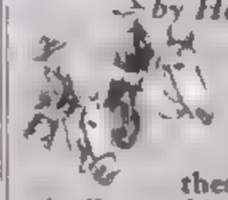

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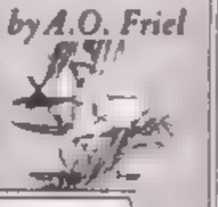

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(Continued from Page 115)

Miss Bawthwell-Rully held her audience spellbound, explaining that the results of the conference provided for the creation of a joint committee to consider problems for the restriction of the Supreme Court's power to declare laws unconstitutional. The cheering took twelve minutes to pass a given point. On the other hand, the autumn session of Parliament in England had discussed the vital matter of the Workmen's Compensation Bill, which had been introduced in the summer. Among the interesting provisions of the bill was the addition of two classes to so-called workmen, including shore fishermen, persons engaged in plying for hire vessels, and so on. Over and above that, the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, though declaring that suffrage did not involve a question of color or of superiority, contended that inequality was important from the point of view of economic competition, and that he could hold out no hopes of any further extension of the political rights of Indians.

After gargling forth her complex exposition of various other simple facts, the speaker gave place to Mrs. Carrie McLean Short, who craved to know whither, as a body politic, are we drifting? She asked several more questions, looking Demmy straight in the eyes until her victim began to squirm; and then, answering her own interrogations in the pure and limpid English established by her sister from overseas, she bowed and would have sat down, save there was nothing to sit on.

"Bla-a-a-a!" cheered Lily.

Throughout the service the Wildcat's face had worn a hopeful look not justified by his internal emotions, but now one who could read him closely might have seen the spurious optimism give way to a hopeful expression which, from its evident sincerity, must have found inspiration in reality. He whispered suddenly to his companion, "Demmy, I sees de victory. I'll git you free."

He interrupted the ceremony of farewell which the departing guests had begun by interjecting a brief oration of his own:

"Ladies an' gents: On behalf of one an' all, I rises up to thank you fo' explainin' so clear how lucky us is to mellufidate de orazma which Emuna aims to immigrate into Congress. My ol' pappy use to tell me, 'Boy, dey's many a slip 'twixt de cup an' de hip,' an' no matter how sure de favorite is of winnin' dis race, I proposes a gran' political rally right here inside de high an' private walls of dis junk yard, commencin' Sunday night an' lastin' 'til de victor begins marchin' in tri-ump onward to glory in de nation's capital. Ise mighty sure Mr. Rust will give us boys permission to promote de ruckus, an' wid all de votes corraled in dis place, I knows dat de political interests of our lady champeen will be safe f'm de five-dollah bills an' de other temptations whut de opposition might produce."

He turned again to Demmy.

"You remin' Emuna right now confidential dat in case she loses de 'lection she loses you," he directed. "Say it out so ev'ybody kin hear you. After de ruckus mebbe you needs witnesses."

Demmy braced himself and orated the condition precedent to love's compact:

"You 'members our private greedment, Emuna? Love an' nuthin' else is all right fo' some folks, but Ise sot on prancin' round Washington in dat plug hat you promised me, an' our 'gagement don't mean nuthin' 'less you is 'lected to Congress."

At the moment, Emuna was ready and willing to promise anything:

"Us goes to Congress all right, Demmy. You gits yo' chance to prance round an' mingle wid all de leadin' white folks in Washington whilst I orates in de House of Representatives." She turned to the proprietor of the junk yard and indorsed the Wildcat's scheme with a formal request for the use of the establishment as an assembly ground for her adherents. "Sunday an' Monday, if you lets us use dis place, Mr. Rust, I rallies my forces wid a gran' barbecue."

Influenced by his anticipation of future profits to be derived from favors granted, Mr. Rust said that they could go as far as they liked. At this the Wildcat broke in with a quick assurance of his own aid:

"Me an' Demmy takes full charge of de festivities, Emuna; you don't have to worry none 'bout nuthin' except expenses fo' entertainment, such as plenty of rations an' suchlike fo' de patriots whut is 'quipped wid votes. An' one mo' thing—de chances is when de ruckus gits goin' right it gits rough, so de bes' thing you an' yo' lady propoganders kin do is stay away whilst us steers de ship of state through de storm."

To this arrangement, seeing its advisability, Emuna assented; and then, after a chatter of farewells had been spoken, the onward and upward equalizers departed. Immediately thereafter in private consultation the Wildcat outlined his plans to Demmy:

"De main thing is to git enthusiastic when you spreads de news. All you has to do is to git dat 'quipment of rations into dis place on time. Den us stands or falls on de luck harvest follerin' my pussonal battle wid Ol' Man Trouble."

On Saturday morning, when the whistle blew, Demmy failed to show up, and the Wildcat, knowing the cause of his absence, was quick to leap into half a dozen jobs where, by his excessive exertions, he was able to convince the junk-yard proprietor that now and then one man could do more work than two. The end of the long day found him fatigued; but anticipating a quick recovery at Jeff's filling station, he set out for that haven, leading Lily behind him.

"Come along here, goat, till us 'vigorates de droopin' body wid a ra'ar of tiger blood."

Entering Jeff's, the Wildcat indulged his thirst, and then, refreshed, he began a quiet campaign whose climax would determine the outcome of Demmy's entanglement with the amorous Emuna.

"You boys knows how rotten politics is," he said quietly to a small group of his fellows. "Somethin' is got to be did beside talk. Dey's a Gran' Colored Republican Rally in de junk yard where I works, an' whether us reforms politics or not, ev'ybody whut comes kin enjoy hisself in de antecelebration ruckus. Where politics is concerned, Celebrate First is my motto. Count de votes in de cold, gray dawn, does you crave to. Den if you loses you is got de comforts of knowin' dat you enjoyed yo'self whilst de hangman was tyin' de noose."

"Whut's de main part of de ruckus gwine consist principally of, Wildcat?"

"All I kin say is it ain't gwine to consist of much oratin'. Dat's about all politics is been so fur, an' see where it brung it to! Naw, suh, mighty little oratin'. Action is whut you gits. Lemme see; dey'll be heavy rations fo' one an' all, some likker, some gamblin', an' a band playin' a soothin' blues fo' dem gladiators whut meets defeat in de broad arena where de little cubes does dey gallopin'. De main thing about de whole ruckus is dat no unfriendly niggers is wanted. Vet-rums of de A. E. F. gits de front seats if dey is any front seats, reg'lar Republicans is also up in front. De ruckus is fo' men only—come early, stay late, bring yo' coat, fo' de chances is de excitement lasts through de day an' night."

On Monday morning the rumor had spread that the Wildcat was going to run for Congress. Forestalling effects of this so far as Emuna was concerned, Demmy had hastened to her with the first news of it.

"I 'spects dey gits de deal mixed up on account of dem rations bein' sent down to de junk yard where de Wildcat works, Emuna," Demmy explained.

"Jes' like some fool nigger to start dat gossip. You tell 'em dey ain't no dark horses runnin' in dis race. Mebbe Ise dark, but I ain't no horse."

"I tells 'em you is de only reg'lar candidate whut is runnin'." Demmy masked his lie in technicalities.

The festivities in the junk yard began with a few scattering volunteers early Sunday morning. Through the day an increment of entertainment seekers rallied to the


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place, but the main influx was delayed until Monday morning. At that time it seemed that two-thirds of the voters in the district had abandoned their regular occupations for the day to participate in whatever premature celebration awaited them. The enjoyment of the day suffered but one interruption, which was occasioned in the afternoon by the arrival of Emuna, who greeted each individual in the throng of her following and left the scene firm in the belief that the following day would close upon a hundred per cent victory for herself. From time to time reënforcements of tiger gin and assorted rations injected new life into affairs. After the regular candidate had departed, the show picked up momentum with the arrival of a contingent of workingmen.

At eight o'clock on the morning of election day, into the ears of the milling mob the Wildcat ordered the slip-horn artist of the jazz band to sound a call which to half of them was the old familiar army summons. The Assembly! Seeing that the call had provided him with the right moment for a quick play, the Wildcat boosted Lily to the deck of a flat car which stood in the center of the junk yard. He climbed up beside his mascot goat and stood upright facing his associate revelers. He stooped down while the tumult yet endured and rubbed Lily lightly between the horns.

"Lady Luck, rally round right now or else stay A. W. O. L. fo' life," he breathed. Smiling, he confronted his audience. "Vet-rums, I sees dat you knows de 'Sembly when you hears it. De next piece on de bugle is gwine to be de pay call, an' if you hissens fo' a minnit I tells you how come.

"I ain't gwine to talk much, 'cause, like de preacher says, a fool's voice is known by his multitude of words. You is et an' you is drunk an' gen'ally speakin' you is followed de advice of de preacher in Ecclesiastes when he tells us one an' all to eat, drink an' be merry. Further along in de Book de preacher 'splains dat to everything dey is a season, an' a time to every purpose—a time of war an' a time of peace, a time to win an' a time to lose, a time to weep an' a time to laugh, a time to keep yo' mouf shut an' a time to speak. De time is come fo' me to speak. Us is rambled up out of darkness an' misery to de proud position as de leadin' nation of de known world. Just like ev'ything else, when all de work has been done, up steps somebody else to take de credit.

"Speakin' plain, I is mighty strong agin leavin' dis Emuna Swan run de Gov'ment of de United States. Pussonally, I kain't read nor write, but I is been round some an' like de preacher says, de wise man's eyes is in his head, but de fool walks in darkness. More bitter dan death is de woman whose heart is snares an' nets. Dis Emuna craves to git to Congress. She is got ideas on some subjects, but she ain't never been fo'ty feet from de washtub whut brung her up. Folly is set in great dignity, as you sometimes suspecks when you hears whut de kings an' de rulers of de earth indulges in. De good Lawd was prob'ly thinkin' 'bout politicians when He 'spired de preacher to 'splain dat whuteveh is crooked kin not be made straight. Dey is some important subjecks to be handled by de next Congress, an' instead of leavin' Emuna step in an' mulligate around in de House of Representers I stands forth as de special can'date fo' dat job. De mantle of humility is drooped over my shoulders, but no matteh how humble I feels, Ise bound to say dat any average field hand kin make a better job of congressizin' dan whut Emuna kin.

"Jes' like I tol' Demmy an' dis mascot goat, standin' so high wid de white folks in Washington, it ain't needful fo' me to fight dis battle at no primaries. Afteh goin' through de Battle of Bordeaux an' two years of de ruckus in France, Ise prime 'nough to leap into dis fight at de 'leventh hour an' plumb willin' to leave de outcome to my fellow citizens. Demmy has got de special ballot box set up over dere agin dat brick wall, an' after de speech makin' is done de votin' parade forms an' marches in column of squabs to de ballot box. Any boy whut don't aim to vote fo' me kain't march in de parade. Is dey any further question?"

An iron molder in the front row grasped at the limelight:

"Where does you stand on de French debt?"

"Like de preacher says, wisdom is better dan weapons of war. Leave 'em keep it if dey is ornery 'nough to ack dat way; but if dey does keep it, f'm now on dey an' us is strangers. Dey is got a standin' army of nearly a million men an' dey is trainin' another army of our black brethren in dey homeland of Africa, an' you knows how uppity French niggers is whut figgers dey is equal wid white folks. Looks to me like de bills fo' de standin' army an' de spenses of de newest army dem frogs is trainin' runs into mo' dan a million dollars ev'y day. Leave 'em tell dere standin' army to lay down an' sleep a good night's rest, an' den git to work in de co'nfield an' give us half of whut dey save. Mighty soon dey wouldn't be no French debt. De way it looks now, does dey keep huntin' trouble like dey has been since de war, dey gwine to find it befo' long, an' afteh de smoke clears away dis time dey won't be nuthin' left of de French nation 'ceptin' a few bottles of perfume. Any other questions?"

"Whut 'bout our own Army an' Navy?" Another voice from the ranks.

"I dunno whut you means by de generality of yo' question, but all I kin say is give a boy a li'l' ol' .22 rifle an' some ca'tridges, an' you kin bet yo' wages dat somebody gits shot befo' long. De Navy comes in handy fo' paradin' back an' forth, an' dat's about all. Same way wid de Army. Afteh a couple of strange bulldogs growls at each other jes' so long, dey's bound to be a fight. De only way to steer clear of de fight is to educate folks up to where dey prefers a good sheep-herdin' collie to a bulldog. Wimmin is got no business gittin' to a point where dey kin deal de cards or sit into de war game. Jes like I tol' Demmy, dey is agin wars in gen'ral, but whenever any war in particklar starts dey is lopsided p'isen, widout no mo' brains nor reason dan a cyclone. Does I git to Congress, dem whut declares war kin fight it an' pay de spenses. Dey ain't gwine to be no mo' speech makin'; you is heard de other folks make all de other speeches, an' it's better to hear de rebuke of de wise dan fo' a man to hear de song of fools. Does I git to Congress, I promises you dat I uses a li'l' horse sense instead of so many big words, an' dat's all. Dem whut aims to vote fo' me marches to de ballot box at de word of command an' afteh de ballotin' de festivities will be renewed."

The Wildcat hesitated a moment, and sensing his opportunity, "Fall in!" he ordered. Following instinct which itched in their feet, some of the old-timers of the A. E. F. formed in the semblance of a line, and seeing this the Wildcat followed his first command with a second one, "Count off!"

A rattle of counting straggled down the line, and with this the crowd to its fringes stepped into ordered positions. The march to the ballot box began. Before the voting was well under way the straggling adherents of the forgotten Emuna had joined the majority.

When the voting was done, so far as the Wildcat could see, he had cleaned up with a hundred per cent victory.

Led by Demmy, an enthusiastic group of free voters began the customary congratulations.

"I thanks you one an' all. I does de best I kin to make my actions speak louder dan words," the Wildcat affirmed. "Now, like de preacher said, whut profit has a man of all his labor? Dey ain't no betteh thing under de sun dan to eat an' drink an' to be merry. Along wid dat I aims to agitate de dice a li'l' bit to see if de luck which is showered down round me will hol' good wid de gallopin' cubes."

Demmy formed the opposition:

"Rally 'round, men, an' see kin you shoot a pay-day loose f'm yo' new congressman."

On the dust at his feet the Wildcat cast a ten-dollar bill. He leaned over and whispered to Demmy, "All I aims to do, boy, is to reap spense money fo' two railroad tickets."

Demmy, who had audited the combined bank roll to a dollar, answered briefly, "When you gits a hundred, blow de Retreat."

"Century Limited!" Then to the action cravers: "Shoots ten dollars! Fade me, brothers, an' read de votes whut Lady Luck releases!"

"Roll 'em, hon'able!" The inquiring iron molder faded the Wildcat's ten. From some unseen source a pair of dice lay in the Wildcat's palm. He bounced them into the arena of chance.

"Velvet varmints, claw yo' meat! Bam! An' I reads six-ace. I lets it lay—shoots de twenty. Shower down, brothers, wid yo' Victory Loan! War is declared an' de silver bullets is flyin'."

Four five-dollar bills from as many warriors landed beside the Wildcat's stake. The Wildcat reached over and rubbed the dice on the lucky spot between Lily's horns, and then: "Ballot bouncers, count yo' votes! Congress cubes, raise yo' pay! Bam! Li'l' anxious anvils, hit heavy—an' de complete returns f'm de outlyin' districks says five an' a six! Fo'ty dollars, fo'ty ways. In de big-league games three strikes is out. I lets it lay fo' de third an' last time. Bound to lose sometime—shower down yo' money, brothers, an' pick up double when I strikes out!"

Within ten seconds the Wildcat's forty dollars was fenced in by an equal amount. The dice owner began to regret the modest limit of his financial requirements.

"De way Ise goin' an' f'm de way de money is bulgin' into view, de chances is I could clean up a mile of velvet in no time."

Sensing this unspoken thought Demmy, at the Wildcat's elbow, made haste to reiterate the specifications.

"When you gits fifty more," he whispered, "don't strain yo'self."

"Eighty dollars in plain view, mebbe it's me an' mebbe it's you!" He whispered a prayer to the dice, and then: "Music marbles, sound de bank notes! Rifle repeaters, aim an' fire! Bam! An' de standin' army lays down. Dey's side meat in de pork barrel. Dat's eighty dollars, an' I hauls it all down 'cept de original ten. Shoots ten dollars!"

"Congressman, you kain't last fo'eveh. Mebbe dis ten dollars will defeat you." An optimist met the bet.

"Don't know whut de word means. Let dese spotted statesmen run dey race! Dice, 'member yo' friend. Millions fo' de friend but not one cent distributed. Bam! Li'l' repeaters, orate a seven an'—six-ace I reads! Gents, long may she wave! Seems like Ise monopolizin' de festivities, an' whilst de stage is set I passes de weapons an' Lady Luck's blessin' along to de nex' man."

The Wildcat turned to the man on his left.

"Here's de dice, boy. Shoot an' break a record. I got to help Demmy count de votes whut you boys brung in so noble."

The Wildcat got up, and while the excitement of the game still held the crowd he retreated to the interior of the corrugated iron shed wherein the bulging ballot box stood against the pipe-threading machine. A quick conference with his diminutive confederate.

"F'm de heft of dese votes, Demmy, Emuna ain't got no mo' chance dan a snow-bound rabbit."

"Sounds like de truth, Wildcat. Tomorr' mawnin' de local folks reads where Mr. Murphy win de ruckus."

"By dat time us is some miles west."

"Sho is, Wildcat. Gimme dem greenbacks befo' you loses 'em. Ise custodian of de bank roll till us gits on de train."

"Here you is. I waits here whilst you 'cumulates Lily. Den us fades through de back do'. Bring yo' slip-horn wid you so as to 'company me on dis li'l' ol' snare drum when us craves music."

In the deserted shop the Wildcat waited for five minutes until Demmy reappeared, leading the mascot goat.

"Lily, you sho done noble dis time. Between you an' Lady Luck, Demmy got pried out of de rat trap of matrimony an' de United States is saved de curse of havin' Emuna Swan representin' round in Congress."

"Bla-a-a-a!" agreed Lily.

Demmy silenced the goat with a vicious jerk on the leading-string.

"Shut up, Lily! Whut fo' you advertisin' our retreat?"

Escorting their mascot goat and laden with the Wildcat's battered snare drum and Demmy's tarnished trombone, the pair slid through a narrow exit into the alley which led to freedom.

"Demmy, I feels like Ise escaped free f'm jail. Lawd, jes think how terrible it would be did I git sentenced to de House of Representers!"

"Dey's some things worse, Wildcat."

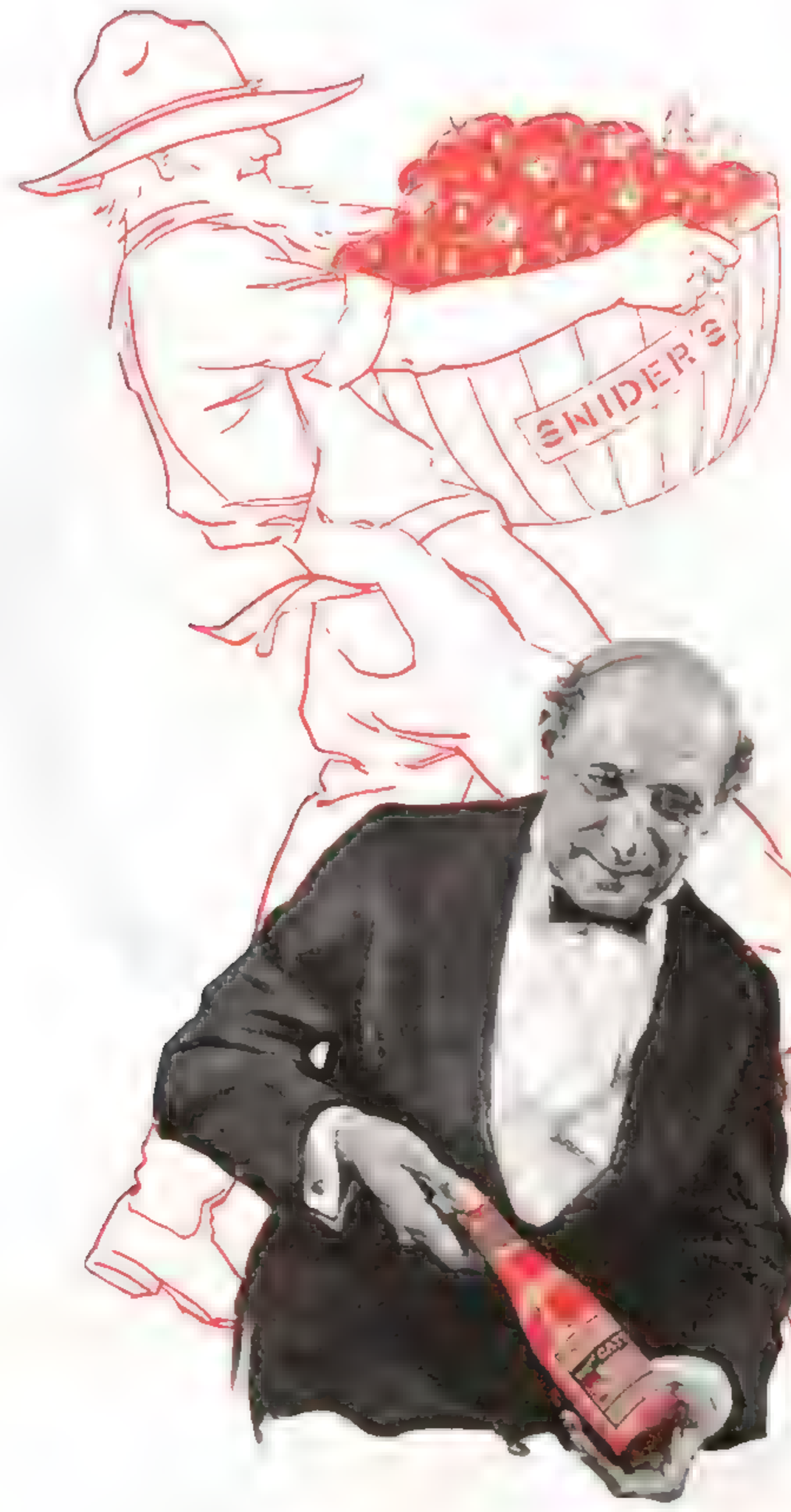
"Mighty hard findin' jes whut could be worse, 'less you means matrimony wid a coal-complected suff'agette."

"Whut makes dis dog-gone drum so heavy?"

The Wildcat smiled down at his companion.

"Dunno, Demmy, 'less it might be dem six quarts of gin whut I salvaged outen Emuna's ruckus rations. Figgered mebbe us might need vigoratin' on de trip West. Come along, Lily, double-time dem laigs till us gits to de depot."

An Old Road Near Seattle




A landmark of old Delmonico's—this grizzled waiter of the twinkling eye.

To some of us who remember "Del's", his face brings back memories. And one of them is the pompous pride with which he used to "show the bottle" when catsup was called for

For twenty years and more there was no need in "Del's" to ask for Snider's, for in that old-time haunt of epicureans, no other brand was served.

*adds zest*

# SNIDER'S

TOMATO CATSUP, CHILI SAUCE, COCKTAIL SAUCE, TOMATO SOUP

SUPERTWIST *was conceived, perfected and named by Goodyear, and is used only in Goodyear Tires*

"The Goodyear balloon tires you put on my Ford coupe have gone about 9,000 miles and are still good for considerably more mileage. There has been absolutely no trouble with front wheel shimmy; they hold the road, and my coupe today is in much better mechanical condition than I would have believed possible after that mileage, and is noticeably free from the usual squeaks and rattle."—HOWARD P. BIACHFIELD, *Roanoke, Va.*

"My Goodyear balloon tires have been more than satisfactory and it happens that I have not had a puncture in the thirty-eight hundred miles they have gone. The greatest satisfaction is in the comfort they have given, and the saving of the car from shocks and vibrations. Having used Balloon tires it would be a great deprivation to have to get along without them."—L. J. RAMAGE, *Decatur, Ala.*

"My Hudson coach is equipped with Goodyear balloon tires. I have had such good service from these tires that I am calling it to your attention. For comfort in riding there is no equal. As to tire trouble I do not know what it means. You can place me on record as believing that no better tires are made than Goodyear balloons."—WILLIAM D. HEATH, Supt. Amsterdam Ice Cream Co., Inc., *Amsterdam, N. Y.*

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

# Remember this about "balloons"

## *Only Goodyears are made with* SUPERTWIST!

Those first balloon tires sold somewhat more than a year ago are now really getting down to business.

The roads of the country have put them to the test of tests, and have disclosed their true character.

So far as Goodyear balloon tires are concerned, that character is one to make any tire-maker greatly proud.

A little glimpse of what a vast army of users thinks of Goodyear balloon tires today is printed below.

One important reason why Goodyear balloons have given so splendid an account of themselves is the remarkable new cord fabric SUPERTWIST.

This efficient material was conceived and perfected in Goodyear's own fabric mills, to solve the special needs of the low-pressure flexible-sidewall tire.

The superiority of SUPERTWIST lies in its greater elasticity; it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

Tests show that the Goodyear tire carcass made of SUPERTWIST absorbs impact without damage, because the cord itself stretches without breaking, thus affording greater protection against stone bruises, carcass breaking and like injuries.

If you want in the balloons you buy that pronounced durability and economy which Goodyear users now enjoy, be sure you get Goodyear balloons.

They are made with SUPERTWIST, as are all Goodyear Tires, whether balloons or standard sizes.

Remember this, for it is worth knowing: *only* Goodyears are made with SUPERTWIST.

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

*Good tires deserve good tubes—*
*Goodyear Tubes*

"We have run our car on Goodyear balloon tires day and night for the past ten months and have covered over 12,000 miles without having one puncture. The spare tire has never been off the rear rack. The balloons make riding much more comfortable, and never has anyone stepped into the car without remarking how smoothly it runs, since the new type tires were installed."—D. H. HOFFMAN, Hoffman & Becker, *Chicago, Ill.*

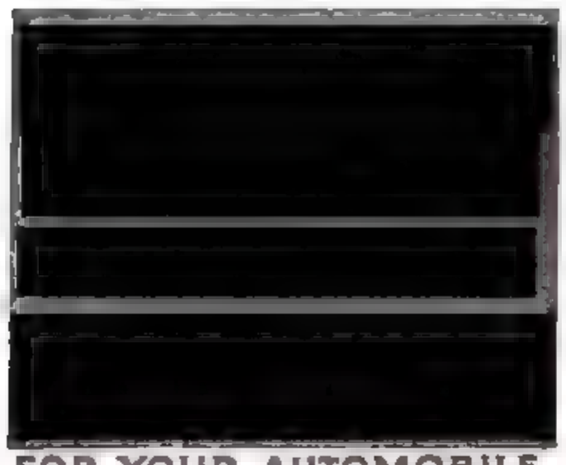
"I have just turned 20,000 miles on a set of five Goodyear balloon tires on my Packard Six sedan and have only changed four times, all the changes caused by long nail punctures. We have a number of cars in our Company using various makes of tires, but on the strength of the performance of these Goodyear balloons, we are figuring on equipping all with Goodyears." —J. J. HERITAGE, Pres., Press Coal Co., *Chicago, Ill.*

"I have been using Goodyear balloon tires for nearly a year and my speedometer records a mileage in excess of 12,000 miles —and the tires look good for several thousand more. I have experienced less trouble with these tires than with any tires I have ever used. Goodyear balloons are very comfortable to ride on and I find it makes very little difference in the handling of the car."— W. H. WIESON, *Knoxville, Tenn.*

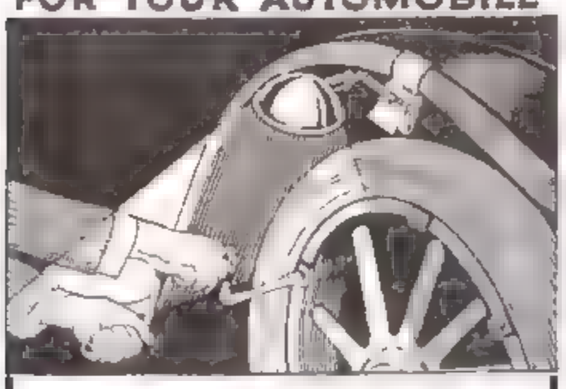
"I placed a set of balloon tires on a new Ford Coupe about eight months ago, and am well pleased with the results. I have covered about 9500 miles on these Goodyear tires and they are still in excellent shape, having experienced no tire trouble at all, and I feel confident they will double this service before they are worn out. I am thoroughly convinced that Goodyears will do everything you say." — F. L. MURPHY, *Scranton, Pa.*

# "BALLOONS"

*Made with* SUPERTWIST



FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE



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# THE COWBOY AND HIS SONGS

(Continued from Page 15)

*Now all you young maidens, where'er you reside,*
*Beware of the cowboy who swings the rawhide.*
*He'll court you and pet you and leave you to go,*
*In the spring up the trail on his bucking broncho.*

Cowboys often tied up one front foot of a broncho to keep the animal from jumping away as he was being saddled and mounted. The rope was tied so the rider, when fairly in the saddle, could give a jerk with the end in his hand, loose it and let her buck.

The old Aztec Cattle Company, in Northern Arizona, had a horse wrangler who was full of old-time cowboy songs. He was a man of middle age, had been up the Chiso trail twice, had worked on the Pecos for several years—a certain sign of cow-puncher excellence in those days—and was one of the best calf ropers in the outfit. He preferred to wrangle horses, however; but occasionally when the calves were thick in the herd and a fast sure roper was needed, somebody would be sent out to the horse herd to relieve him and he would come in and do the roping for the afternoon.

He came into the world badly crippled, his left leg being about six inches shorter than the right. This made him walk with an odd, rolling, back-and-forth, up-and-down gait which appeared to be very tiresome. He always mounted his horse from the right side, which kept him in constant trouble with his ponies until he got them Injun broke, as the punchers called a right-sided pony. He was known to the outfit he worked with as Fall-Back Joe. Probably he had a last name, but in five years on our range I never heard him called by it. Fall-Back Joe, being a horse wrangler, didn't have any night guarding to do, which was strictly according to cowboy etiquette. That didn't keep him from singing, however. One of his "favor-ites" was Lorena, that popular old-time ballad, sentimental and sad to the very last degree. Some puncher once said that he "would be willing to bet a pair of Coffeyville boots agin a left-handed sock that Lorena had sung more cows to sleep an' stopped more about-to-happen stampedes than all the other songs put together."

### Fall-Back Joe's Favorite

Frequently in the evening Fall-Back Joe would sit round the camp fire and sing for some time, and Lorena always opened the program. Naturally, the words and music of this famous song were picked up by every man with the wagon, and it was sung so many times and under so many circumstances day and night that Rickety Bob, the cranky cook, finally announced in no uncertain tones that, excepting Fall-Back Joe, he, Rickety Bob, proposed to take the pothook and beat up the very first puncher who even hummed the tune around the wagon.

Joe's voice escaped from the opening beneath his mustache at one corner and was of a most distressingly nasal character. The Chinese cook at the ranch of an English company on our range had an exact duplicate of the limping horse wrangler's vocal organs. It certainly was something awful in the line of a singing voice. I can see and hear Joe right now, sitting on a bed roll by the fire, making a perfect wreck of Lorena musically and poetically:

*Lorena*

*Oh, the years creep slowly by, Lorena.*
*The snow is on the grass again.*
*The sun's low down in the sky, Lorena.*
*The frost gleams where the stars have been.*

Joe always called her "Lorener" and pronounced "been" to rime with "bean."

Lorena was essentially a song of a sad and weepy heart, and Joe and his imitators always pulled out the tremolo stop right at the start and kept it out to the very last quavering word:

*A hundred months have passed, Lorena,*
*Since last I held that hand in mine,*
*And felt that pulse beat fast, Lorena,*
*Though mine beat faster far than thine.*

Rickety Bob allowed, he did, that "a hundred months, meanin' nigh onto eight and a third years, was a powerful long time to re-co-lect a gal's pulse." Bob also reckoned it was a long, long time to stick to one woman. He was sure that Lorena was probably married and had at least three measly kids by this time. Such sarcasm was wholly lost on the horse wrangler, who invariably sang the entire twelve verses through at one sitting:

*We loved each other then, Lorena,*
*More than we ever dared to tell.*
*Oh, what we might have been, Lorena,*
*Had but our lovings prospered well.*

Not only did Joe usually sing the whole twelve verses, but he lengthened them out by repeating as a refrain the last two lines to every verse, doing it in a melancholy, mysterious voice meant to express the deep, undying but hopeless passion that found its only outlet in song.

### A Sad Time Was Had by All

Lorena undoubtedly came to the range country with the soldiers of the Civil War.

Once in the Bucket of Blood saloon in Holbrook, Arizona, the boys were celebrating the departure of the last trainload of Hash Knife steers for the season. In the height of the revelry someone called upon Fall-Back Joe to sing Lorena. The whole bunch was in just the maudlin, sentimental condition that would cause the most hard-boiled fire-eating cow-puncher to shed tears as large as Mexican beans over a sentimental song. They boosted Joe up on the end of the long bar, and with the assistance of four or five other so-called singers, who organized an impromptu barber-shop quartet and sang the last two lines of each verse as a refrain, that song was sung through the whole twelve verses, refrain and all, in a silence that was truly impressive. The last verse runs this way:

*It matters little now, Lorena;*
*The past is in the eternal past.*
*Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena;*
*Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.*

As the close harmonies of the last line wailed up from the dry throats of the singers, there were a dozen hardened old sinners in the crowd, mostly with very dubious records as to their personal probity, that were wiping their eyes on the tail end of the gaudy handkerchiefs about their necks without the least embarrassment or attempt at concealment. He would have been a reckless man who would have ventured to josh one of them about it or mention the fact around the camp fire at breakfast the next morning. It just wasn't the proper thing to do, you know.

Occasionally, under the effects of too frequent libations, Joe's voice would fail him and would wabble in his vocalization.

"Joe's an all right good singer," said the wagon boss, "but the tune sort of scatters on him at times."

Growling about the boss or bawling out the outfit you worked for was a favorite sport with cowboys, and formed the basis of yards and yards of alleged poetry that invariably had the same chorus and was sung to the same nasal, jerky little old tune no matter where the artist came from. The following verses are samples of this class of cowboy effervescence:

*The Dad-Blamed Boss*

*Oh, here I am, a-settin' on my hoss,*
*An' spoonin' these old sows*
*Fer that dad-blamed boss.*

CHORUS

*Come-a-tie-wy-waddy,*
*Inkie-eye-eye-a-a-a.*
*Come-a-tie-wy-waddy-inkie-eye.*

*Oh, the boss he says, "Dick,*
*Kin ye ride a pitchin' hoss?"*
*"I kin ride 'em in the slick,"*
*I tells that dad-blamed boss.*

*Now there's Old Moss Tate,*
*The old Spur boss.*
*He'd rather ride a navvy*
*Than a hundred-dollar hoss.*

A "navvy" was Northern Arizona cow-puncher slang for a ten-dollar Navajo Indian pony, considered in that day as about the poorest species of horse on earth. They were cheap, however, and some of the outfits bought them for their remudas. The spur was the brand the outfit used, thus:

*Oh, the boss says, "Mose,*
*Don't you get on your ear,*
*An' I'll buy some good hosses*
*To ride next year."*

*We rounded up the cattle*
*An' cut out all the steers;*
*We branded all the calves*
*An' put the Spur mark in their ears.*

*I'll get me a new slicker*
*An' some Coffeyville boots,*
*Buy a quart of good red licker*
*An' quit this crazy old galoot.*

*Oh, I'll shake this job tomorrer,*
*Pack my soogins on a hoss*
*An' pull my freight fer Texas,*
*Where there ain't no dad-blamed boss.*

Occasionally a half-stewed rider, in town for a little genteel recreation, coming from what the sentimentalists love to call the wide-open spaces, simply had to blow off a little steam and use his vocal organs to their full lung power. One of Owen Wister's characters in the Virginian gives vent to the following choice bit:

*I'm wild and woolly an' full of fleas;*
*I'm hard to curry above the knees;*
*I'm a ole she wolf from Bitter Creek,*
*An' it's my main night to h-o-w-l.*

### Assembling a Song

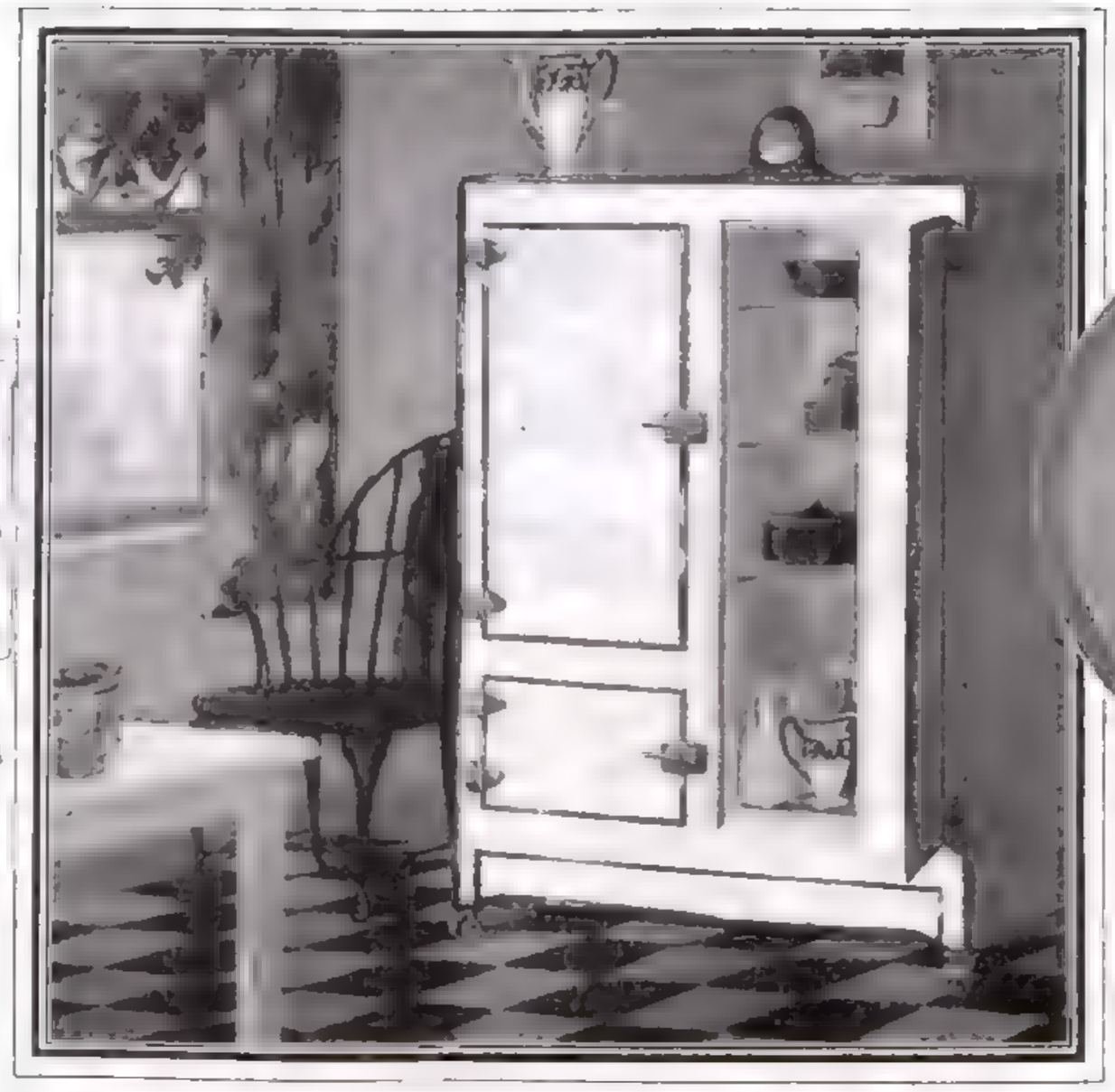
One of the most widely known and sung cowboy songs is called The Cowboy's Sweet By and By, sung to the old tune of My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean. I first heard this song in 1886 or '87 on the Hash Knife Range in Northern Arizona. A half-breed Indian boy from Southern Utah sang about four verses which he had picked up from some other singers. He knew nothing of the authorship. I wrote these four out in my calf-branding book one evening. Later on, a boy from down the Pecos way drifted into our camp and sang the four with slight variations, with two new ones, one of which he claimed as his own work. I wrote another and eventually picked up three more, until I finally had ten verses in all.

With the idea of using it as the motif for a cowboy story, I rewrote two or three verses, changed the words of several, added the chorus, and cut the ten down to six verses. These were published with one of my earliest Western stories—The Stampede on the Turkey Track Range. So far as I have ever been able to run it down, this was the first time the words ever appeared in print. Since that time the song has been printed in almost every volume of cowboy songs which has been published.

In 1890 I happened along on Twenty-third Street in New York City just in time to hear a Salvation Army lassie sing it to the crowd. She told me it was printed in the Salvation Army hymn book of those days.

I think the words of this song may safely be called a cowboy product pure and simple; but the idea, of course, was taken from

(Continued on Page 125)

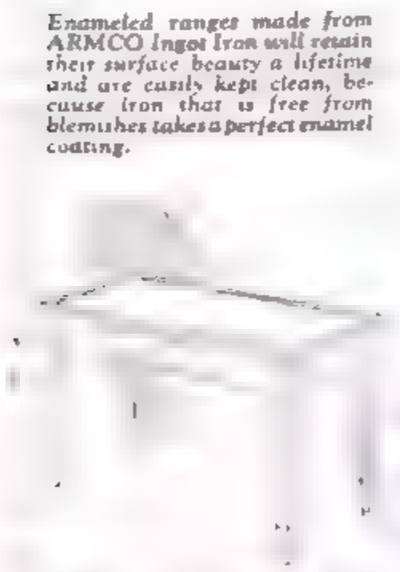


*Look for this blue and gold ARMCO label on washing machines, stoves, ranges, refrigerators, enameled table tops and other articles. It represents a standard of quality and purity in iron the same as the Sterling mark on silver.*

# Know this one thing about enamel-ware

## —*and you will always get your money's worth*

*Enameled ranges made from ARMCO Ingot Iron will retain their surface beauty a lifetime and are easily kept clean, because iron that is free from blemishes takes a perfect enamel coating.*



*The beauty of enameled table tops made of ARMCO Ingot Iron is permanent. The wear and tear of daily use will do no damage that a damp cloth won't rectify. ARMCO Ingot Iron because of its satiny smoothness and purity takes an enamel coat as no other metal will.*

THE important thing to know about enamel-ware is easy to learn. It is a label like that shown above. Articles bearing that label afford the best value always.

ARMCO Ingot Iron is the purest iron made and that is why makers of enameled houseware use it and identify it by marking their products with the blue and gold ARMCO Label reproduced above.

ARMCO Ingot Iron is even and dense in texture—free from gases that make pin holes, lumps or bubbles in enameled surfaces.

Only a few years ago enameled ware was considered a luxury. But people regard it differently nowadays. For they know it means ease, cleanliness and joy in housework. It may be truthfully said that ARMCO Ingot Iron has played a very important part in the great and ever increasing use of sanitary enameled articles.

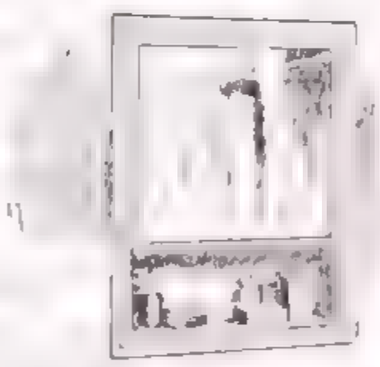
If you want beautiful, gleaming enameled equipment free from blemishes always ask this question—

*Is It Made of* ARMCO *Ingot Iron?*

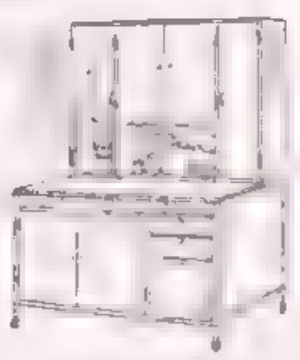
THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

*(Export)* THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO Cable Address—ARMCO

*Distributors in all principal cities*



*Bacteria find few places to lodge in the medicine cabinet with an enameled surface on ARMCO Ingot Iron. The ARMCO label is your assurance of a medicine cabinet that is easily kept sanitary.*



*The ARMCO label on your metal kitchen cabinet means that the white enamel is placed upon commercially pure iron. The glistening white surfaces will be permanently beautiful because ARMCO Ingot Iron holds the enamel indefinitely.*

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Instead of distributing from our factory—first to jobbers—then jobbers to distributors—then distributors to dealers—and finally dealers to you, *we now sell Prest-O-Lite Batteries through retailers directly to you.*

This means our price is based on only one step between the Prest-O-Lite factory and you. The extra profits necessary under more involved methods of distribution are, by our single-step policy, passed on to you.

Battery production costs are no lower. The savings to you are effected entirely through this simplified selling plan. There is no reduction in quality, nor any change in the guarantee and service that stand behind every Prest-O-Lite Battery.

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**Save 25%**

These are the same batteries that were not surpassed in value even when sold at the higher prices. There are Prest-O-Lite Batteries for every make of car—at proportional savings.

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It was natural that Prest-O-Lite should lead in this revolutionary plan. "The Oldest Service to Motorists" was established twenty years ago by this company. Since that time it has progressed constantly in giving *better service to motorists.*

There is a Prest-O-Lite Service Station near you. Take advantage of its "Friendly Service," no matter what make of battery you may have. And when you do need a new one, save at least 25% and get real quality, long life and service by buying a Prest-O-Lite Battery.

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*Prest-O-Lite*

(Continued from Page 122)

the ballad, My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean. Some of the verses that found themselves in print in the story are as follows:

### The Cowboy's Sweet By and By

*Last night as I lay on the prairie*
*And looked at the stars in the sky,*
*I wondered if ever a cowboy*
*Would drift to that sweet by and by.*

CHORUS

*Roll on, roll on, roll on, little dogies;*
*Roll on, roll on.*
*Roll on, roll on, roll on, little dogies;*
*Roll on.*

*The road to that bright mystic region*
*Is narrow and dim, so they say;*
*But the trail that leads down to perdition*
*Is staked and is blazed all the way.*

*They say that there'll be a big round-up,*
*Where the cowboys like dogies will stand,*
*To be cut by those riders from heaven*
*Who are posted and know every brand.*

Dogies are a class of mavericks, unmarked and unbranded, whose mothers have mislaid them. In consequence, they are generally pot-bellied and forlorn. It is the rule of the range to cut them out of the herd and put on them the iron of the cow outfit on whose range they are found.

This chorus offered some unusually fine opportunities for barber-shop quartets, close harmonies, falsetto tenors and down-deep-within-the-cellar bassos among the punchers.

Another song of the plains, an especial favorite among the Texas boys, was called The Dying Cowboy, or The Lone Prairie. Its authorship has been credited to half a dozen different men and there are almost as many versions as singers. As a matter of fact, according to Dan Coolidge, it is a parody on an old English sea chantey which begins, "Oh, bury me not in the deep blue sea."

Sung by the average puncher, it was just about the most lugubrious, doleful bit of descriptive verse and music imaginable. The words speak for themselves and the melody was in the most minor of keys. The song fairly oozed woe from end to end:

### The Dying Cowboy

*"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!"*
*These words came slow and mournfully*
*From the pallid lips of a youth who lay*
*On his dying couch at the close of day.*

The last words of the first and second lines were invariably pronounced a long-drawn-out "prai-r-e-e-e" and "mournful-le-e-e" in order to get the true poetic effect.

The parody failed, however, when it came to the chorus, which followed each and every verse and was fitted into conditions in the wild and woolly West far from salt water:

CHORUS

*"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,*
*Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me,*
*Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the wind blows free.*
*Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."*

*He had wasted and pined till o'er his brow*
*Death's shadows fast were drawing now.*
*He had thoughts of home and the loved ones nigh,*
*As the cowboys gathered to see him die.*

He was not to have his dying wish, however, in spite of his plea for a burial in the old churchyard, although he pleaded with his listeners through seven or eight more agonizing verses, some of which will be omitted here:

*"Oh, bury me not"—and his voice failed there.*
*They paid no heed to his dying prayer.*
*In a narrow grave, just six by three,*
*They laid him there on the lone prairie.*

*They buried him there on the lone prairie,*
*Where the owl all night hoots mournfully,*
*Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free;*
*They laid him there on the lone prairie.*

A stranger to the range men will probably get the idea from the character of their songs that the average cowboy took his music somewhat seriously, not to say painfully. There is considerable justification for this thought, but nevertheless they had their songs of lighter and more cheerful vein.

Every true Texan is proud of the Texas Rangers, and many of the songs of the Southwestern men tell of the doings of that body of men.

A favorite song of those early days was called The Dying Ranger. It ran thus:

*The sun was setting in the west and fell with a lingering ray*
*Through the branches of a forest where a wounded ranger lay.*
*In the shade of a palmetto, 'neath the summer's sultry sky,*
*Far away from his home in Texas they laid him down to die.*

*A group had gathered round him, his comrades in the fight;*
*The tears rolled down each manly cheek as he bade his last good night.*
*One tried-and-true companion was kneeling by his side*
*To stop his lifeblood flowing, but all in vain he tried.*

*"Draw nearer to me, comrades, and listen to what I say:*
*I am going to tell a story as my spirit hastes away;*
*Way back in Northwest Texas, that good old Lone Star State,*
*There is one who for my coming with an anxious heart will wait.*

*"A little girl, my sister, my only joy and pride,*
*I've loved her since her childhood, for I've had no one beside;*
*I've loved her as a brother and with a brother's care,*
*I've tried through grief and sorrow her little heart to cheer.*

*"Our country was invaded, they called for volunteers.*
*She threw her arms about me and bursting into tears,*
*Saying, 'Go, my darling brother, drive the traitors from our shore,*
*My heart may need your presence, but our country needs you more.'*

*"'Tis true, I love my country, to it I've given my all;*
*If it was not for my sister, boys, I'd be content to fall.*
*Oh, comrades, I am dying; she'll never see me more,*
*Though she'll vainly wait my coming by our little cabin door.*

*"My mother, she lies sleeping beneath the churchyard sod,*
*And many a day has passed away since her spirit went to God;*
*My father, he lies sleeping beneath the deep blue sea;*
*We have no other kindred; there is only Nell and me.*

*"Draw nearer to me, comrades, hark to my dying prayer;*
*Who'll be to her a brother and protect her with his care?"*
*Up spoke those noble rangers, they answered one and all:*
*"We will be to her a brother till the last of us does fall."*

*One happy smile of pleasure o'er the ranger's face was spread;*
*One dark convulsive shudder and the ranger boy was dead.*
*Far from his darling sister, they laid him down to rest,*
*With his saddle for a pillow and his rifle across his breast.*

This Texas Ranger was evidently passing in his checks somewhere down in Old Mexico, where in the early '40's a body of Texas Rangers chased the whole Mexican Army around the country till they tired of the sport and let the rest go for another day. "To this very yet," as one Texan put it, "them Mexicans swear they could lick all the rest of the United States if the Texans would keep out of the ruckus."

The average cowboy troubadour often added verses of his own workmanship. For this reason the printed copies of most cowboy songs differ widely in number of verses and phraseology. There is one rather interesting point in the cowboy songs, however, which is that in a majority of cases involving old-established songs, though the words were often changed or extra verses added, the music invariably was the same. No matter where the singer came from—Utah, Texas, New Mexico, Montana or Wyoming—the tune was practically unchanged.

One somewhat remarkable thing in connection with this subject is the undeniable fact that more than ninety per cent of the bona-fide Western range songs and poetry originated—or at least came into the public eye—in the Southwest. The Southwestern vaqueros—or, as the word has been Anglicized, buckaroos—seem to have had the urge within them to burst forth into song more thoroughly developed than in any other section of the range country. Frequently these old ballads of the cow country carried with them their own moral. The following was sung in Arizona by a youngster called the Texas Kid. It was known all over the range country. He frequently changed the words, possibly to suit his audiences:

### The Cowboy's Lament

*As I rode out in the streets of Laredo,*
*As I rode out so early one day,*
*'Twas there I espied a handsome young cowboy,*
*All dressed in white linen and clothed for the grave.*

CHORUS

*"Then play your fife lowly and beat your drum slowly,*
*And play the Dead March as you bear me along;*
*Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me;*
*I am a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong.*

*"'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,*
*'Twas once in the saddle I used to be gay;*
*But I first took to drinking and then to card playing,*
*Got shot in a fight, and now I must die.*

*"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys*
*And tell them the story of this my sad fate;*
*And tell them to stop all their gambling and drinking,*
*And all their wild ways before it's too late.*

*"Go write a letter to my gray-headed mother,*
*And break the news gently to my sisters so dear;*
*And then there's another dearer far than a mother,*
*Who'll bitterly weep when she knows I am here.*

*"Go bring me a cup of pure cold water,*
*A cup of cold water," the poor fellow said.*
*But when I returned, the spirit had departed,*
*And gone to the Giver—the cowboy was dead.*

Laredo is a town in Southern Texas.

No singer of cowboy songs was master of his art unless he could sing the famous Zebra Dun song. Every cow outfit in the range country had in the remuda, or saddle-horse band, one or two notorious outlaws—horses that bucked every time they felt the rider on their back and which the regular crew wouldn't fool with. If a new man dropped into camp looking for a job and got it, he was dead sure to draw at least one of these outlaws from among the twelve or fifteen head of ponies the wagon boss cut out for him to ride.

Such a one was the zebra dun; an animal generally of a claybank or buckskin shade, with dark zebra stripes across his withers and around both forelegs. Many cowboys believed sincerely that the mother of a zebra dun had mule blood in her system. They were perhaps justified in their belief because, as one cowboy put it, "A zebra-dun hoss is the toughest, wickedest, most devilish-tempered brute what ever felt a cinch on his belly or crippled up a pore cow person." It was of this combination that this ballad sings. One of the boys in the C Bar outfit, in Southern Arizona, named Sam Roberts, sang the verses given here.

[Songs of the Old Cattle Trails, Sharlot M. Hall, The Out West Magazine, 1908.]

### The Zebra Dun

*The wagon was camped on the head of the Cimarron,*
*When a stranger dropped in and stopped to augur some.*
*Such an educated fellow, his talk just came in herds,*
*He astonished all the punchers with his long jaw-breaking words.*

*We asked him if he'd had his breakfast, an' he hadn't had a smear.*
*So we opened up the chuck box an' bid him take a share.*
*He helped hisself to beefsteak, a biscuit an' some beans,*
*An' then began to talk about the foreign kings and queens.*

*He talked about the Spanish War and fighting on the sea,*
*With guns as big as beef steers and ramrods big as trees.*
*He spoke about old Dewey, that fighting son of a gun,*
*And said he was the bravest cuss that ever pulled a gun.*

*He kept on talking steady, till he made the boys all sick,*
*And they tried to figure up some way to play on him a trick.*
*He said he'd lost his job up close to Santa Fé,*
*And was cutting across the country to strike the 7 D.*

*He didn't say what happened; 'twas some trouble with the boss'*
*And said he'd like to borrow a fresh fat saddle horse.*
*That tickled all the boys like hell; they laughed down in their sleeves.*
*We told him he could have one as fresh and fat as you please.*

*Shorty grabbed his lasso and roped the Zebra Dun,*
*Turned him over to the stranger, then stepped back to see the fun.*
*Old Dun was a rocky outlaw that had grown so awful wild*
*He could paw the white out of the moon for a quarter of a mile.*

*Old Dunny stood quite gentle, as if he didn't know*
*That the stranger had him saddled and was fixing for to go.*
*When the stranger hit the saddle, old Dunny quit the earth,*
*Traveled up towards the moon for everything he was worth.*

*We could see the tops of all the trees under old Dunny's belly every jump.*
*But the stranger he was growed there just like the camel's hump.*
*He spurred him in the shoulders and whipped him as he whirled,*
*Just to show us flinky punchers he was the he-wolf of the world.*

(Continued on Page 128)

# The New CHRYSLER

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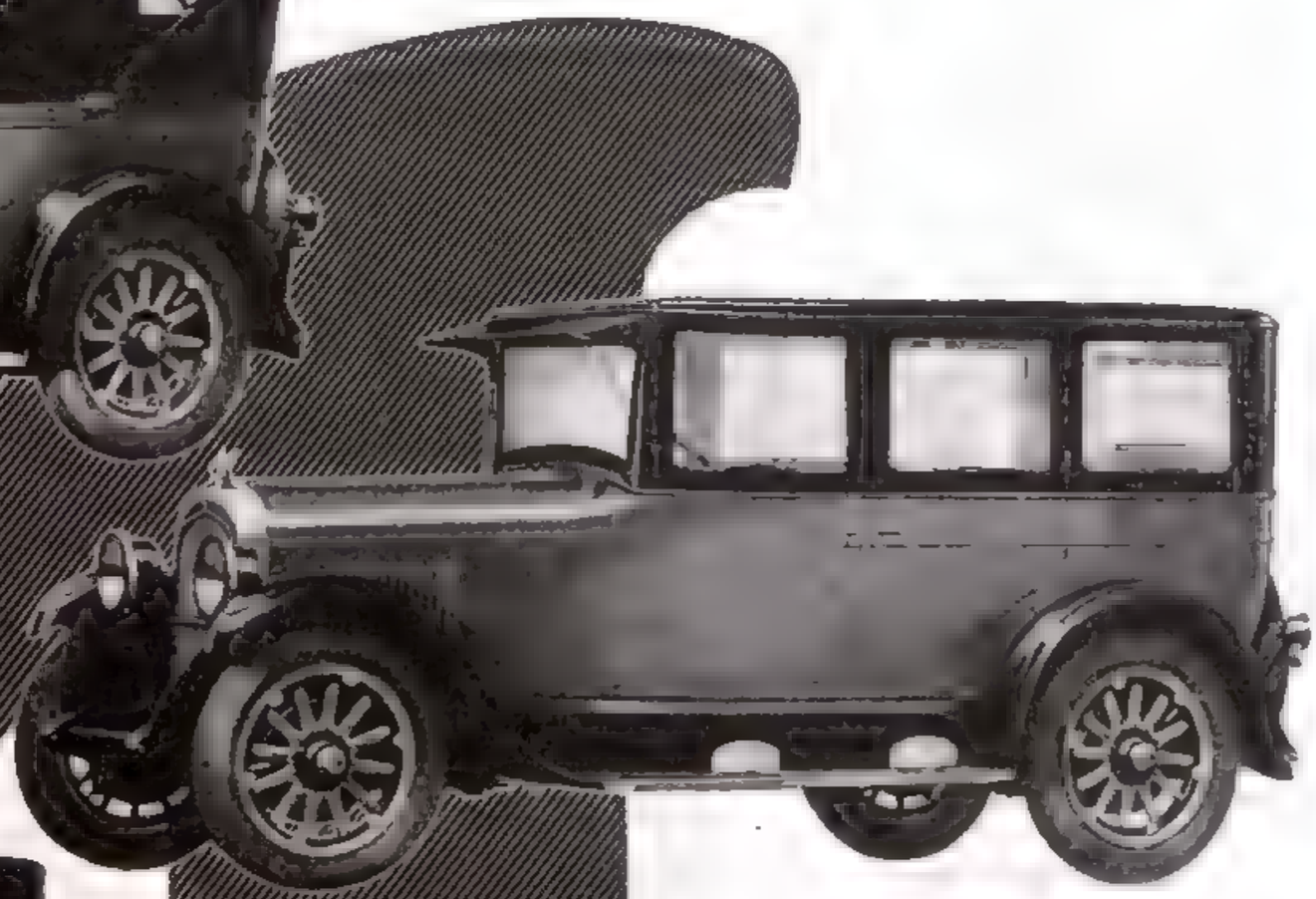

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# Walter P. Chrysler Tells About It FOUR

Walter P. Chrysler's manufacturing ability is incontestably proved by the most enthusiastic public endorsement ever given an individual in the motor car industry.

For four years, you have seen Chrysler-created products steadily forging forward to the very forefront of the four and six-cylinder fields.

You have seen Chrysler engineering, Chrysler manufacturing quality and Chrysler value build up to a production of more than 13,000 cars per month.

Every step of that irresistible advance was part of a process in preparation for the production of the new Chrysler Four.

Throughout these four years, Chrysler standards and Chrysler quality have won the most impressive success in motor car history.

**Far ahead in power, speed, fuel mileage, beauty; in safety, ease, and complete and perfect roadability. First car of its price with the option of hydraulic four-wheel brakes.**

### *A Car Whose Ability Amazes Even Engineers*

And all of this achievement, all of the fine manufacturing which have made the Chrysler Six such an unprecedented success, served to create an insistent demand for the outstanding Chrysler qualities of engineering supremacy, manufacturing fineness, riding ease and beautiful appearance—and to stimulate the genius of Walter P. Chrysler to produce these same qualities in the lower priced field of the four.

Now, the full Chrysler conception of what a four-cylinder car should be, becomes an actuality.

Briefly summed up, it is our conviction that this Chrysler Four *delivers more of power, speed, fuel mileage and charm of appearance than any other four in the world today.*

Mr. Chrysler's description of the new Chrysler Four is here given at length.

"A good engineer never accepts a fact until he has proved it to be a fact to his own satisfaction," Mr. Chrysler said, "and the engineers who designed the Chrysler Four were themselves amazed at the ease and roadability it displayed in their tests.

"It can and does hold its own on the road with the highest priced; and it can and does leave the ordinary and the average far to the rear.

"It will open any man's eyes at the way it fairly sprints up and over the long, heavy hills.

"And with Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, which are optional at a small extra cost, it offers a certainty and a safety that have never before been present in cars of its price.

"In the fewest words, it puts a wholly new interpretation on four-cylinder ability and performance, on riding ease and complete and perfect roadability.

"Like the Chrysler Six, it puts a new interpretation on quality by way of the extensive use of fine and costly alloy steels, and with rigid adherence to the highest of manufacturing standards.

"When I say that for the second time—now in the Chrysler Four as notably as in the Chrysler Six—Chrysler engineering has gone far ahead of prevailing practice, this is what I mean in practical results:

### *83% More Power Than Official Rating*

"The new Chrysler Four engine has an official S. A. E. rating of 21.03 horse-power.

"Yet it actually delivers 38.5 horse-power—83 per cent more power-certainty and performance than its official rating."

"Mr. Chrysler how do you get such extraordinary performance in a four-cylinder car?"

"How is it done? By uniform distribution of the fuel to the cylinders, by complete combustion, by perfect valve action, by providing for the most efficient operating temperature.

"You can drive this car all day long under heavy load, or at top speed, and the engine will not overheat. The ample capacity of the cooling system, the generous water-jacketing of the cylinder walls and valve ports, are a sure safeguard.

"And for engine lubrication we use the positive, full-force feed which sends a continuous flow of oil under pressure to all main bearings, and through drilled passages in the crankshaft, to the connecting rod bearings.

"We believe it is well worth the cost to have a cushion of oil at these points, rather than the metal to metal contact and the rapid wear which are the common results of splash oiling.

### *Better Lubrication With No More Oil*

"Nowhere in the Chrysler Four engine is lubrication left to the uncertainty of the older splash method. For example, from the connecting rods, oil is sprayed directly to the piston skirts and cylinder walls—a point which ordinarily is poorly lubricated by oil mist or splash from the crankcase. A special oil-proof ring on each piston serves to keep oil out of the combustion chamber. The engine gears are constantly bathed in a positive and direct flow of oil.

"All in all, the engine is *far more efficiently lubricated and there is no increase in oil consumption.*

"Another important result which has its foundation in the special selection of materials and in fine workmanship, is the very unusual quietness of Chrysler Four engine operation. I believe there has never been a four which delivers its power so smoothly and sweetly."

"How have you disposed of the vibration which many engineers call the bugbear of the four-cylinder engine?"

"We balance all rotating parts, and all reciprocating parts. The crankshaft is heavy and rigid. The pistons and connecting rods are light.

"The parts which revolve—crankshaft, clutch hub, and flywheel—are all dynamically balanced to limits of a small fraction of an ounce. Then, the connecting rod and piston assemblies are matched to the hundredth part of an ounce.

"But Chrysler engineers do not stop there. They go full length to isolate even the slightest trace of vibration.

"They mount the front end of the engine on a floating platform spring. The usual rigid bolting of the engine to the chassis frame at the front end is entirely lacking.

"Then the fastenings of the rear engine arms to the chassis have rubber bushings and pads interposed so that there is no metal-to-metal contact, literally cushioning the engine on rubber at that point.

"These two unusual practices mean complete insulation against vibration of the engine in the chassis frame.

"There is no chance for rumble or tremor to reach the body of the car or its occupants; and we are confident that no four-cylinder engine has ever before been so smooth in its operation.

### *A Strong Frame That Cannot Weave*

"We have built, in the Chrysler Four chassis frame, a body foundation that is unusually sturdy. In addition to the customary design of strong, stiff cross members, there is a stout torque tube at the front, and at the rear, a wide, strong, integral brace of heavy gage metal. This frame does not weave and distort—and those are the two actions which loosen body bolts and set up squeaks and rattles. The radiator, too, is bolted rigidly to the side members of the chassis frame.

"You can drive the new Chrysler Four all day with hardly a sense of fatigue. It is hardly ever necessary to shift gears, except for starting from a dead stop. When shifting is necessary, it is made clean and noiseless by the matched transmission gears and easy clutch action.

"Steering on any kind of road and at any speed is but the merest effort. In the Chrysler Four, the steering king pins—which usually have only plain thrust-bearings—are provided with ball thrust-bearings, and the entire steering mechanism is designed especially for balloon tires.

"Any attempt of mine to describe the wonderful riding qualities of this car could not possibly do them justice. It is enough to say that a ride in it will amaze and delight you.

"The dynamic symmetry which Chrysler engineers were first to translate into beautiful motor car design in the Chrysler Six, is the basis, of course, for the beauty of the Chrysler Four.

"Height, length, breadth, curves, beading, fender design, even window size, are all calculated and plotted with scientific precision, so that the final result may be beautiful and in good taste. The closed car bodies are built by Fisher.

"The Chrysler organization is just as proud of the Chrysler Four as of the Chrysler Six. It presents this new car as the most modern and soundest expression of the four-cylinder principle in the world, and with the conviction that the Chrysler combination of four-cylinder results will have no equal for years to come."

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and every possible modern convenience and comfort feature

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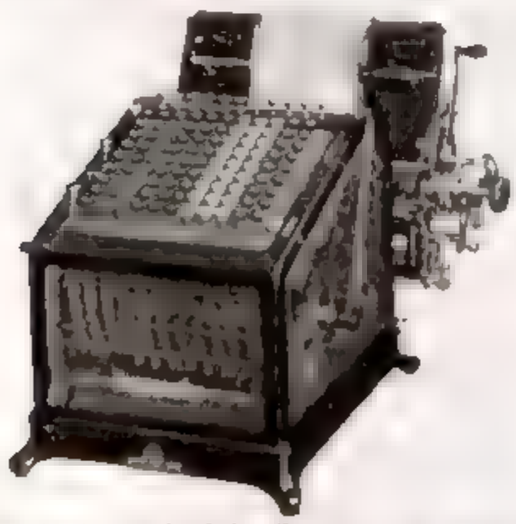

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(Continued from Page 125)

*He sat upon old Dunny and curled his long mustache,*
*Just like a summer boarder a-waiting for his hash.*
*Dunny's hind feet were perpendicular; his fore ones hit the bits.*
*He spurred him in the shoulders, till the hoss had wall-eyed fits.*

*When the hoss was all through pitchin' an' the stranger on the ground,*
*We knowed he were a thoroughbred an' not a gent from town.*
*The boss said, "If you can throw a lasso like you can ride old Dun,*
*You're the man I've been lookin' for ever since the year of one."*

*Oh, he could throw the lasso, an' he didn't do it slow;*
*He could catch their forefeet reg'lar for any kind of dough.*
*But there's one thing sure and certain, I've learned since I've been born—*
*Them there educated fellers ain't all plumb greenhorns.*

One of the most celebrated of all range songs is known as My Lulu Gal. This lady's amours, escapades, flirtations and general cussedness are told in hundreds of verses, mostly the work of local poets and with considerable local color.

George Pattullo, the well-known story writer, once said he had heard about two hundred verses so far in his young life, and only half a dozen could be sung in polite society. Frequently only one or two verses were sung at a time. The vocalizer would jog around the herd at night, sing a verse, then dash off into the darkness after a wily steer slipping away from the herd. The steer brought back and turned into the herd, the singer would break into another verse about the lady, but perhaps along entirely different lines:

### My Lulu Gal

*My Lulu gal, she's an angel;*
*Only she ain't got no wings.*
*But I'll lead her to the parson's*
*When the grass gets green next spring.*

*On the way, on the way!*
*Me and my Lulu gal is on the way.*

*Barkeeper, barkeeper, gimme a drink of gin;*
*Me and my Lulu gal has split up agin;*
*Split up agin, split up agin;*
*Me and my Lulu gal has split up agin.*

*On the way, on the way!*
*Me and my Lulu gal is on the way.*

Lulu was "right smart fond of licker," for the singer's next verse, after a few minutes of silence, ran something like this:

*Oh, my Lulu gal, she's a dandy;*
*She stands up and drinks like a man.*
*She calls for gin and brandy,*
*An' she doesn't give a damn.*

*She drinks 'em straight,*
*She drinks 'em straight,*
*Me an' my Lulu gal drinks 'em straight.*

Across the Big Divide was sung nearly forty years ago by a cowboy in Northern Arizona who did not know the author's name. Only a few years ago I ran across it in the old files of the Denver Post, the author being the well-known Western writer, James B. Adams, of that city, then a staff writer on the Post.

Many years ago the writer of this article, on two separate occasions, sang himself into the legislatures of two Southwestern states—Arizona and New Mexico—with no more campaign equipment than a small folding cottage organ which could be stored in the back of a buckboard of the old days—together with this song, Across the Big Divide, The Zebra Dun and The Cowboy's Sweet By and By—plus a fairly good tenor voice. Both campaigns were carried on in cow counties in the states mentioned—they were territories at that time. After being sung, printed copies of the songs were given to all who asked for them. The election returns in both states proved the value of music as a vote getter:

### Across the Big Divide

*Come, cowboys, pay attention and hear what I've to say.*
*I'm out upon the round-up a-hunting every stray;*
*And though you've bust your hobbles and pulled the picket pin,*
*Your hearts are full of wickedness, your thoughts are full of sin.*
*I'll haze you in that narrow trail where you can safely ride,*
*It leads up to that home ranch—Across the Big Divide.*

*Don't fall into temptation, but jump it wide and clear;*
*As oft you've jumped a washout behind some Texas steer.*
*And when weak souls are drifting and parting from the herd,*
*Just head them for those windbreaks found in God's Holy Word.*
*Now, boys, tie down these precepts and don't you let 'em slide;*
*But strike out for that home ranch—Across the Big Divide.*

*Now, God has made these promises and makes them unto you;*
*For while they're rounding up the steers they want the dogies too.*
*And as they're gathering up this herd, if you're only big and fat,*
*What if you've ranged the Rio Grande or mavericked on the Platte?*
*He'll stay by every promise on which you have relied*
*And redeem them at the home ranch—Across the Big Divide.*

The cowboy of the old range days is fast passing over the Big Divide. Homesteaders, barbed wire, state rangers and strict laws against roping contests rather put him on the blink. He was picturesque and profane, wild and woolly; but withal highly interesting. The majority were uneducated and, contrary to the general understanding, mighty few were college men; and they, with few exceptions, were far more rollicky and devilish in their jamborees and much more disreputable and low-down in their language than the roughest, toughest hombre from the Pecos I have ever known. Cowboys were, as a class, just like and comparable to the average run of Western men in those lively days—no more, no less.

### The Cowboy

*Oh, a man there lives on the Western plain*
*With a ton of fight and an ounce of brain,*
*Who herds the cattle and robs the train*
*And goes by the name of cowboy.*

*He laughs at death and scoffs at life;*
*He feels unwell unless in some strife;*
*He fights with a pistol, a rifle or knife,*
*Does this reckless and rollicky cowboy.*

*He sets up the drinks when he hasn't a cent;*
*He'll fight like a devil with any young gent.*
*Whenever he makes love he goes to it hell bent.*
*Oh, he is some lover, this cowboy!*

*He shoots out the lights in the dancing hall;*
*He gets shot up in a drunken brawl.*
*Some coroner's jury then ends it all,*
*And that's the last of the cowboy.*

[Taken from an old clipping. No author given.]

The Spokane River Near Spokane, Washington

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The dressing makes the salad if Heinz makes the dressing.

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*When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens* · H. J. HEINZ CO.

*New salad-making recipe book sent for four cents in stamps*

# WITHOUT THE OPTION

(Continued from Page 9)

of hours, or maybe three. And if anybody calls and wants to see me, inform them that I am dead."

"Dead, sir?"

"Dead. You won't be so far wrong."

It must have been well toward evening when I woke up with a crick in my neck but otherwise somewhat refreshed. I pressed the bell.

"I looked in twice, sir," said Jeeves, "but on each occasion you were asleep and I did not like to disturb you."

"The right spirit, Jeeves. . . . Well?"

"I have been giving close thought to the little problem which you indicated, sir, and I can see only one solution."

"One is enough. What do you suggest?"

"That you go to Cambridge in Mr. Sipperley's place, sir."

I stared at the man. Certainly I was feeling a good deal better than I had been a few hours before; but I was far from being in a fit condition to have rot like this talked to me.

"Jeeves," I said sternly, "pull yourself together. This is mere babble from the sickbed."

"I fear I can suggest no other plan of action, sir, which will extricate Mr. Sipperley from his dilemma."

"But think! Reflect! Why, even I, in spite of having had a disturbed night and a most painful morning with the minions of the law, can see that the scheme is a loony one. To put the finger on only one leak in the thing, it isn't me these people want to see; it's Mr. Sipperley. They don't know me from Adam."

"So much the better, sir. For what I am suggesting is that you go to Cambridge, affecting actually to be Mr. Sipperley."

This was too much.

"Jeeves," I said, and I'm not half sure there weren't tears in my eyes, "surely you can see for yourself that this is pure banana oil. It is not like you to come into the presence of a sick man and gibber."

"I think the plan I have suggested would be practicable, sir. While you were sleeping, I was able to have a few words with Mr. Sipperley, and he informed me that Professor and Mrs. Pringle have not set eyes upon him since he was a lad of ten."

"No, that's true. He told me that. But even so, they would be sure to ask him questions about my aunt—or rather his aunt. Where would I be then?"

"Mr. Sipperley was kind enough to give me a few facts respecting Miss Sipperley, sir, which I jotted down. With these, added to what my cousin has told me of the lady's habits, I think you would be in a position to answer any ordinary question."

There is something dashed insidious about Jeeves. Time and again since we first came together he has stunned me with some apparently driveling suggestion or scheme or ruse or plan of campaign, and after about five minutes has convinced me that it is not only sound but fruity. It took nearly a quarter of an hour to reason me into this particular one, it being considerably the weirdest to date, but he did it. I was holding out pretty firmly, when he suddenly clinched the thing.

"I would certainly suggest, sir," he said, "that you left London as soon as possible and remained hid for some little time in some retreat where you would not be likely to be found."

"Eh? Why?"

"During the last hour Mrs. Spencer has been on the telephone three times, sir, endeavoring to get into communication with you."

"Aunt Agatha!" I cried, paling beneath my tan.

"Yes, sir. I gathered from her remarks that she had been reading in the evening paper a report of this morning's proceedings in the police court."

I hopped from the chair like a jack rabbit of the prairie. If Aunt Agatha was out with her hatchet, a move was most certainly indicated.

"Jeeves," I said, "this is a time for deeds, not words. Pack—and that right speedily."

"I have packed, sir."

"Find out when there is a train for Cambridge."

"There is one in forty minutes, sir."

"Call a taxi."

"A taxi is at the door, sir."

"Good!" I said. "Then lead me to it."

The Maison Pringle was quite a bit of a way out of Cambridge, a mile or two down the Trumpington Road; and when I arrived everybody was dressing for dinner. So it wasn't till I had shoved on the evening raiment and got down to the drawing-room that I met the gang.

"Hullo-ullo!" I said, taking a deep breath and floating in.

I tried to speak in a clear and ringing voice, but I wasn't feeling my chirpiest. It is always a nervous job for a diffident and unassuming bloke to visit a strange house for the first time; and it doesn't make the thing any better when he goes there pretending to be another fellow. I was conscious of a rather pronounced sinking feeling, which the appearance of the Pringles did nothing to allay.

Sippy had described them as England's premier warts, and it looked to me as if he might be about right. Professor Pringle was a thinnish, baldish, dyspeptic-looking sort of cove with an eye like a haddock, while Mrs. Pringle's aspect was that of one who had had bad news round about the year 1900 and never really got over it. And I was just staggering under the impact of these two when I was introduced to a couple of ancient females with shawls all over them.

"No doubt you remember my mother?" said Professor Pringle mournfully, indicating Exhibit A.

"Oh—ah!" I said, achieving a bit of a beam.

"And my aunt," sighed the prof, as if things were getting worse and worse.

"Well, well, well!" I said, shooting another beam in the direction of Exhibit B.

"They were saying only this morning that they remembered you," groaned the prof, abandoning all hope.

There was a pause. The whole strength of the company gazed at me like a family group out of one of Edgar Allan Poe's less cheery yarns, and I felt my *joie de vivre* dying at the roots.

"I remember Oliver," said Exhibit A. She heaved a sigh. "He was such a pretty child. What a pity! What a pity!"

Tactful, of course, and calculated to put the guest completely at his ease.

"I remember Oliver," said Exhibit B, looking at me in much the same way as the Bosher Street beak had looked at Sippy before putting on the black cap. "Nasty little boy! He teased my cat."

"Aunt Jane's memory is wonderful, considering that she will be eighty-seven next birthday," whispered Mrs. Pringle with mournful pride.

"What did you say?" asked the Exhibit suspiciously.

"I said your memory was wonderful."

"Ah!" The dear old creature gave me another glare. I could see that no beautiful friendship was to be looked for by Bertram in this quarter. "He chased my Tibby all over the garden, shooting arrows at her from a bow."

At this moment a cat strolled out from under the sofa and made for me with its tail up. Cats always do take to me, which made it all the sadder that I should be saddled with Sippy's criminal record. I stooped to tickle it under the ear, such being my invariable policy, and the Exhibit uttered a piercing cry.

"Stop him! Stop him!"

She leaped forward, moving uncommonly well for one of her years, and having scooped up the cat, stood eying me with bitter defiance, as if daring me to start anything. Most unpleasant.

"I like cats," I said feebly.

It didn't go. The sympathy of the audience was not with me. And conversation was at what you might call a low ebb, when the door opened and a girl came in.

"My daughter Heloise," said the prof moodily, as if he hated to admit it.

I turned to mitt the female, and stood there with my hand out, gaping. I can't remember when I've had such a nasty shock.

I suppose everybody has had the experience of suddenly meeting somebody who reminded them frightfully of some fearful person. I mean to say, by way of an example, once when I was golfing in Scotland I saw a woman come into the hotel who was the living image of my Aunt Agatha. Probably a very decent sort, if I had only waited to see, but I didn't wait. I legged it that evening, utterly unable to stand the spectacle. And on another occasion I was driven out of a thoroughly festive night club because the head waiter reminded me of my Uncle Percy.

Well, Heloise Pringle, in the most ghastly way, resembled Honoria Glossop.

I think I may have told you before about this Glossop scourge. She was the daughter of Sir Roderick Glossop, the loony doctor, and I had been engaged to her for about three weeks, much against my wishes, when the old boy most fortunately got the idea that I was off my rocker and put the bee on the proceedings. Since then the mere thought of her had been enough to make me start out of my sleep with a loud cry. And this girl was exactly like her.

"Er—how are you?" I said.

"How do you do?"

Her voice put the lid on it. It might have been Honoria herself talking. Honoria Glossop has a voice like a lion tamer making some authoritative announcement to one of the troupe, and so had this girl. I backed away convulsively and sprang into the air as my foot stubbed itself against something squashy. A sharp yowl rent the air, followed by an indignant cry, and I turned to see Aunt Jane, on all fours, trying to put things right with the cat, which had gone to earth under the sofa. She gave me a look, and I could see that her worst fears had been realized.

At this juncture dinner was announced—not before I was ready for it.

"Jeeves," I said, when I got him alone that night, "I am no faint-heart, but I am inclined to think that this binge is going to prove a shade above the odds."

"You are not enjoying your visit, sir?"

"I am not, Jeeves. Have you seen Miss Pringle?"

"Yes, sir, from a distance."

"The best way to see her. Did you observe her keenly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she remind you of anybody?"

"She appeared to me to bear a remarkable likeness to her cousin, Miss Glossop, sir."

"Her cousin! You don't mean to say she's Honoria Glossop's cousin!"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Pringle was a Miss Blatherwick—the younger of two sisters, the elder of whom married Sir Roderick Glossop."

"Great Scott! That accounts for the resemblance."

"Yes, sir."

"And what a resemblance, Jeeves! She even talks like Miss Glossop."

"Indeed, sir? I have not yet heard Miss Pringle speak."

"You have missed little. And what it amounts to, Jeeves, is that, though nothing will induce me to let old Sippy down, I can see that this visit is going to try me high. At a pinch, I could stand the prof and wife. I could even make the effort of a lifetime and bear up against Aunt Jane. But to expect a man to mix daily with the girl Heloise—and to do it, what is more, on lemonade, which is all there was to drink at dinner—is to ask too much of him. What shall I do, Jeeves?"

"I think that you should avoid Miss Pringle's society as much as possible."

"The same great thought had occurred to me," I said.

It is all very well, though, to talk airily about avoiding a female's society; but when you are living in the same house with her, and she doesn't want to avoid you, it takes a bit of doing. It is a peculiar thing in life that the people you most particularly want to edge away from always seem to cluster round like a poultice. I hadn't been twenty-four hours in the place before I perceived that I was going to see a lot of this pestilence.

She was one of those girls you're always meeting on the stairs and in passages. I couldn't go into a room without seeing her drift in a minute later. And if I walked in the garden she was sure to leap out at me from a laurel bush or the onion bed or something. By about the tenth day I had begun to feel absolutely haunted.

"Jeeves," I said, "I have begun to feel absolutely haunted."

"Sir?"

"This woman dogs me. I never seem to get a moment to myself. Old Sippy was supposed to come here to make a study of the Cambridge colleges, and she took me round about fifty-seven this morning. This afternoon I went to sit in the garden, and she popped up through a trap and was in my midst. This evening she cornered me in the morning room. It's getting so that, when I have a bath, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find her nestling in the soap dish."

"Extremely trying, sir."

"Dashed so. Have you any remedy to suggest?"

"Not at the moment, sir. Miss Pringle does appear to be distinctly interested in you, sir. She was asking me questions this morning respecting your mode of life in London."

"What?"

"Yes, sir."

I stared at the man in horror. A ghastly thought had struck me. I quivered like an aspen.

At lunch that day a curious thing had happened. We had just finished mangling the cutlets and I was sitting back in my chair, taking a bit of an easy before being allotted my slab of boiled pudding, when, happening to look up, I caught the girl Heloise's eye fixed on me in what seemed to me a rather rummy manner. I didn't think much about it at the time, because boiled pudding is a thing you have to give your undivided attention to if you want to do yourself justice; but now, recalling the episode in the light of Jeeves' words, the full sinister meaning of the thing seemed to come home to me.

Even at the moment, something about that look had struck me as oddly familiar, and now I suddenly saw why. It had been the identical look which I had observed in the eye of Honoria Glossop in the days immediately preceding our engagement—the look of a tigress that has marked down its prey.

"Jeeves, do you know what I think?"

"Sir?"

I gulped slightly.

"Jeeves," I said, "listen attentively. I don't want to give the impression that I consider myself one of those deadly birds who exercise an irresistible fascination over one and all and can't meet a girl without wrecking her peace of mind in the first half minute. As a matter of fact, it's rather the other way with me, for girls on entering my presence are mostly inclined to give me the raised eyebrow and the twitching upper lip. Nobody, therefore, can say that I am a

(Continued on Page 135

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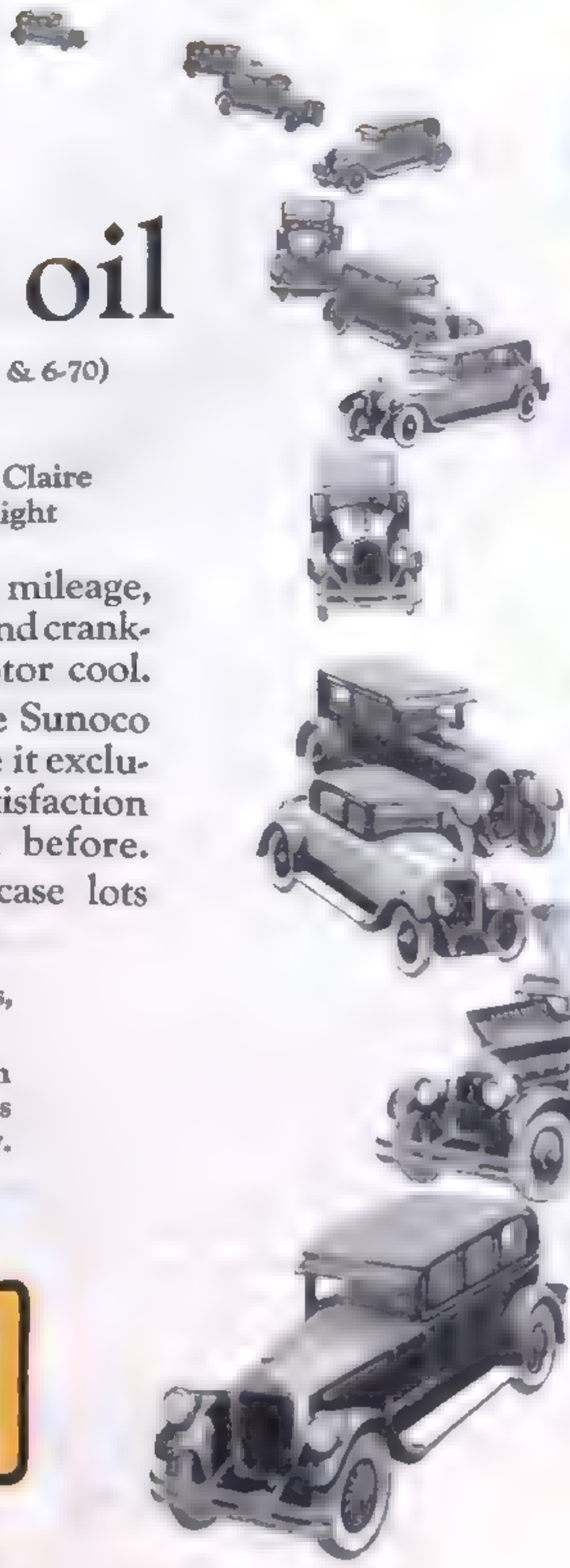

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# SUNOCO

## THE DISTILLED OIL

(Continued from Page 130)

cove who's likely to take alarm unnecessarily. You admit that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nevertheless, Jeeves, it is a known scientific fact that there is a particular style of female that does seem strangely attracted to the sort of fellow I am."

"Very true, sir."

"I mean to say, I know perfectly well that I've got, roughly speaking, half the amount of brain a normal bloke ought to possess. And when a girl comes along who has about twice the regular allowance, she too often makes a bee line for me with the love light in her eyes. I don't know how to account for it, but it is so."

"It may be Nature's provision for maintaining the balance of the species, sir."

"Very possibly. Anyway, it has happened to me over and over again. It was what happened in the case of Honoria Glossop. She was notoriously one of the brainiest women of her year at Girton and she just gathered me in like a bull pup swallowing a piece of steak."

"Miss Pringle, I am informed, sir, was an even more brilliant scholar than Miss Glossop."

"Well, there you are! Jeeves, she looks at me."

"Yes, sir?"

"I keep meeting her on the stairs and in passages."

"Indeed, sir?"

"She recommends me books to read, to improve my mind."

"Highly suggestive, sir."

"And at breakfast this morning, when I was eating a sausage, she told me I shouldn't, as modern medical science held that a four-inch sausage contained as many germs as a dead rat. The maternal touch, you understand; fussing over my health."

"I think we may regard that, sir, as practically conclusive."

I sank into a chair, thoroughly pipped.

"What's to be done, Jeeves?"

"We must think, sir."

"You think. I haven't the machinery."

"I will most certainly devote my very best attention to the matter, sir, and will endeavor to give satisfaction."

Well, that was something. But I was ill at ease. Yes, there is no getting away from it, Bertram was ill at ease.

Next morning we visited sixty-three more Cambridge colleges, and after lunch I said I was going to my room to lie down. After staying there for half an hour to give the coast time to clear, I shoved a book and smoking materials in my pocket, and climbing out of a window, shinned down a convenient water pipe into the garden. My objective was the summerhouse, where it seemed to me that a man might put in a quiet hour or so without interruption.

It was extremely jolly in the garden. The sun was shining, the crocuses were all to the mustard and there wasn't a sign of Heloise Pringle anywhere. The cat was fooling about on the lawn, so I chirruped to it and it gave a low gargle and came trotting up. I had just got it in my arms and was scratching it under the ear when there was a loud shriek from above, and there was Aunt Jane half out of a window. Dashed disturbing.

"Oh, right-ho," I said.

I dropped the cat, which galloped off into the bushes, and dismissing the idea of bunging a brick at the aged relative, went on my way, heading for the shrubbery. Once safely hidden there, I worked round till I got to the summerhouse. And, believe me, I had hardly got my first cigarette nicely under way, when a shadow fell on my book and there was young Sticketh-Closer-Than-a-Brother in person.

"So there you are," she said.

She seated herself by my side, and with a sort of gruesome playfulness jerked the gasper out of the holder and heaved it through the door.

"You're always smoking," she said, a lot too much like a lovingly chiding young bride for my comfort. "I wish you wouldn't. It's so bad for you. And you ought not to be sitting out here without your light overcoat. You want someone to look after you."

"I've got Jeeves."

She frowned a bit.

"I don't like him," she said.

"Eh? Why not?"

"I don't know. I wish you would get rid of him."

My flesh absolutely crept. And I'll tell you why. One of the first things Honoria Glossop had done after we had become engaged was to tell me she didn't like Jeeves and wanted him shot out. The realization that this girl resembled Honoria not only in body but in blackness of soul made me go all faint.

"What are you reading?"

She picked up my book and frowned again. The thing was one I had brought down from the old flat in London, to glance at in the train—a fairly zippy effort in the detective line called The Trail of Blood. She turned the pages with a nasty sneer.

"I can't understand you liking nonsense of this——" She stopped suddenly. "Good gracious!"

"What's the matter?"

"Do you know Bertie Wooster?"

And then I saw that my name was scrawled right across the title page, and my heart did three back somersaults.

"Oh—er—well—that is to say—well, slightly."

"He must be a perfect horror. I'm surprised that you can make a friend of him. Apart from anything else, the man is practically an imbecile. He was engaged to my Cousin Honoria at one time, and it was broken off because he was next door to insane. You should hear my Uncle Roderick talk about him!"

I wasn't keen.

"Do you see much of him?"

"A goodish bit."

"I saw in the paper the other day that he was fined for making a disgraceful disturbance in the street."

"Yes, I saw that."

She gazed at me in a foul motherly way.

"He can't be a good influence for you," she said. "I do wish you would drop him. Will you?"

"Well ——" I began. And at this point old Cuthbert, the cat, having presumably found it a bit slow by himself in the bushes, wandered in with a maty expression on his face and jumped on my lap. I welcomed him with a good deal of cordiality. Though but a cat, he did make a sort of third at this party; and he afforded a good excuse for changing the conversation.

"Jolly birds, cats," I said.

She wasn't having any.

"Will you drop Bertie Wooster?" she said, absolutely ignoring the cat motif.

"It would be so difficult."

"Nonsense! It only needs a little will power. The man surely can't be so interesting a companion as all that. Uncle Roderick says he is an invertebrate waster."

I could have mentioned a few things that I thought Uncle Roderick was, but my lips were sealed, so to speak.

"You have changed a great deal since we last met," said the Pringle disease reproachfully. She bent forward and began to scratch the cat under the other ear. "Do you remember, when we were children together, you used to say that you would do anything for me?"

"Did I?"

"I remember once you cried because I was cross and wouldn't let you kiss me."

I didn't believe it at the time, and I don't believe it now. Sippy is in many ways a good deal of a chump, but surely even at the age of ten he cannot have been such a priceless ass as that. I think the girl was lying, but that didn't make the position of affairs any better. I edged away a couple of inches and sat staring before me, the old brow beginning to get slightly bedewed.

And then suddenly—well, you know how it is, I mean. I suppose everyone has had that ghastly feeling at one time or another of being urged by some overwhelming force to do some absolutely blithering act. You get it every now and then when you're in a crowded theater, and something seems to be egging you on to shout "Fire!" and see what happens. Or you're talking to someone and all at once you feel, "Now, suppose I suddenly biffed this bird in the eye!"

Well, what I'm driving at is that, at this juncture, with her shoulder squashing against mine and her back hair tickling my nose, a perfectly loony impulse came sweeping over me to kiss her.

"No, really?" I croaked.

"Have you forgotten?"

She lifted the old onion and her eyes looked straight into mine. I could feel myself skidding. I shut my eyes. And then from the doorway there spoke the most beautiful voice I had ever heard in my life:

"Give me that cat!"

I opened my eyes. There was good old Aunt Jane, that queen among women, standing before me, glaring at me as if I were a vivisectionist and she had surprised me in the middle of an experiment. How this pearl among women had tracked me down I don't know, but there she stood, bless her dear, intelligent old soul, like the rescue party in the last reel of a motion picture.

I didn't wait. The spell was broken and I legged it. As I went, I heard that lovely voice again.

"He shot arrows at my Tibby from a bow," said this most deserving and excellent octogenarian.

I didn't catch what Heloise said, if anything.

For the next few days all was peace. I saw comparatively little of Heloise. I found the strategic value of that water pipe outside my window beyond praise. I seldom left the house now by any other route. It seemed to me that, if only the luck held like this, I might after all be able to stick this visit out for the full term of the sentence.

But meanwhile, as they say in the movies ——

The whole family appeared to be present and correct as I came down to the drawing-room a couple of nights later. The prof, Mrs. Prof, the two Exhibits and the girl Heloise were scattered about at intervals. The cat slept on the rug, the canary in its cage. There was nothing, in short, to indicate that this was not just one of our ordinary evenings.

"Well, well, well!" I said cheerily. "Hullo-ullo-ullo!"

I always like to make something in the nature of an entrance speech, it seeming to me to lend a chummy tone to the proceedings.

The girl Heloise looked at me reproachfully.

"Where have you been all day?" she asked.

"I went to my room after lunch."

"You weren't there at five."

"No. After putting in a spell of work on the good old colleges I went for a stroll. Fellow must have exercise if he means to keep fit."

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*," observed the prof.

"I shouldn't wonder," I said cordially.

At this point, when everything was going as sweet as a nut and I was feeling on top of my form, Mrs. Pringle suddenly soaked me on the base of the skull with a sandbag. Not actually, I don't mean. No, no. I speak figuratively, as it were.

"Roderick is very late," she said.

You may think it strange that the sound of that name should have sloshed into my nerve centers like a half brick. But, take it from me, to a man who has had any dealings with Sir Roderick Glossop there is only one Roderick in the world—and that is one too many.

"Roderick?" I gurgled.

"My brother-in-law, Sir Roderick Glossop, comes to Cambridge tonight," said the prof. "He lectures at St. Luke's tomorrow. He is coming here to dinner."

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 135)

And while I stood there, feeling like the hero when he discovers that he is trapped in the den of the Secret Nine, the door opened.

"Sir Roderick Glossop," announced the maid or some such person, and in he came.

One of the things that get this old crumb so generally disliked among the better element of the community is the fact that he has a head like the dome of St. Paul's and eyebrows that want bobbing or shingling to reduce them to anything like reasonable size. It is a nasty experience to see this bald and bushy bloke advancing on you when you haven't prepared the strategic railways in your rear.

As he came into the room I backed behind a sofa and commended my soul to God. I didn't need to have my hand read to know that trouble was coming to me through a dark man.

He didn't spot me at first. He shook hands with the prof and wife, kissed Heloise and waggled his head at the Exhibits.

"I fear I am somewhat late," he said. "A slight accident on the road, affecting what my chauffeur termed the ——"

And then he saw me lurking on the outskirts and gave a startled grunt, as if I hurt him a good deal internally.

"This ——" began the prof, waving in my direction.

"I am already acquainted with Mr. Wooster."

"This," went on the prof, "is Miss Sipperley's nephew, Oliver. You remember Miss Sipperley?"

"What do you mean?" barked Sir Roderick. Having had so much to do with loonies has given him a rather sharp and authoritative manner on occasion. "This is that wretched young man, Bertram Wooster. What is all this nonsense about Olivers and Sipperleys?"

The prof was eying me with some natural surprise. So were the others. I beamed a bit weakly.

"Well, as a matter of fact ——" I said.

The prof was wrestling with the situation. You could hear his brain buzzing.

"He said he was Oliver Sipperley," he moaned.

"Come here!" bellowed Sir Roderick. "Am I to understand that you have inflicted yourself on this household under the pretense of being the nephew of an old friend?"

It seemed a pretty accurate description of the facts.

"Well—er—yes," I said.

Sir Roderick shot an eye at me. It entered the body somewhere about the top stud, roamed around inside for a bit and went out at the back.

"Insane! Quite insane, as I knew from the first moment I saw him."

"What did he say?" asked Aunt Jane.

"Roderick says this young man is insane," roared the prof.

"Ah!" said Aunt Jane, nodding. "I thought so. He climbs down water pipes."

"Does what?"

"I've seen him—ah, many a time!"

Sir Roderick snorted violently.

"He ought to be under proper restraint. It is abominable that a person in his mental condition should be permitted to roam the world at large. The next stage may quite easily be homicidal."

It seemed to me that, even at the expense of giving old Sippy away, I must be cleared of this frightful charge. After all, Sippy's number was up anyway.

"Let me explain," I said. "Sippy asked me to come here."

"What do you mean?"

"He couldn't come himself, because he was jugged for biffing a cop on Boat-Race Night."

Well, it wasn't easy to make them get the hang of the story, and even when I'd done it it didn't seem to make them any chummier toward me. A certain coldness about expresses it, and when dinner was announced I counted myself out and pushed off rapidly to my room. I could have done with a bit of dinner, but the atmosphere didn't seem just right.

"Jeeves," I said, having shot in and pressed the bell, "we're sunk."

"Sir?"

"Hell's foundations are quivering and the game is up."

He listened attentively.

"The contingency was one always to have been anticipated as a possibility, sir. It only remains to take the obvious step."

"What's that?"

"Go and see Miss Sipperley, sir."

"What on earth for?"

"I think it would be judicious to apprise her of the facts yourself, sir, instead of allowing her to hear of them through the medium of a letter from Professor Pringle. That is to say, if you are still anxious to do all in your power to assist Mr. Sipperley."

"I can't let Sippy down. If you think it's any good ——"

"We can but try it, sir. I have an idea, sir, that we may find Miss Sipperley disposed to look leniently upon Mr. Sipperley's misdemeanor."

"What makes you think that?"

"It is just a feeling that I have, sir."

"Well, if you think it would be worth trying —— How do we get there?"

"The distance is about a hundred and fifty miles, sir. Our best plan would be to hire a car."

"Get it at once," I said.

The idea of being a hundred and fifty miles away from Heloise Pringle, not to mention Aunt Jane and Sir Roderick Glossop, sounded about as good to me as anything I had ever heard.

The Paddock, Beckley-on-the-Moor, was about a couple of parasangs from the village, and I set out for it next morning, after partaking of a hearty breakfast at the local inn, practically without a tremor. I suppose when a fellow has been through it as I had in the last two weeks his system becomes hardened. After all, I felt, whatever this aunt of Sippy's might be like, she wasn't Sir Roderick Glossop, so I was that much on velvet from the start.

The Paddock was one of those medium-sized houses with a goodish bit of very tidy garden and a carefully rolled gravel drive curving past a shrubbery that looked as if it had just come back from the dry cleaner—the sort of a house you take one look at and say to yourself, "Somebody's aunt lives there." I pushed on up the drive, and as I turned the bend I observed in the middle distance a woman messing about by a flower bed with a trowel in her hand. If this wasn't the female I was after, I was very much mistaken, so I halted, cleared the throat and gave tongue.

"Miss Sipperley?"

She had had her back to me, and at the sound of my voice she executed a sort of leap or bound, not unlike a barefoot dancer who steps on a tin tack halfway through the Vision of Salome. She came to earth and goggled at me in a rather goofy manner. A large, stout female with a reddish face.

"Hope I didn't startle you," I said.

"Who are you?"

"My name's Wooster. I'm a pal of your nephew, Oliver."

Her breathing had become more regular.

"Oh?" she said. "When I heard your voice, I thought you were someone else."

"No, that's who I am. I came up here to tell you about Oliver."

"What about him?"

I hesitated. Now that we were approaching what you might call the nub, or crux, of the situation, a good deal of my breezy confidence seemed to have slipped from me.

"Well, it's rather a painful tale, I must warn you."

"Oliver isn't ill? He hasn't had an accident?"

She spoke anxiously, and I was pleased at this evidence of human feeling. I decided to shoot the works with no more delay.

"Oh, no, he isn't ill," I said; "and as regards having accidents, it depends on what you call an accident. He's in choky."

"In what?"

"In prison."

"In prison!"

"It was entirely my fault. We were strolling along on Boat-Race Night and I advised him to pinch a policeman's helmet."

"I don't understand."

"Well, he seemed depressed, don't you know; and rightly or wrongly, I thought it might cheer him up if he stepped across the street and collared a policeman's helmet. He thought it a good idea, too, so he started doing it, and the man made a fuss and Oliver sloshed him."

"Sloshed him?"

"Biffed him—smote him a blow—in the stomach."

"My nephew Oliver hit a policeman in the stomach?"

"Absolutely in the stomach. And next morning the beak sent him to the bastille for thirty days without the option."

I was looking at her a bit anxiously all this while to see how she was taking the thing, and at this moment her face seemed suddenly to split in half. For an instant she appeared to be all mouth, and then she was staggering about the grass, shouting with laughter and waving the trowel madly.

It seemed to me a bit of luck for her that Sir Roderick Glossop wasn't on the spot. He would have been sitting on her head and calling for the strait-waistcoat in the first half minute.

"You aren't annoyed?" I said.

"Annoyed?" She chuckled happily. "I've never heard such a splendid thing in my life."

I was pleased and relieved. I had hoped the news wouldn't upset her too much, but I had never expected it to go with such a roar as this.

"I'm proud of him," she said.

"That's fine."

"If every young man in England went about hitting policemen in the stomach, it would be a better country to live in."

I couldn't follow her reasoning, but everything seemed to be all right; so after a few more cheery words I said good-by and legged it.

"Jeeves," I said, when I got back to the inn, "everything's fine. But I am far from understanding why."

"What actually occurred when you met Miss Sipperley, sir?"

"I told her Sippy was in the jug for assaulting the police. Upon which she burst

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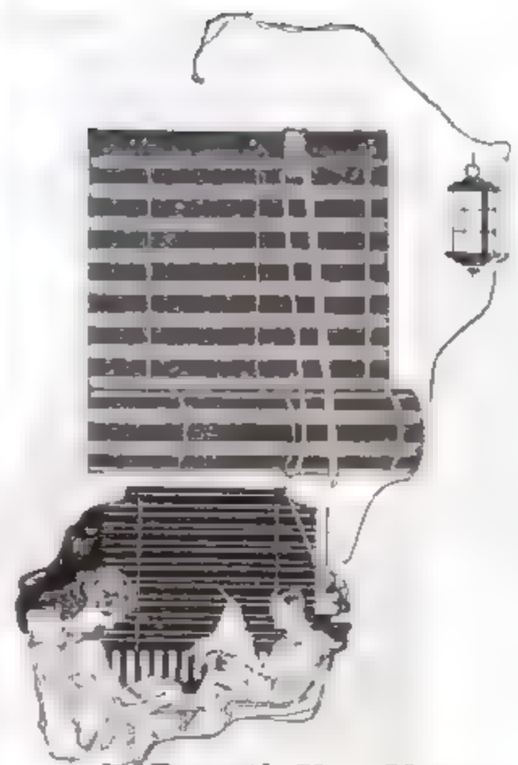

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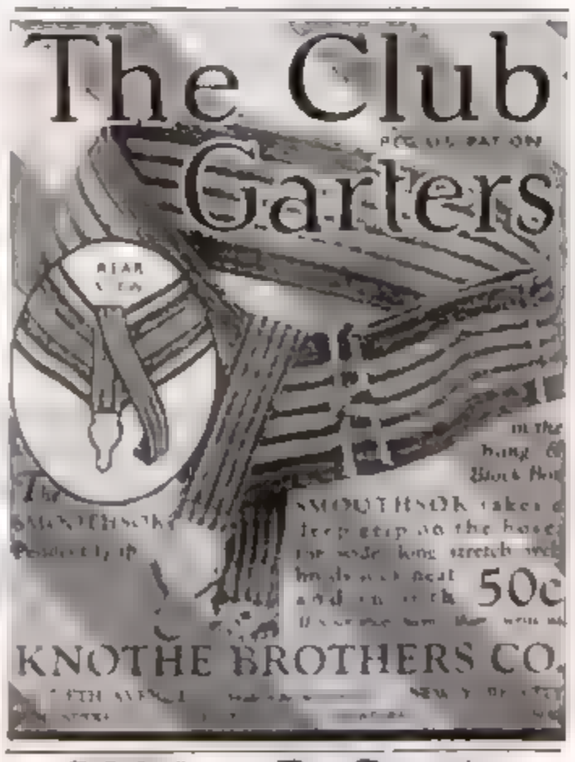

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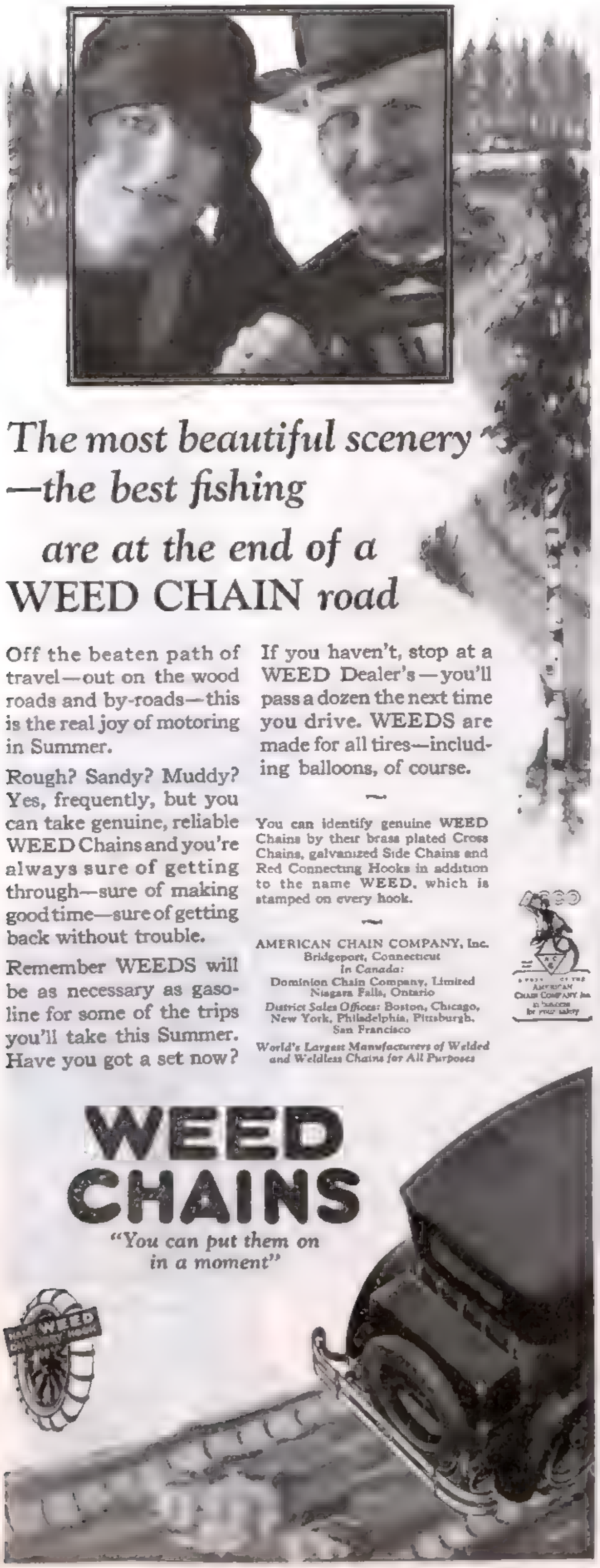

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into hearty laughter, waved her trowel in a pleased manner and said she was proud of him."

"I think I can explain her apparently eccentric behavior, sir. I am informed that Miss Sipperley has had a good deal of annoyance at the hands of the local constable during the past two weeks. This has doubtless resulted in a prejudice on her part against the force as a whole."

"Really? How was that?"

"The constable has been somewhat overzealous in the performance of his duties, sir. On no fewer than three occasions in the last ten days he has served summonses upon Miss Sipperley—for exceeding the speed limit in her car; for allowing her dog to appear in public without a collar; and for failing to abate a smoky chimney. Being in the nature of an autocrat, if I may use the term, in the village, Miss Sipperley has been accustomed to do these things in the past with impunity, and the constable's unexpected zeal has made her somewhat ill-disposed to policemen as a class and consequently disposed to look upon such assaults as Mr. Sipperley's in a kindly and broad-minded spirit."

I saw his point.

"What an amazing bit of luck, Jeeves!"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you hear all this?"

"My informant was the constable himself, sir. He is my cousin."

I gaped at the man. I saw, so to speak, all.

"Good Lord, Jeeves! You didn't bribe him?"

"Oh, no, sir. But it was my cousin's birthday last week, and I gave him a little present. I have always been fond of Egbert, sir."

"How much?"

"A matter of five pounds, sir."

I felt in my pocket.

"Here you are," I said. "And another fiver for luck."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"Jeeves," I said, "you move in a mysterious way your wonders to perform. You don't mind if I sing a bit, do you?"

"Not at all, sir," said Jeeves.

## THE SENATE AND ITS RULES

(Continued from Page 6)

have been too proud to ask anyone to do for them, and when they would have done these things themselves or would have practiced the now-forgotten virtue of self-denial.

No small factor in producing this result has been the changing character of Federal taxation. A generation ago the nation existed, and existed well and happily, upon revenues which were created by an indirect taxation which fell chiefly upon those who voluntarily exposed themselves to it, and by a direct taxation which fell heavily upon none. The war changed all that. The necessity for raising huge sums, and from a people who were speedily taught to pay in other ways until it hurt, gave us a system of taxation which, whatever may be said for it as in the days for which it was devised, is ill-conditioned to serve the country well now that those days are past. Whatever reforms we have been able to institute in our tax system have not been impeded by the rules of the Senate; but I very much fear that the further tax reform for which the country has need may be greatly delayed, if not wholly prevented, if the rules of the Senate are undertaken to be changed.

The tax system under which this country now lives is so devised that nearly two-thirds of all the Federal revenue is provided by six industrious and thrifty states. These states have twelve senators. The other forty-two states, which pay only about one-third of the Federal taxes and among whom arise the component elements which dilute our party system and give rise to the blocs which harass us, have eighty-four senators; and the only defense which the twelve senators from the tax-paying states may use for the protection of their people's pocket is found in the rules of the Senate with their provision for unlimited debate. It would be unfair to assert, and I would not wish to have anyone think that I believe, that all the eighty-four senators whom I have thus grouped would act together to mulct their colleagues' constituencies, for I chance to be among the eighty-four myself, although my little state happens to pay exactly the same per capita of Federal tax as the great state of New York. But I have too often seen a majority of the Senate swung together under selfish leadership for the purpose of preventing proper reform in the tax system, to wish to give that power into their hands under a change in the rules which would take from the rest of us the only weapon which we may properly use. Twelve senators, under cloture, would be helpless against any assault upon their principles or upon the interests of their constituents. But twelve determined senators, acting under the existing rules of the Senate, can save and often have saved the country from disaster. And I would have it known that I am not referring now to the "little group of twelve willful men" who prevented the passage of the Armed Ships Bill in the closing days of the Sixty-fourth Congress—although it is worth noting, in passing, that that was an unnecessary proposal for legislation, since its whole purpose was a little later made effective by an executive order, the validity of which was never questioned.

This episode, however, did produce the form of cloture which now exists in the rules of the Senate and which was adopted under the pressure of approaching war and upon the insistence of a masterful executive. Rule XXII provides that whenever sixteen senators shall sign a motion to close debate upon any pending measure the question is at once stated by the presiding officer. It thus becomes a special order, lying over till the next day but one, when, one hour after the Senate meets, the roll is called to ascertain the presence of a quorum and an aye-and-nay vote is taken, without debate, on the question, "Is it the sense of the Senate that the debate shall be brought to a close?" If the affirmative prevails by a two-thirds vote, the pending measure becomes the exclusive business before the Senate, and no senator may speak more than one hour in all upon the main question or upon any collateral question which may arise. Nor, under the practice of the Senate, may any senator yield his time to a colleague; so that, if every senator should avail himself of his full time, there could be only ninety-six hours more of debate.

This rule has been in effect for eight years. Yet it has been made use of, as I recall, only twice. Its application was threatened for a third time, but proved unnecessary.

There is another form of cloture in the Senate to which recourse is frequently had. This is through the use of the unanimous-consent agreements by which so much of the business of the Senate proceeds. By this means an hour is fixed for beginning to vote on a measure and its amendments, without further debate, while in the meantime senators are limited in the number of times they may speak and in the length of time they may consume. So frequently is this device made use of that it has been charged that no business may be advanced in the Senate save by unanimous consent. This would indeed be a grievous fault, if true. But the fact is that less than twenty per cent of the Senate may produce a gag for the remainder of their colleagues, and two-thirds of those voting may terminate debate at will. Under this procedure the right of the majority to legislate is unimpeded and the rights of the minority receive some measure of protection. The evil

(Continued on Page 141)

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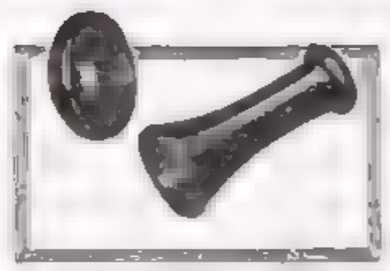

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# The Toll of Water

THREE little ships weighed anchor in the harbor of Palos, Spain, four hundred and thirty-three years ago and set sail upon a perilous adventure; 88 hardy, hopeful souls faced the unknown. Had Columbus and his men gone down, who can say what the history of America would have been?

Imagine a fleet of 68 Santa Marias, 68 Pintas and 68 Niñas—204 ships in all—going to the bottom of the sea with every one of their crews drowned! Then you will have some idea of the number of persons who perished last year in the United States from drowning accidents. More than 6,000 drowned—and of these 6,000, more than half in the four months of June, July, August and September!

"Imagine a Fleet * * *"

Day after day, all through the summer, your newspaper tells the tragic story of death by drowning. Some one dares a beginner to swim out to the raft. He tries—and fails. Or perhaps there is a high wind and the water is too rough for safe swimming. Even the strongest swimmers have met death by taking unnecessary chances. "Go ahead, be a sport" has brought disaster to more persons than ever will be known.

### *Don't Be a "Sport"—Be a Sportsman*

There is a vast difference between a sport and a sportsman. The sportsman is courageous and willingly hazards his life for others—but he is not a daredevil. He is brave—but without bravado. He is ready for emergencies—but does not challenge danger.

The sport, showily daring, is a poor imitation of a sportsman. The sport is the one who does stunts in the water to dazzle onlookers—who dives without knowing the depth of the water or what lies beneath its surface—who swims out beyond his depth, disregarding the danger of unknown currents, undertow and cramps.

Learn to swim if you don't know how—not alone because swimming is joyous recreation and splendid exercise—but so that you can save your own life and the lives of others if called upon. Deaths by drowning occur even on park lakes where there would seem to be every likelihood of rescue. Some thoughtless person rocks the boat—and then—

Swimming is not at all a difficult accomplishment. Once learned it cannot be forgotten. It becomes almost as automatic as walking. Many of the Pacific Islanders taught their babies to swim before they taught them to walk. Good instructors may be found almost everywhere. It is of highest importance to be well taught. There are many self-taught swimmers who would be of little use in an emergency.

### *Your Chance to Save a Life*

There is one thing that you and *everybody*, young and old, should know how to do—revive the apparently drowned. Often they are not dead though life seems to be extinct. Patient, persistent manipulation of the right kind would bring them back to consciousness. It is heartbreaking to think of the lives that could have been saved if some one in the crowd, standing paralyzed with horror, had but known the simple manipulations necessary to rekindle the vital spark.

This summer, be prepared. Never court danger but be ready to meet the great hazard that sometimes lurks in water sports.

During the months of July, August and September, deaths from accidents lead all other causes—except heart disease and tuberculosis—among the 22,000,000 policyholders in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Deaths from drowning are at their height during these months.

In July 1924 the number of deaths among Metropolitan policyholders from drowning was about twice as many as from typhoid fever and diphtheria together.

It is the duty of parents to have their children instructed in swimming and the art of resuscitation, so that the danger from drowning attending summer vacations may be minimized.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "Artificial Respiration" which shows by diagrams just how to restore breathing by manipulation of the apparently drowned body, as well as what to do in the case of gas suffocation or electric shock. Carbon monoxide poisoning claims an increasing number of victims each year because it is not generally known that artificial respiration, applied in time, will restore life. The information contained in this booklet is valuable and may be wanted any moment. The booklet will be mailed free. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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(Continued from Page 138

of Rule XXII—to which, by the way, no specific amendment has yet been suggested—and of the unanimous-consent agreement in the form in which it is usually drawn, is that the Senate finds itself compelled to vote, without debate, upon important amendments which sometimes have not been printed and concerning which there may be had no word either of illumination or of opposition. This constitutes a real impediment to wise legislation; and I do not see how it can be remedied by any amendment to the rules.

After all, it is wise legislation which the country wants; and the real test of the rules of the Senate is to determine whether, on the whole, they have contributed to or have hindered this. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge came to the Senate thirty-two years ago, fresh from an experience in the House of Representatives, where he had been a forceful figure in the contest which established the so-called "Reed rules." He was an exceptionally well-informed man, but his knowledge of the Senate rules and of their general effect was naturally limited. He came to the Senate, too, at a time when one of its most famous filibusters—on the Silver Purchase Bill—was being set in motion. This filibuster began on August 29, 1893, and it was not until October thirty-first that a vote could be had. In the November number of the North American Review, Senator Lodge expressed his opinion of what he termed "obstruction in the Senate." Plainly, he wrote this paper while the filibuster was in progress; and it is equally clear that he wrote it in the light of his experience in the House. He set up the axiom that "to vote without debating is perilous, but to debate and never vote is imbecile." Before his paper was printed, however, the Silver Purchase Bill had been voted upon, and the side of Mr. Lodge was in the majority. In his later years Mr. Lodge freely acknowledged that if a vote on this measure had come earlier than it did, free silver would have undoubtedly won, even though the filibuster had been carried on by its friends, who at no time had accurate knowledge of how the Senate really stood on the question. Surely it will not be argued, even by the shrillest of those who clamor for a change in the rules, that the Senate rules prevented wise legislation in this instance; and Mr. Lodge himself before long came to see the usefulness, in spite of their frequent irritations, of the Senate rules.

### Where the Disaster?

Nor can it be truthfully said of any of the notable filibusters to which the Senate rules have given occasion that it has resulted in unwise legislation or has resulted in a real and permanent defeat of wise legislation. The bill to recharter the Bank of the United States failed; the Oregon Bill was delayed; the Blair Education Bill failed; the Force Bill failed; the Free Silver Bill was repealed; two rivers and harbors bills failed; two ship-subsidy bills failed; the Ship Purchase Bill failed; the Armed Ships Bill failed; numerous appropriation bills have failed; the Treaty of Versailles was not ratified. What one of these measures can be said to be really necessary to the welfare of the country? The defeat of what one of them has brought any irremediable disaster to our people? Some of these measures I have favored. Some of them I have opposed. Yet, in the long view, I cannot feel that the Senate rules in any of these instances have permitted an irreparable outrage upon my susceptibilities.

It will be noted how large a proportion of the filibusters enumerated have had to do with the appropriation of money; and the most picturesque filibuster I have ever witnessed in the Senate was of this character. It marked the conclusion of the Sixty-fifth Congress, in March, 1919. That session of Congress had been a remarkable one in many ways. It followed upon the election of 1918, when the Republicans had carried both the Senate and the House of Representatives in the face of President Wilson's appeal for a Democratic majority to enable him to stand as the untrammeled spokesman of his country. The Constitution, however, lays some trammels, even upon the President, and the Republicans in Congress were in no gentle frame of mind when they came together in December. The Democrats were apprehensive—and began putting themselves in a posture of defense. Among other things, they made the tax law unchangeable for two years, an unheard-of proceeding. And they sought further to fortify themselves against the lean years which they saw ahead by holding appropriations at the wartime peak. For this purpose the army and navy appropriation bills were admirably suited, and when these measures came to the Senate they were found to contain items which would have kept thousands of men busy at wartime wages in time of peace up to July, 1920, with political consequences which are plain to even the unpractical mind. There were other measures of like character.

### The Concealed Filibuster

The Republicans, then for the first time under the leadership of Senator Lodge, were anxious to make the earliest possible use of their newly acquired majority; and it was determined to prolong the debate in order to throw over the objectionable appropriation bills beyond the fourth of March, which would compel the President to summon the new Congress in extra session, prior to June thirtieth, when the annual appropriation bills reach their limit of time. Accordingly, a "concealed filibuster" was organized, and it succeeded admirably. No one could have said that the ensuing debate was not legitimate. It transcended no rule of relevancy, and it proceeded to the very eve of adjournment. Then, early in the evening of March third, the filibuster emerged from its concealment, and three senators—Sherman of Illinois, La Follette of Wisconsin, and France of Maryland—undertook to hold the floor until the following noon. Their undertaking was successful—so successful, indeed, that the tensity of feeling among the majority found sardonic expression in the words of Vice President Marshall, who, at the stroke of noon, halted the last of the filibusters by declaring the Senate of the Sixty-fifth Congress adjourned *sine deo*, instead of *sine die*.

And it may be here noted, as one may find by consulting the Congressional Record, that these filibustering speeches, though consuming in time, were real arguments, reading well even today, and not departing too far from any rule of relevancy.

Upon the summoning of the extra session, in May following, the appropriation bills which had been thrown over were taken up *de novo*, shorn of their objectionable features, and the Treasury was saved many hundreds of millions of dollars. Whom did the rules of the Senate then injure save the tax eaters who lost their jobs? And if the rules of the Senate are to be judged upon their whole record for the 119 years that they have stood as they are, we never can say that they have in the long run done harm to any real interest of the country. Of course, if the Republic is not to endure and if the fabric of our institutions is to come crashing down about our ears because this or that bill may not be passed instanter, then equally of course we should change the rules of the Senate and change them speedily.

But what should the change consist in, even under such circumstances of importunity? To restore the previous question, under the assumption that it will be made use of more frequently now than formerly, will not be enough. Because a filibuster may depend quite as much upon a use as an abuse of the rules. For example, in the closing days of the Sixty-seventh Congress a filibuster raised its menacing hand, and a senator of the minority started what everybody knew would be a very long speech. In the midst of it and in order to spell the orator, another minority senator suggested the absence of a quorum. Result, a call of the roll, prior to which several senators friendly to the filibuster left the chamber. The roll call showed no quorum present, and a motion to adjourn was entered, necessitating another roll call which defeated the motion. Another suggestion of no quorum followed, with another roll call; and no quorum was found. Thereupon it was moved that the sergeant at arms "request" the presence of the absentees. Another roll call, upon which this motion prevailed. The sergeant at arms went upon his courteous but fruitless errand; meanwhile the Senate stood still. It was then moved that the absent senators be compelled to attend under process, which necessitated another roll call, during the progress of which enough senators of the majority entered the chamber to make a quorum, as still another roll call developed. It was then moved to take a recess, and a roll call defeated that motion. Meantime, several senators had again taken themselves away and a quorum was again demanded. Then the whole process was again painfully rehashed—and five and a half hours were thus consumed.

Again, when the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill was before the Senate, a filibuster was started and frankly admitted as such by a senator who now wants the rules changed. This filibuster addressed itself to the question of approving the journal, which is the first business at each adjourned session of the Senate. By tactics such as I have outlined in the preceding paragraph the minority wore away many hours and days; and at length the senator in charge of the bill was compelled to withdraw it if anything was to be done with the really necessary program of the session.

All these proceedings were had under rules which are not subject to attack, which are essential to the conduct of the legitimate business of the Senate, but which must be amended if the clamor for "business methods" in the Senate—whatever these may be—is to be heeded. A rule of relevancy can do nothing in situations such as I have described, and the only remedy which I can see is to provide against procedure which may be classed as "dilatory." But if relevancy and undilatoriness—the word is understandable, even if freshly coined—are to rule the Senate henceforward, who is to determine them? The Vice President? Hell 'n' Maria! The President pro tempore? I beg to be excused. The Senate itself? Then indeed will it come true as whimsically declared so often by Vice President Marshall—the rules of the Senate are what a majority of the Senate from day to day declare them to be.

### Adapting the Present Rules

There is much more than a half truth in Mr. Marshall's assertion. For example, let me show by a recent episode how the Senate may interpret its rules, even now, to fit the mood of a moment. When the nomination of Mr. Warren to be Attorney General was before the Senate for the first time a motion was made in executive session—and I may tell this because the injunction of secrecy has been removed from the transaction—to consider the question in open session. Being in the chair at the time I held that this motion implied such a change in the rules as to require a two-thirds vote to adopt it. From this ruling an appeal was taken, and in the debate which followed every good parliamentarian in the Senate agreed with the chair and a majority of the whole Senate, including the maker of the motion, voted to sustain the ruling. The necessary two-thirds were found to adopt the motion, it should be added.

Less than a week later, Mr. Warren's name having been sent in again after its first rejection, a like motion was made and I, being again in the chair, cited the previous ruling and the action of the Senate and held as before. Again an appeal was taken, and this time eight of the senators who had voted with the chair before voted to override his decision, and the appeal was successful.

Therefore, why all this pother about the rules of the Senate? The hand that cut so much red tape in France has surely not yet lost the feel of the shears. All that is necessary is for the Vice President to hold, some day, that a long-winded senator is irrelevant. An appeal will be taken from this ruling and, if a majority of the senators vote to sustain the chair, the trick is turned—until next time, as I have just shown by the Warren case.

To change the language of the rules, however, is quite another matter. Such change can be adopted only under proceedings conducted within the rules as they are, and I have already pointed out the parliamentary pitfalls which exist under senatorial rules which nobody dreams of changing. Add to these the possibility of interminable debate, recall that one determined Southern senator has already announced his purpose to read the reports of the Patent Office to his colleagues if cloture is attempted, and I cannot escape the conclusion that the present agitation, even if its objective is necessary or desirable, comes at an inopportune moment. The pressing public question for the present Congress to solve is the extent and the manner of relief from the burden of taxation which now oppresses our people, stifling their enterprise and hampering their initiative in business.

This tax question cannot wait upon the months of struggle which will attend any effort to change the rules of the Senate. And, I may add, the settlement of this question will not be impeded by the Senate rules as they are if a majority of the Senate are determined that tax reform shall be had.

### Too Many Laws

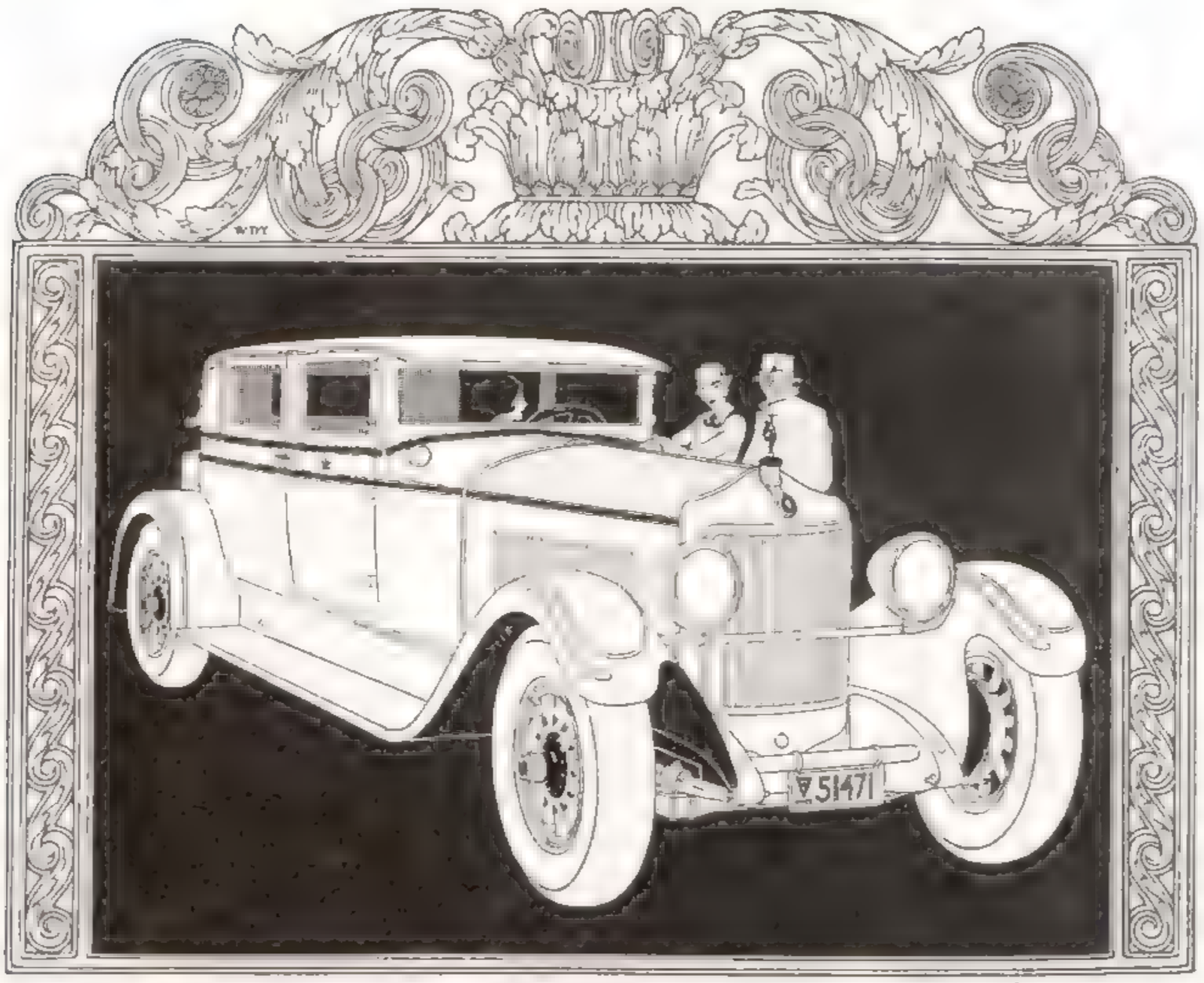
The trouble with the Senate does not lie with its rules. It lies in the inattention of senators to their business. I venture to assert that any time when forty-nine senators will go to the chamber determined to stay there or within call until a measure upon which they are agreed has been passed, that measure will not be overlong in coming to passage. But senators will not do this, as I once learned from experience. In the course of the Sixty-seventh Congress a question arose in which the Administration was deeply interested. President Harding asked me what I thought could be done to expedite the matter, and I agreed to undertake securing the signatures of forty-nine senators to an agreement to come to the chamber on a given day prepared to stay there or within call until the opposition to the bill was broken down. With the aid of Senator Capper, of Kansas, I secured fifty-one signatures, and the paper, when placed in the hands of Senator Lodge, the majority leader, gave him high hope—which was dashed on the very first roll call, which disclosed the absence of more than a dozen of the senators who had signed up to stand by.

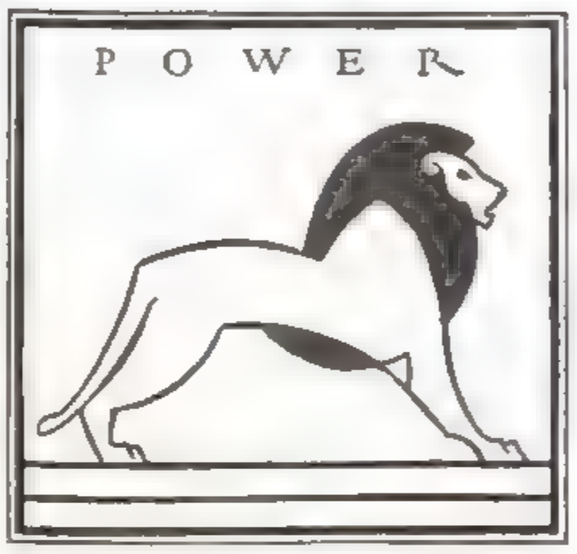
If the Senate, and its presiding officer as well, will stay on the job the business of the Senate will proceed very well under its rules as they now are.

Again I ask, why all this pother about the rules of the Senate? What is the great idea?

In each Congress there are presented twenty thousand bills, in round numbers. Is it sought to enact more of these than we now do? I am well aware of the large number of people in this country whose sovereign remedy for every ill, public, private, economic or industrial, is: Pass a law. Pass a law and, even if the law is inert, costly to administer, subversive of sound legal or fiscal principle, all will be well. I am not of this school. I believe we pass too many laws now; and I certainly do not intend to make it easier to pass more. In addition, I have learned, from observation and experience, that a filibuster is a horrid thing only when it is directed against a bill in which I am interested, and is a lovely thing always when employed against a bill to which I am opposed. How many of my countrymen are different?

# DIANA

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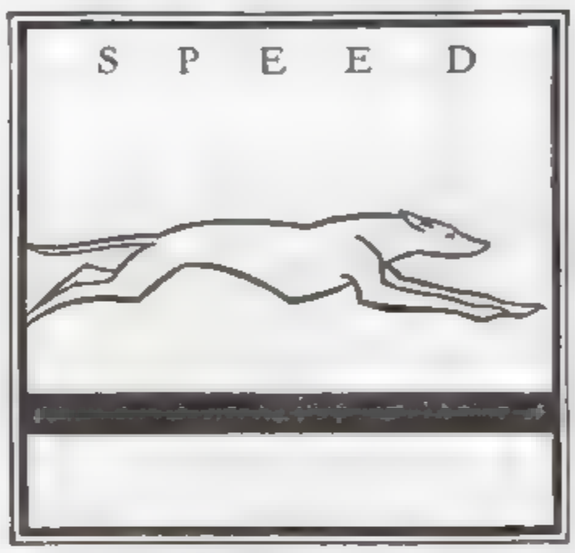


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Match this light car with a big six or heavy eight. Diana has arrived, down in weight, up in power—the open cars fully equipped weigh only 2930 pounds. Nothing sacrificed—built to endure, built for 100,000 miles of efficient transportation.

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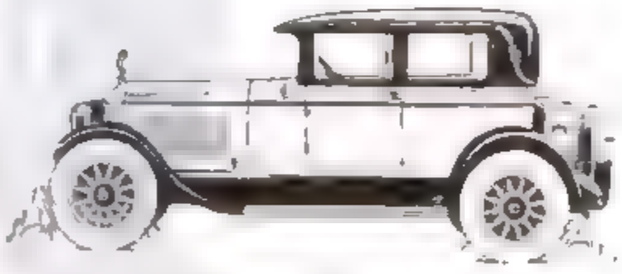

*The New Diana Straight Eight, two door Brougham De Luxe, 1926 Model, built by The Moon Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

THE OHIO BODY COMPANY · · CLEVELAND

# PEOPLE AGAINST HYLEBUT

(Continued from Page 13

separate until this matter is straightened out somehow. Brace up, Harry; I'll stay with you right to the end. Take them upstairs and slip them into your trunk."

Harry went obediently. Donkard followed him into the foyer, closed the library door gently and reverently, and went forward into the drawing-room. Harry rejoined him there.

They sat in silence. Donkard lit a short cigar and puffed it. The liquor had brought color into his full and sallow cheeks. He was the elder of the two young men by three years, being twenty-six past on this eighth of July, 1913. He was five feet and eight inches tall, small-boned, but full-waisted, with small and vigilant black eyes. His black hair was thick on the top and rear of his head, but had already retreated several inches from his forehead. His sight was not defective, but he wore glasses. His voice was ordinarily low and carefully modulated, and his manner was propitiating. It was his way to lift his shoulders and to tilt his head and to blink his eyes rapidly when he spoke to one upon whom he would make a good impression. An assistant district attorney referred to these mannerisms when he said, "He looks like a dog threatened with a stick." His late employer, with whom he had been for seven years, and who must have known him best, had held him in high regard. Harry Hanchett, slender and boyish and of slight force and mediocre intelligence, had not thought of disputing with Donkard the right to lead during this fateful night.

The house blazed with light. The twelve-bulb electric candelabrum overhead threw down on the two young men a white glare. Only fifteen minutes had passed since Harry Hanchett, awaking without shock, had found himself sitting up in his bed—less than fifteen minutes since a tepid interest in a trifling aberration of his world had sent him from that secure room—and in the course of that fifteen minutes a great gulf had opened, splitting his world in two. The equilibrium of that world had been upset; there had been a slip and a convulsive relocking. Peace and order had vanished momentarily; with light and restored stability had come a paralyzing comprehension of irretrievable disaster.

Harry was listless, indifferent now. He sat as one might sit who has lately felt the solid earth rock under him, and who surveys the ruins of all that he has known and cherished, and who, in view of the suddenly unmasked impermanence of all things, cannot yet confront the future with confidence or any heart of hope.

"There are the police now," said Donkard, jumping up.

### III

HARRY HANCHETT walked down the steps of the Criminal Courts Building and turned south on Center Street. He walked in haste; he was going on an errand whose soundness in policy he doubted, and he wanted to get to his destination before he changed his mind. He scanned the house fronts across the way, lifting his troubled eyes to the rusty cornices sharp against the autumn sky, and found what he sought on the house front of a three-story-and-basement brick house between a manufactory of light and ornamental iron and a dying Raines Law hotel on the corner. The distinctive thing that had caught his wandering gaze was a roof sign, on which, in gold against black, was the legend, Ambrose Hinkle, Counselor at Law. He crossed the street.

A powerfully built man with crushed nose and compensatingly enlarged ears was lounging on the stoop of the house. He was dressed in the extreme of bad taste, and showed in his every movement his consciousness of cutting an elegant and impeccable figure. A young woman who had passed and who was now half a block away had evidently been unable to resist the joy of looking at him; the man with the smashed nose was returning the look with interest. He was leaning precariously over the areaway beneath so that he might give his vision the benefit of the last possible inch; from his puckered lips there came a sweet and low whistle, and the fingers of one hand, high in air, were wiggling. Tug Gaffney had a warm place in his heart for the ladies, all and any.

Tug had never seen this retreating lady before, and was watching her departure now with poignant regret; but his emotion was not love at first sight notwithstanding. It was not preoccupying enough, exclusive enough. When Harry Hanchett trod upon the stoop, and a solid piece of masonry it was, Tug Gaffney whisked around and came forward as alertly as any spider. Despite his bulk—he weighed two hundred pounds, and much of it was the product of alcohol—he came with the light tread and short step of the boxer.

"Want to see somebody, friend?" he said.

"I wish to see Mr. Hinkle."

Tug made a rumbling noise in his throat, indicating deep meditation and a discernment that was not to be cheated; but his impression of Harry Hanchett was evidently favoring.

"I guess you can go up. But you always want to ask, see? Don't try to crash. Get me, don't you? Be nice. Now go up and ask nice if you can talk to Mr. Cohen."

On second thought, if not to exemplify niceness, he thrust his bullethead into the hallway and roared, "Hey, Cohen!" He reached out with marvelous quickness and tickled Harry's ribs. "Got a collar, son, did you? We'll take care of you. Go up and tell Cohen you're a personal friend of mine, and if he don't spring you, I'll spread him like a mouthful of hash and a slap on the back."

His glance went past Harry. His manner tightened, and his playful hand caught Harry's arm and gave it a warning squeeze.

"You're in luck, kid," he said. "Here comes Little Amby himself."

A dapper little gentleman was approaching them along Center Street, a little man whose patent-leather shoes threw back the sunlight and whose suit of black-and-white checks—adorned with rows of unnecessary buttons on the sleeves—fitted his small form with a precision that spoke of custom tailoring. The sunlight was dazzled by the diamonds that were on the slender hand that held a fine Havana to his pouted lips. A glance at the little man's extravagant get-up would incline one to rate him as a pin-headed fop, but one would discard that woeful misapprehension upon encountering the large black eyes in the triangular face. There was in those eyes none of that self-centeredness, none of that fatuous self-approval, that distinguishes the mere popinjay; their look was direct, inquiring, challenging.

The eyes passed Tug Gaffney and dwelt for an instant on Harry Hanchett.

"Listen, Amby," said the ex-bruiser, putting an arm about the narrow shoulders of the little man, who had now mounted the stoop—the gesture was familiar without offense; a dog might so paw his master—"this boy here's a personal friend of mine—know what I mean? Well, he got in a jam—know what I mean? Well, I told him we'd take care of him, see? Personal friend of mine. What's your name, son? Tell the boss. He'll take care of you. You ain't got no more to worry about now than the guy that jumped off the Woolworth."

"Well?" said the little lawyer gravely.

"My name is Hanchett, Mr. Hinkle," said Harry, knowing that he stood in the presence of the formidable little shyster who was in that day the leader of the New York criminal bar "I'd like to talk to you about this man Hylebut who was indicted yesterday for the murder of my father. Luther Hanchett was my father, sir."

Little Amby consulted the card, pulled on the cigar and nodded.

"Come in."

Harry followed him into the hallway and up the stairs. Coming from the bright stoop, he saw with difficulty in the dark passage; the burning gas jets rather made visible the darkness than pierced it; in fairness to the gas jets, it must be said that the atmosphere was largely made up of tobacco smoke and dust. And the house seemed as crowded as a barracks. Shadowy faces came out of the gloom from both sides of the hallway and along the mounting stairs. They were for the most part unpleasant faces, furtive and straining faces, browbeaten faces, brutal faces, fawning faces. Harry told himself that the encompassing darkness was playing tricks on his imagination, and that it could not be that a rare assortment of rascals frequented the professional quarters of the eminent counselor, Ambrose Hinkle. The faces were alive, entreating, snarling.

"Hey, counselor! Listen, Amby! Hey, Mr. Hinkle!"

Little Amby walked among them and gave them no more heed than if they had been indeed the wraiths of a fevered fancy. They gave back before him, they crowded behind him, they fell away only when he entered the precincts of the outer office presided over by the fat and short-tempered managing clerk, Cohen, who had a way of his own with overimportunate wraiths. Cohen had laid violent hands that very morning on a famous bandit who had presumed too far on a newspaper reputation, and had rushed him to the stairs and thrown him down the whole flight; Tug Gaffney, who didn't read the newspapers, had kicked the famous outlaw into the middle of Center Street, saying, "Can't you be nice, friend?"

The outer office—and, indeed, the whole house throughout its runs and dens with but a single exception—was dirty and disordered. The windows were bleared; the floors were soiled and splintered; the walls and ceilings were broken and discolored; the fine old English tradition whereby legal practitioners are housed in dingy rookeries found one of its few American examples in the house of Little Amby.

He would be mistaken, however, who should suppose that respect for time-honored usage, reverence for precedent and ancestral ways, ruled the little house in Center Street.

Little Amby swept with a silent glance the clients who sat in a row against the wall, caught with the tail of his eye the dumpy figure of Cohen at his desk, walked down a passageway and opened the door to his private room.

The clutter and mess of the house stopped at Little Amby's private threshold. Within, all was elegance—a stuffy and oppressive elegance, it is true. The floor was polished, the thick rug was a fine Oriental, brass glittered and mahogany shone. Five frosted bulbs were burning on the gold-plated candelabrum that stood beside the desk. Fresh flowers were in a brass vase; a marble statue was on the long bookcase. The Spartan simplicity of the American law office was flouted here, quite as its cleanliness and order were flouted beyond the door. Here, too, was the atmosphere of the underworld, but of the underworld triumphant and riotous.

"Go ahead," said Little Amby, studying his desk book.

"Mr. Hinkle," said Harry, plunging into his message, "I don't believe that man Hylebut shot my father. I want you to defend him, and I'll pay you for it."

Little Amby held his place with a nicely manicured finger.

"You want me to defend the man who's indicted for the murder of your father?"

"I do. I don't believe he did it. I'm sure he didn't do it. I can't tell you why, Mr. Hinkle, but I'm sure of it. And I want you

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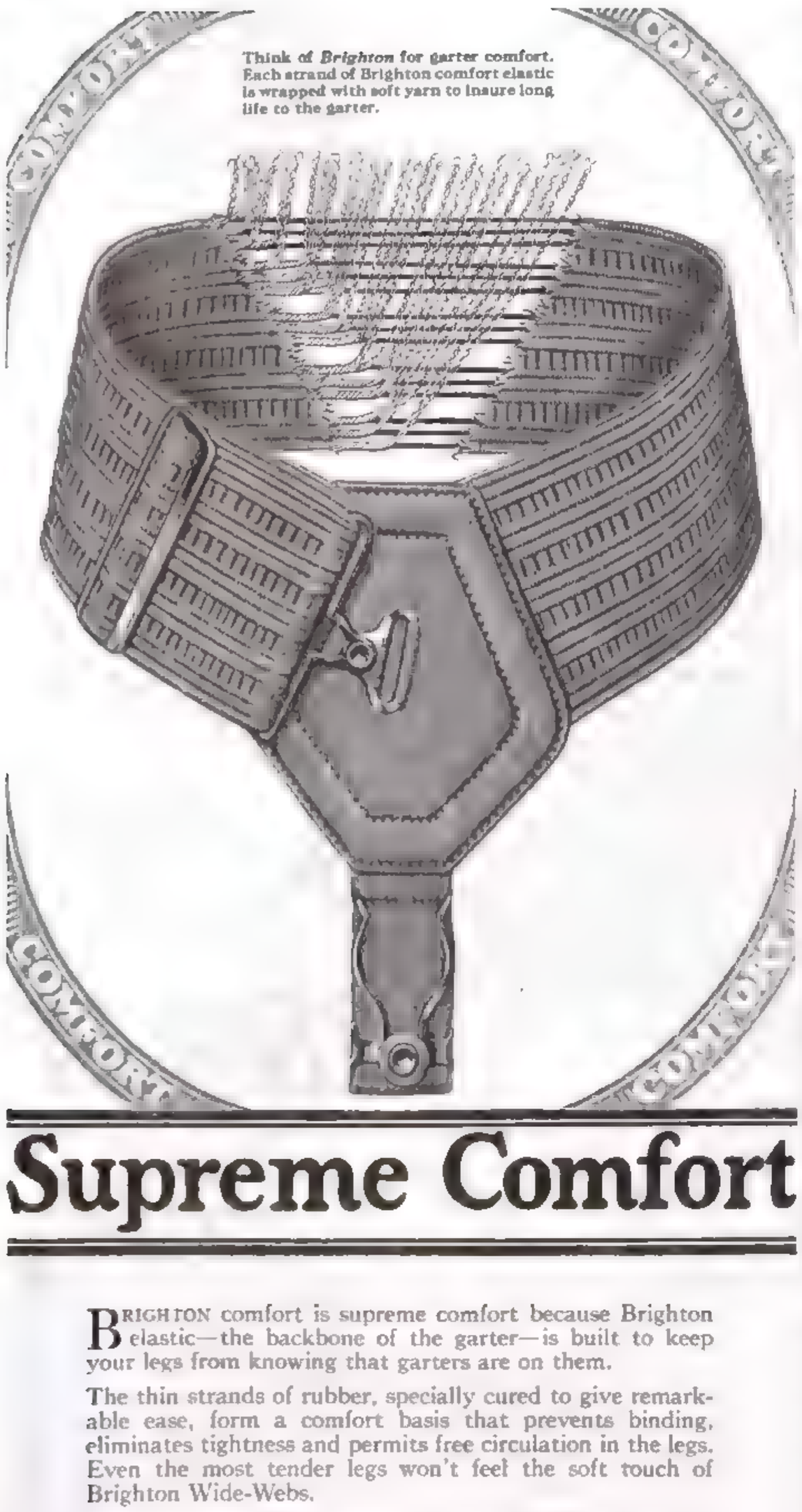
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to defend him and exonerate him so that a terrible injustice may not be done."

"What do you care about that yegg?" said Little Amby, drawing lightly on his cigar. "I don't think he did it myself, but what's the difference? Oh, I see, Mr. Hanchett—you want me to discover the real murderer of your father. Is that it? But this isn't a detective office, Mr. Hanchett. It's our business to turn criminals out, not to turn them up. If you want that fellow turned out, we can accommodate you, and the question of his guilt doesn't concern us; but we don't do detective work." He smiled amiably. "I'd lose my practice."

"I don't care so much about discovering the real mur—the man who did it, as I do about saving an innocent man. It's a matter of conscience, Mr. Hinkle. You understand how I feel, don't you?"

"Perfectly," said Little Amby, though he understood not at all. He mulled this surprising commission over, surprising in its source, and then he said with an effect of guilelessness, but watching Harry with veiled attention, "You would have me concern myself not at all with the discovery of the true culprit—is that it, Mr. Hanchett?"

"I understand that that would be your angle," said Harry.

Little Amby turned in his swivel chair and faced the young man fully.

"After all, Mr. Hanchett," he said slowly, "vengeance is not ours. To send the murderer to the chair would not bring your father back, would it? The guilty man may well be left to the terrors of conscience."

"That is precisely how I feel," said Harry.

"And a very honorable and Christian way to feel," murmured Little Amby commendingly. And he said to himself, "This young squirt knows who did the job and is covering him up. What the deuce brings him here?" Probing further, he said, "Of course, Mr. Hanchett, if evidence should come to us establishing the identity of the true murderer, we shall not hesitate to use it certainly."

"If it should be necessary to save this man Hylebut," said Harry, his eyes widening.

"As matter of defense," nodded Little Amby; "and then possibly after consultation with you. I understand your attitude entirely, Mr. Hanchett, and it's highly honorable and edifying."

"You can prove the man wasn't there that night. Nothing more is necessary."

"We shall establish an alibi as a matter of course, Mr. Hanchett. But juries take alibis as a matter of course, too, you know, unless the panel is fresh. That's merely the first line of defense. I shouldn't care to outline the true defense to you until I've at least spoken to the prisoner."

"I don't want you to mistake my position, Mr. Hinkle," said Harry, looking at the desk. "All I want for this man is a fair trial. I have a serious doubt, that's all; it came to me after reading the newspapers. I don't want an innocent man railroaded to satisfy the police—that is, if he didn't do it."

"Precisely," said Little Amby. "And you're afraid this poor man may not be able to pay for his defense. I see your viewpoint. And now about the terms: I have a reputation for success that obliges me to charge highly in order to save my services for those who have most need of them. Shall we say five thousand dollars?"

"Agreed."

"Five thousand dollars down should see us some distance on our way," said Little Amby, blushing for having asked a sum that came so easily. "Then there will be expenses, Mr. Hanchett. I cannot enumerate them now, but this sort of work always involves expenses. Shall we say twenty-five hundred for expenses?"

"I'll pay it."

Little Amby cut a fresh cigar; again he had not sheared to the blood.

"And in the event of success," he mumbled, rolling the cigar in his mouth and contemplating a gouge that should extract a howl—"in the event of success, Mr. Hanchett—you want this case won, don't you? I promise you we'll win it for you, and as earnest of our good faith, and to spur us to use every means, we won't charge you a cent beyond what is already stipulated if we lose. We'll bill you only if we win."

"How much?" asked Harry.

"Ten thousand dollars," said Little Amby casually.

"You shall have it."

Little Amby's teeth met through the cigar; he plucked it from his mouth and hurled it down in disgust. If he had been given all he lusted for he would have stripped the trusting youth before him to the buff and sent him out penniless.

"Very well," he growled. "Write your check for five thousand dollars."

"I have it here in cash," said Harry, drawing out his pocketbook and extracting a sheaf of notes. He counted down five bills of one thousand dollars each, and there was more behind. "I raised some cash, and I hope you won't insist on a check. I would rather not appear in the matter."

"You shall not appear in any event, Mr. Hanchett," said Little Amby, his eyes dwelling fascinatedly on the bank notes. "I shall communicate with you. Good day."

He picked up the telephone.

"Cohen," he said, "Saracena is out in the hall; put him on the young fellow who's going out. Just a short report. Get up and file a notice of appearance in People against Hylebut. Call up the Tombs and arrange to have Hylebut in the consultation room in twenty minutes."

He walked to the window that overlooked Center Street. Harry Hanchett, passing in the street below, looked up and saw him and waved to him, but was not answered. Little Amby, legs spread, right arm across the narrow chest above the little paunch, left hand caressing the long nose, was looking into the gray of the Tombs across the way. It was his mannerism, when deep in thought, to stand thus at the window and brood on the great prison wherein so many of the wicked had ceased from troubling the peace and dignity of the state.

And the wicked, peering from the narrow windows over there, sunk in self-pity, repenting conditionally, with nothing left of the arrogance with which they had done their deeds, felt hope gush afresh in them when they could look across and see Little Amby.

### IV

"HELLO, couns'lor," said the guard behind the gate. He threw it back, admitted the guest and drove the gate to again with a clang. Little Amby walked into the Tombs. He wrote his name in the visitors' book quite as if he was entering a club, passed the time of day with the warden and turned toward the consultation chamber.

Another guard unlocked the gate to the chamber, which was merely a barred inclosure about fifteen feet square, passed the lawyer through and shut and locked the gate behind him.

A man was sitting at the table in the room, bearing the watching of the half dozen officials beyond the bars with the indifference of a caged beast in the Zoo. He was coatless and collarless and wore no shoes; he was yawning as though he had been recently roused from sleep. He was about forty-five years of age, gray-haired, but still sturdy, and had a superficial good humor that made him smile easily and almost constantly. He was not at all a bad-looking fellow. He was Billy Hylebut, alias Pretty Billy, alias Red Hyle, alias Denver Red, alias Blue-Eyed Billy; the picture of him which is in the police archives is a libel on him. When it was taken a policeman was holding back his head by hauling on his hair, and a policeman was holding back each of his arms, and a stout officer was hugging his legs, and anybody who could take a good picture when so pinioned would

(Continued on Page 149)

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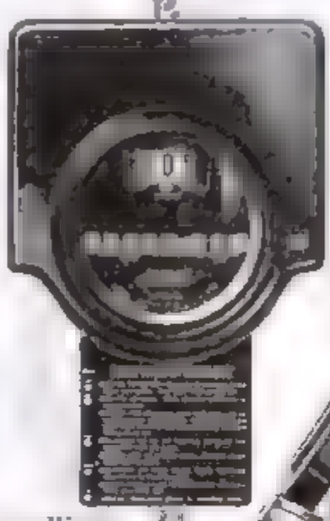

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(Continued from Page 146)

deserve the sobriquet of "Pretty" even more than did Mr. William Hylebut.

It has been said that Mr. Hylebut did not object to the scrutiny of the officers; it should be added that he basked in it. He was no timid holdout, no sneak or stall, no key fitter or tool maker; he was a first-class professional burglar and bank robber, expert with blowpipe and drag and jackscrew, and he looked for respect and got it.

"Well, I'm a cockeyed son of a gun!" he said in a hearty voice with a ring in it. Hylebut could sing in an excellent barytone. When very young and starting out in life, he had dressed himself as a girl and had peddled violets in an Easter crowd, singing very sweetly and picking pockets the while, and he had been known for a while thereafter as Molly-o and Molly Pansies; but in as much as nobody called him these names after he got his growth and strength, they are omitted from the preceding list. "Who staked me to you, couns'lor? Was it"—he approached his lips to the lawyer's ear—"Ike Vail? Ike is a real good guy and a right guy, and I always said so. Ike is all right."

"No, he didn't."

"He didn't? Well, that crawling crab! That poison little -"

"Shut your trap," said Little Amby. "Stop pawing me. Sit down. Why do you care who staked you? What's this I hear about you knocking off old man Hanchett? This is a nice proposition for an old professional like you! It's the sort of thing a kid would do."

"Who knocked him off?" cried Hylebut hotly. "I'm telling you I didn't do the job!" The sound of his own voice frightened him; he feared that the familiars of the prison had overheard him, and he cowered and looked about him. He cupped his hands about his lips and whispered hissingly, "I didn't do it, couns'lor."

"Come clean now," said Little Amby sternly.

"Couns'lor, I didn't do it," whispered Hylebut, after vainly searching his imagination for an oath that was fresh. "Listen, couns'lor, did that job look like my work? There ain't a blessed peterman from here to Chi but would take his honest oath that was not Billy Hylebut's job. Everybody in the prison here knows I didn't do it. They're laughing right now. Ain't you going to let me know nothing? Did you read the papers how that front door was opened? With a blessed crowbar—so help me Bob, with a crowbar! Am I going to open a man's front door with a crowbar? Is that high class? I'd have used the wood screw on that door, wouldn't I? Wouldn't you? What am I, couns'lor—a shoemaker? I'd have bored a hole in the jamb behind the nosing of the lock, put in a wood screw, took my bit stock —— Well, maybe you would do it different; and I had a talk with Coney Foltz out in the yard yesterday, and he don't like the wood screw. But couns'lor dear, a crowbar! Why, it's a blessed insult!"

"I don't believe you did it, Billy; and if the case is tried before a jury of professionals, they won't believe it either; but the chances are bad for a jury like that. What have they got on you, Billy? I haven't even seen the indictment yet."

"Not a blessed thing, couns'lor."

"That's right," said Little Amby disgustedly. "And then I'll go to the bat for you, and find they've got everything on you but the rope. What are you doing in here? Framed, were you? Come, what have they got on you?"

"Well, couns'lor, there was some bonds. I had some bonds, see? Seaboard Light and Power, a bunch of thirty-four that I picked up in the way of business, and when I tried to lay them down I was picked up myself. And their argument, couns'lor, is that these bonds were lifted from old Hanchett's safe that night, see? Well, maybe they was, but not by me. Still and all, it looked bad for me to have them bonds when the dicks are looking around for them."

"Where did you get them?"

"Do you know Barney Roth?"

"In a way."

"What's his graft?"

"He puts down bonds, if that's what you mean."

"There you are. That's where I got the bonds. I turned off Barney Roth's house in West Rockaway a whole week after somebody give old Hanchett the works, and I picked up them said bonds. Well, now, ain't that just my luck? All I got to show is where I get the bonds, hey? So I send to Barney, and I say like this: 'Barney, I'm in a jam for snitching your bonds. Be a good fellow for once in your life and come in and claim the bonds and tell the dicks you lent them to me.' And he sends back like this: 'Don't make me laugh!' Do you get it? Even if he is not sore, he will not tell the dicks he ever had those bonds, because they will say, 'Well, this lets Billy Hylebut out. And now, friend Barney, where do you get these bonds?' See where I'm at, couns'lor?"

"I see. Where were you the night of the murder?"

"Courting a lady in West Rockaway—Barney Roth's housekeeper. I was sweetening her to get some inside info, and maybe do the job inside—which, coun'slor, is just how it comes off. I took her to a movie, and then we went in a gin mill down there, and were having a friendly ball at the very minute old Hanchett gets knocked off down in New York. Now ask me, will Barney's housekeeper tell that? Am I lucky? Rub my back. Oh, I stepped in it!"

"The alibi will be easy, and I'll have to get to Barney Roth. Nothing else?"

"Well, couns'lor, what I hear, a fellow called Donkard and a servant girl went before the grand jury and said they seen me in Hanchett's house that night; said they seen somebody, and if it wasn't me, it was their mistake."

"They did?"

"Absolutely! Now is it a frame?"

"Very well, Billy," said Little Amby, rising. "I'll call for an inspection of the grand-jury minutes and see you again. I'll do what I can for you."

"Yeah? Listen, couns'lor, can't you spring me for a few days only? I'm on the nut right now, and I ain't got a quarter for a cup of coffee, and I don't get no service. Listen, there's a place in Yonkers I want to turn off, and there ought to be five grand in it. Can't you get me out for a little while? There's a guy in the next cell where I am now that keeps grinding his teeth all night and won't let me sleep, and ——"

"Throw him a bone," said Little Amby, rattling the gate to bring the guard. "Don't you know you're indicted for murder in the first degree? They won't bail you. So long, Billy."

"The man who gave those bonds to Barney Roth to put down is a man I must know," reflected Little Amby as he walked again on Center Street. "I must have a heart-to-heart talk with Barney. Bringing Barney into it makes it look like a professional job; but why then did young Hanchett come to see me? And why did Donkard and that servant girl appear before the grand jury? Who is being covered here? In some ways, it looks like amateur work and inside work."

He realized with distaste that he would have to interest himself in discovering the truth. And he had a professional distrust of the truth; he hoped that he wouldn't be forced to rely on it. The truth had a way of being stranger and more incredible than fiction; he didn't care to go before a jury with a strange and incredible defense. He hoped, in all innocence and earnestness, that truth and right were not on his side; he valued the element of surprise. The district attorney would know his case in advance, and could prepare against it; the almost decisive advantage which the people ordinarily gave to the accused, by disclosing to him the evidence upon which the indictment had been found and by telling him the names of the witnesses who had given that evidence, would be shifted here to the other side. But here was shadowed

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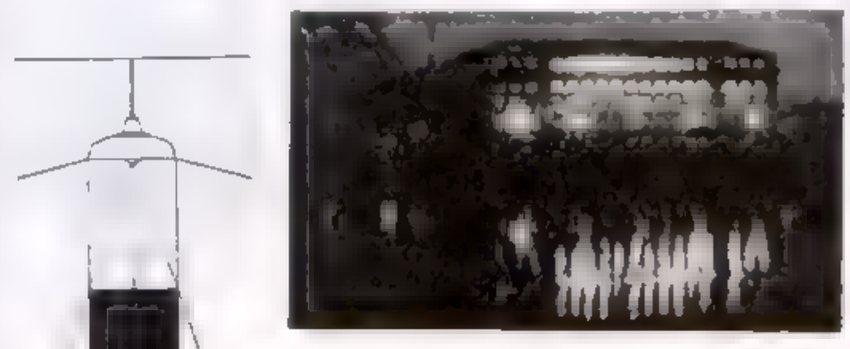

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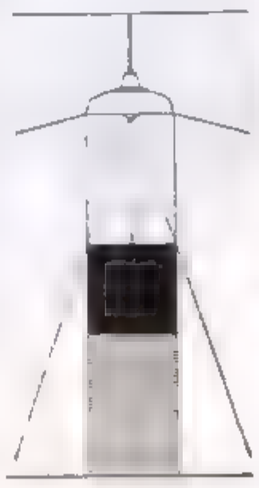

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forth something in the nature of a conspiracy against Billy Hylebut; that conspiracy would have to be exposed, even at the risk of doing justice.

He returned to his office and told Cohen to move for an inspection of the grand-jury minutes.

Having obtained the names of the people's witnesses and the details of their testimony, he set inquiries afoot as to these witnesses. In his time he had had to do with witnesses for the people who were amenable to political pressure, who could be bulldozed into forgetfulness by threats of physical violence, who were venal and would take his money and depart into the unknown.

Seeking leverage to move Barney Roth, he procured the names of the group with which Roth was affiliated and which was putting down stolen negotiable paper. He got the names easily; the operations of this group, and of others of the same sort, were no secret in the underworld, where professional gentlemen were honored for their specialties. He considered the names for a time, and then sent for Frederick Piercey Gray, alias Fred the Banker.

The banker was slow in coming. Little Amby sent him the second message on the back of a police circular from Salt Lake City that called for the apprehension of a person depicted thereon in full face and profile. The pictures on the circular were those of an elderly man of dignified presence, wearing the imposing side whiskers that popular fancy still associated with high finance; Frederick Piercey Gray wore just such side whiskers when he creaked into the little house on Center Street.

V

THE trial of William Hylebut for the murder of Luther Hanchett took place in February, 1914. Little Amby lost no time in picking the jury.

"I'll take the first twelve men who step into the box"—his customary gesture, and not an expensive one, since he had only to put a stubborn doubt into the mind of one man out of the twelve, whereas the district attorney had to convince the whole boxful.

But his next move was unprecedented. He strutted to the rail and put his hand into his hip pocket and threw out his stomach and said, "If Your Honor pleases, in view of the utter hollowness of the people's case—and I must say that I can't understand for the life of me why this exceedingly able district attorney should insist on taking up the time of this court and subject this poor boy here to suspicion of the most awful crime known to our law—I'm going to take the liberty to withdraw for the present. I am retained in another case that has been called for trial this morning. I shall, however, with Your Honor's kind permission, return in time to make the motion to dismiss. I leave the defendant's interests in the hands of my young associate"—his hand moved patronizingly toward the lynx-eyed Cohen, who frowned sourly down his big nose—"a youth who has perhaps more need of a routine experience than I, and I do hope the district attorney will try to be fair and not take advantage."

And he went out, after first bowing to the judge and bowing to the jury and patting Cohen encouragingly on the shoulder. Cohen resented the display of kindness and threw off his employer's hand with an angry shrug. Cohen thought, and had often said, that he could try a case better than could Little Amby the best day the latter ever saw. He certainly knew more law.

"And that, Cohen," Little Amby was wont to say amiably, "is why you're the managing clerk." The manipulation of facts was Little Amby's strong point.

The people made out a prima-facie case. Cohen cross-examined doggedly, hammering the people's case home to the jury by making the witnesses go all over it again. He knew the dynamic attack that Little Amby had masked behind the blind front of the general denial, but he was too aggressive to sit still and watch a witness step down in peace.

Harry Hanchett was there, with something in his face of the stillness and whiteness that it had shown on the fatal night, but he was not put on the stand. His testimony must have been negative, except as it went to establish the admitted *corpus delicti*: he had seen his father dead, slain by violence, and that was all. Lester Donkard testified, as did Maisie Magrue and three

*"This Boy Here's a Personal Friend of Mine—Know What I Mean? Well, He Got in a Jam—Know What I Mean? Well, I Told Him We'd Take Care of Him, See?"*

others, including the officer who arrested Hylebut while that man of many names was in possession of the bonds.

Donkard's testimony was murderous. Here it is, boiled down:

"On the night of the eighth of July, 1913, the early morning of the ninth, I was reading in my room. My room was on the top floor of the house on West End Avenue which was the residence of the decedent. I was employed by Mr. Hanchett as secretary, and had been so employed for several years.

"The light in my room suddenly went out, and having some work to do that was pressing, I went out into the hallway to take a bulb from the fixture out there. I thought I heard a noise in the house below me, and then I remembered having read in a newspaper of a burglary in Harlem where the burglar had pulled a switch and put the house in darkness before beginning operations, and I became suspicious that something was wrong. I returned to my room and got my pistol and a pocket flashlight and went down to investigate.

"I saw the house door open; an iron thing had been shoved under the door to keep it from banging, the lock being still locked so that the door wouldn't close. . . . Yes, that is the iron thing.

"I went directly to the library where the safe is situated, and saw that the safe was open. Throwing the light around the room, I saw the prisoner; I am quite sure that the prisoner is the man that was in that room that night. I told him to throw up his hands. He did so, and then I heard somebody coming downstairs, and in that moment the prisoner dashed at me, striking down my light. He ran through the library door, and then I heard two shots, and when I got out there I saw that the prisoner had disappeared and that Mr. Hanchett was lying across the lower stair rail. I helped him into the library and saw that he had been shot, and he was soon unconscious.

"I was familiar with the contents of the safe. Yes, these Seaboard Light and Power bonds that are marked in evidence here were in the safe that night to my own knowledge, and were missing after the prisoner ran off."

The people made out a prima-facie case. The case for the people was in before the noon recess; Cohen made the formal motion to dismiss, which was inevitably denied.

Little Amby appeared and took charge of the defense at the beginning of the afternoon session. He opened the case for the prisoner by establishing an alibi. He put on the stand two men who had been in a beer garden at West Rockaway—a resort some twenty-five miles from New York City, and a full hour from West End Avenue by rail or automobile—during all the time between 11:30 o'clock on the night of July 8, 1913, and two o'clock on the morning of the ninth. These men swore that the prisoner—pointing him out—had been in that beer garden during that entire period.

The district attorney shrugged his shoulders at this testimony and refused to cross-examine. He lifted his bushy eyebrows whimsically at the jury, several of whom smiled back at him. This district attorney—an assistant—was an old war horse and knew the routine of a criminal trial as he knew the way to his favorite chair in his club.

He was a stout and gray-haired man with large and glaring eyes, and a forehead on which the veins stood out easily. He was by no means acute, but he was sincere and experienced and had a roaring voice, and he could be trusted to hang his quota in spite of a slight muddle-headedness; juries trusted him.

He did, indeed, prick up his ears at one feature of the witnesses' testimony—at the statement, made by both of these men, that the prisoner while in the beer garden was in the company of one Judy Laffan, who, they knew, was housekeeper for their fellow townsman, Mr. Bernard Roth. He moved in his chair, but declined to cross-examine, being unwilling, it may be, to seem to attach weight to this testimony.

"Frederick Piercey Gray!" called Little Amby, turning toward the crowded court room.

A tall and heavy gentleman, frock-coated and wearing large and yellow side whiskers, had entered the court room a moment before, and now he strode down the aisle. Little Amby was not looking at him, but at a dark and bald-headed gentleman who sat by a far window. The bald-headed person started at hearing the name, and raised up for a look at the summoned witness, and then sank into his seat and put a hand to his face. His attitude was one of thought.

"Financier," said the new witness, sitting in the chair and answering Little Amby's opening question.

"Character witness?" asked the district attorney of Little Amby.

"Just a moment," said Little Amby, and he left Mr. Gray to the admiration of the spectators and walked over to the man by the window.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Roth," he said in a conversational tone. "Our friend in the chair tells me you are acquainted. He says that you are in a position to confirm his testimony, and I wish your advice on it."

"You flatter me, both," said Mr. Roth, raising yellow-tinged eyes in which there was no trace of expression.

"Glance this over, will you? It's Mr. Gray's statement."

Little Amby handed Roth a folded sheet of paper. Roth looked steadily at him for a moment, and then took the paper. He fitted

*Continued on Page 165*

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Speed in folding or unfolding is one of the many superiorities of the newly patented Cable Cot.

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The Cable Cot folds and unfolds with the ease and simplicity of an umbrella.

And compact! Smaller, when folded, than a small golf bag. Just 5 inches by 7 by 38. Swing it along as you hike—it weighs only 16 pounds. It has a convenient handle.

It's good looking, too. Slim lines. Heavy enamel in green. A tailored top.

Who now, after seeing this super-cot, would willingly buy an old-fashioned one?

# Opens or Folds

## New Style

Pictures can't do justice to this super-cot. You have to see its slim, sturdy beauty to fully appreciate it. It has a finish, a style all its own, quite unlike the crudity of old-time cots. For the home it is inconspicuous—for the camp it fits nature's colors perfectly.

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Built complete of U-shaped steel tubing—structurally created by a master engineer. So strong that six men—weighing half a ton—can stand on it. Reinforced steel joints. Plenty of strong steel rivets. This Cable Cot is built for long wear and hard usage. It automatically adjusts itself to uneven ground, but never gets rickety or loose. Rust-proof. Non-squeaky.

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The original cost of a Cable Steel Cot is the same as a wooden cot—but steel lasts indefinitely. Careful designing ends old-time weaknesses and constant need of repair. Steel can't rot. Steel can't crack or split. There is nothing flimsy about the Cable Cot—it is built to give long, inexpensive service and will last a lifetime. We've put it to every test of rough usage. We've tested it to years of service. We claim it is more economical than the ordinary cot.

## *Also*

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New-day refinements. Fold compactly. Rubber-tipped legs. Longer life. Handsome green enameled steel. Strong. Comfortable. Chair weight, 4¾ pounds, price $1.50; stool, 4 pounds, price $1.25. Better than wood.

# CABLE

# A Steel Cot betterments

Rubber-tipped legs! That may sound like glorifying a detail. But any woman remembers scratched floors. So we've prevented that drawback.

Mr. John Cable, the inventor, succeeded when other men have failed, by not only creating an engineering structure for a cot, but by including the wanted refinements.

Mr. Cable's reward comes in the instant preference people express for his invention.

Everywhere progressive department, furniture, hardware and sporting goods stores have Cable Cots in stock, realizing that their customers will be no longer satisfied with old-fashioned cots.

The price is $5.50—no more than wood—in a few inter-mountain states, freight adds slightly to the price.

# in 50 Seconds

## Light Weight

The Cable Cot weighs no more than a wooden cot—in some cases less. Its weight is only 16 pounds. In the home, a woman or a child can carry it upstairs and down, from room to room. The camper can swing it along with ease—it has a convenient handle. For motorists, it can be put in the automobile or on the running board. The hollow, U-shaped tubing reduces the weight. The tailored top is of extra fine 12-oz. khaki duck—taped edges, double sewed.

## Compact

Fold it up in 50 seconds! with the ease of an umbrella. It reduces to a bundle 5 inches by 7 inches by 38 inches—smaller than a small golf bag. Stow it away in the closet. On the hike, fancy its convenience. Compare it with the average folding cot, twice the folded size. Yet the Cable Cot, when open, is 6 feet 4 inches long, 25 inches wide and 17 inches high. And more comfortable.

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Steel is preferable because it doesn't attract insects and vermin. It can be kept clean. Enameled steel is like a porcelain bath tub—it can be washed. It can't absorb water and rot. It can't rust. Whenever sanitation is discussed steel is more desirable.

# *Steel* COT

## *Order here*

Only in case your dealer cannot supply you or you are in remote location, send $5.50 and one cot will be shipped *prepaid*.

**To dealers:** If you are not already supplied with Cable Cots, address us for full information. The Cable Corporation, Sales Dept., Woolworth Building, New York City.

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Sales Dept., Woolworth Building, New York City

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And so, we have equipped the new Simplex Electric Iron with a Cord-Set with an all-steel plug that you simply CANNOT break. It's as sturdy as the Simplex Iron itself. Fits and matches your other appliances, too.

Ask your dealer to show you this new standard weight, six-pound iron. Let him point out to you the new air-cooled terminal guard that protects the contacts and lengthens the life of the iron. Allow him to demonstrate the air-cooled rest-stand that saves lifting of the iron. Let him show you how easy it is to snap the plug in or out of the iron simply by grasping the ever-cool ball grip of green Bakelite.

Remember that with all the new features of this truly wonderful Simplex, the price COMPLETE, including Iron and Cord-Set, is $4.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, using the coupon, and pay the postman when Iron and Cord-Set arrive by mail.

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEALERS! If you do not know the nearest Simplex distributor, write us for his name and address.

# Simplex
ELECTRIC IRON

Name
Address

(Continued from Page 150)

gold-rimmed spectacles carefully to his Roman nose, turned his back to the window to obtain privacy, and read the document. This paper turned up again at the trial of Edward Granger, alias The Pen, and can be given in full:

"During the years 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913 I was associated with Barney Roth, Joe Parish, Edward Granger and Bill Vosburg in the business of putting down stolen and counterfeited bonds. The trick was worked in this way: Barney Roth supplied us with genuine bonds and we put them up at banks throughout the country for loans. When the loans were due we paid them off in full, drew down the bonds, gave them back to Barney Roth, and he gave us forgeries of the same. We went back then to the same banks that had loaned us on the genuine bonds and got loans on the forgeries, the banks falling for the trick because they thought they had already lent us on those bonds. The winnings were split fifty to the layer-down and fifty to Barney Roth.

"On the sixth of June, 1913, I got a loan of fifteen thousand from the Loan and Trust of Blankville, on a block of genuine Seaboard Light and Power which I took up on July sixth and turned back to Barney Roth. No forgeries of these bonds were put down to the best of my information and belief. I have made this statement under privilege to my counsel, Ambrose Hinkle, and have agreed to testify to its contents at any time and place if he can get me immunity from prosecution for my part in these deals, for which I am heartily sorry, and do not make this statement under any threat or duress

"FREDERICK PIERCEY GRAY."

"P. S. So help me God."

"Interesting story, isn't it?" said Roth, handing the paper back and putting away his spectacles. "And you have arranged for the latter part of it too? Very kind and obliging of the district attorney, I must say. And what can I do for you, Mr. Hinkle?"

"It seemed to me, Mr. Roth," said Little Amby blandly, "that you would prefer to go on the stand and make your own statement as to these Seaboard bonds. In that event, I shall not need to call on Mr. Gray. I shall protect you absolutely from any unfair questions or tactics of the district attorney. You know, Mr. Roth, there's something here that looks very much like a murder conspiracy. Think it over for a minute, and then I'll call you. Ever so much obliged."

He returned to the counsel table, drew Cohen to him and plunged into the examination of some papers. Then he rose and bowed to the court.

"I'm going to withdraw this witness for a few minutes," he said. "Some evidence has just come into my possession that should be put in at this time. . . . Mr. Roth, please take the stand."

"Making him your witness?" grumbled the district attorney. "What was that talk about? Look here, no monkey business, Amby!"

Roth took the stand and was sworn. He smiled at Donkard. The examination proceeded as follows—stenographer's minutes; filed papers in People against Granger:

MR. HINKLE: What's your business, Mr. Roth?

A.: Broker.

Q.: You said you lived at West Rockaway. Did you employ a housekeeper down there during the whole of July last named Judy Laffan?

A.: I did.

Q.: Do you know where she spent the night of July eighth to ninth?

A.: I do not. I remember that she was absent from the house until two or three o'clock in the morning.

Q.: I hand you an exhibit, being certain bonds of the Seaboard Light and Power, marked in evidence, and ask you if you ever saw them before.

A.: I did. They have been in my possession.

Q.: Were they in your possession continuously during the night of July eighth to ninth, and for some time preceding and following?

A.: They were.

MR. HINKLE: Your witness.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Didn't you hear the witness Donkard testify this morning that those bonds were in Mr. Hanchett's safe on the night of the murder?

A.: I wasn't here this morning.

Q.: Do you call him a liar?

MR. HINKLE: Now, Your Honor, I respectfully object to these tactics and unfair insinuations. I know how disappointed the district attorney must feel in being unable to substantiate his indictment of this poor boy here, but he doesn't need to be venomous. If he wants to indict somebody with a good chance to convict, I suggest, as an officer of this court, that he arrest and indict his witness Donkard for perjury.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: We don't need your suggestions as to whom we should arrest and indict.

MR. HINKLE: Oh, I know that. You're the district attorney, and you can arrest anybody you please, and impanel a picked grand jury of blockheads to indict him.

COURT: Mr. Hinkle!

MR. HINKLE: I'm sorry, sir. I was carried away by my feelings. Go ahead. Ask him anything you please. Threaten him. Threaten your witness Donkard, too, if he wants to change his testimony.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Speaking of slurs and insinuations ——

COURT: Proceed with the case.

Q.: Where did you get those bonds?

A.: From Mr. Donkard, who is sitting there.

Q.: You got them from Donkard? When did he give them to you?

A.: I don't remember exactly. Sometime during the preceding June.

Q.: What did he give them to you for?

MR. HINKLE: I'm only too anxious to oblige and to enable the district attorney to satisfy his idle curiosity, but we must keep within the issues. How is that relevant? I object to it.

COURT: It goes to the credibility. He may answer.

A.: No answer.

Q.: Answer the question.

MR. HINKLE: He doesn't have to, not if it tends to incriminate him.

COURT: We shall see. Do you stand on your constitutional right?

A.: No, sir. Donkard brought me the bonds and asked me to secure him a loan.

Q.: Didn't you know they were not his bonds?

MR. HINKLE: How was he to know that, for heaven's sake? You heard him say he was a broker. And the bonds were negotiable, passing by delivery. Do be fair.

A.: I supposed that the bonds belonged to him.

Q.: Did you secure him a loan?

A.: He telephoned me not to. He telephoned me four times during the day of July 8, 1913, trying to make an appointment to get back the bonds.

MR. HINKLE: I ask the court to take notice that coupons on those bonds were due and payable on July tenth. If those bonds belonged to Donkard's employer, as the district attorney admits, we can see why Donkard was eager to get them back into his hands.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Don't you think you'd better take the stand and testify for this witness? Your Honor, it's impossible to cross-examine under these conditions. I'm through.

COURT: Stand down, Mr. Roth. But don't leave the room. Where is Donkard? Donkard, stay right in that seat until I excuse you. Call your next witness, counselor. And let us have no more of these personalities.

Little Amby watched Roth to his seat. Then he walked back to Frederick Piercey Gray, shook hands with him and said, "It was ever so good of you to come, Mr. Gray, but we're not going to need you after all. Here's that paper you gave me. Sorry to have troubled you."

The banker's large and well-formed hand closed on the document that had wrung the testimony from Barney Roth. He rose with a polite murmuring and went toward the door, gaining speed with every step.

"Miss Magrue!" called Little Amby, returning to the counsel table.

Maisie, the housemaid, rose timidly. She was frightened. Her situation beside the whispering Donkard had not escaped the embracing eyes of Little Amby.

"Step right up, miss," he said. "Don't be afraid of anybody. I'm going to give you a chance to tell the truth and change what you said this morning—your last chance before the case is closed."

"Your Honor," exclaimed the vexed district attorney, "won't you compel Mr. Hinkle to observe the ordinary decencies of a trial at law?"

"He objects to my calling a witness!" gasped Little Amby.

"The district attorney has some justification for his stricture, Mr. Hinkle," said the judge with sternness. "If it were not that this case is developing in an extraordinary way, I should be more severe with you. Proceed now in order."

"I accept Your Honor's reproof for my zeal," said Little Amby. "I can only say that if the district attorney's incessant nagging has driven me to depart in aught from the highest and most ethical ——"

"Yes, yes," said the judge, throwing himself back wearily. "Let's get along with the case. Swear the witness."

"Just a moment," said Little Amby, after scanning his papers. "I find I've called this witness prematurely. Upon my word, Your Honor, your rebuke has so upset me that I hardly know what I am doing. Step down for a minute, miss. Give her a chair, officer, right there beside the box. Thank you. No, sit right there, Miss Magrue, until you take the stand. . . . Mr. Savoyard!"

The new witness was a short and fat and ox-eyed man. He walked toward the witness stand with slow paces, swaying up and down. His big olive face, set with big and bulging brown eyes, wore an expression of simple sincerity. Mr. Vincenzo Savoyard was no stranger to courts, though he came ordinarily in obedience to summonses for excise violations. He bowed to Maisie Magrue and said politely "Hello, lady."

The examination proceeded:

MR. HINKLE: You know the lady?

A.: Oh, yes; we are old friends.

Q.: You run a joint down at Coney Island, don't you?

A.: Oh, no; a high-class restaurant. I got a liquor license. No joint, counselor. Oh, no—what?

Q.: Quite a sporty crowd patronizes your restaurant, isn't it so?

A.: But very high-class—oh, yes.

Q.: Did you ever see this lady in your restaurant?

A.: Oh, yes. Many.

Q.: You mean often?

A.: Oh, yes.

Q.: Don't say oh yes so much. Do you see anybody else here that you recognize as patrons of yours?

A.: Oh, yes. Excuse, counselor. Oh, no—I mean oh, yes. You, counselor.

Q.: You have to advertise, don't you? Anybody else?

A.: Mr. Donkard there. Good afternoon, gentleman.

Q.: Give me your attention. In whose company did you see Donkard down there?

A.: Oh, yes.

Q.: Oh, yes, what?

A.: In company. The lady and Mr. Donkard. Oh, many.

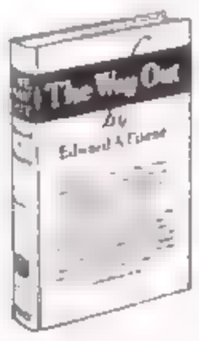
Q.: You mean often?

A.: Oh, yes. Excuse, counselor. Oh, yes.

Q.: Did you see them there in June of last year?

A.: Oh, yes. Many often.

(Continued on Page 187)

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(Continued from Page 155)

Q.: And in July, and since?

A.: Oh, yes. Always. Three, four, five six, seven.

Q.: What was their demeanor? Never mind that. Did they seem friendly, or how?

A.: Oh, too much. Too much friends, counselor. Counselor, I am Sicilian man. I speak the English too much not so good. They were sweethearts.

Q.: Did he have any other sweethearts?

A.: Oh, yes. Counselor, she is Tuesday. Excuse, lady. He asks me. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday ——

Q.: He liked your place, didn't he?

A.: Oh, yes. Everybody. Is a very high-class place. He come there with many girls to make the sweetheart.

Q.: Was he a good spender?

A.: Oh, yes. Twenty, thirty, fifty dollar. Is a very rich sport. Big Wall Street fellow, counselor.

MR. HINKLE: Your witness.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: No questions. What's all this got to do with the case? I move to strike the testimony of this witness out entirely and to instruct the jury to disregard it.

COURT: I'll let it stand for the present, and you may renew your motion. Step down, Mr. Savoyard. And do you, too, wait in court until I excuse you. Call the next witness, Mr. Hinkle.

"If she's come," said Little Amby, looking about him. "Officer, call Mrs. Donkard in the hall out there."

A lady in her middle twenties, blond and beautiful, but with a shrewish look pinching her pink features at the moment, sailed down the aisle.

She was still beautiful, but no longer delicate; she was of the type that is full-blown at eighteen and that runs soon to waist in default of heroic self-denial. She was angry; her back was straight and her chin was up, and her eyes flashed.

"You are his wife?" The quavering voice was that of the housemaid, Maisie Magrue. She was standing, blocking the path of the blond lady. She cut a poor figure there. Maisie was nineteen at the time, and what of good looks she had was a matter of coloring and youthful spirits—black and white and red, and a twinkle in the black eyes; she stood crookedly now, and her eyes seemed to have sunk in, and her irregular face was spotty. "You're not his wife! He's going to marry me!"

"I wish you luck, dear," said the blond lady, drawing in her lips. "Oh, I'm his wife fast enough, and I'm not bragging. . . . I brought the lines with me, Mr. Hinkle, like you said."

"Show her your marriage certificate, Mrs. Donkard," said Little Amby, leaning across the table.

"Maisie!" cried Donkard, jumping up in uncontrollable nervousness. "I tell you it's not true, Maisie!"

"You lie!" snapped Little Amby, rounding on him. "It is true. And you've been making a fool out of that poor innocent girl there. Plucking her like a flower, to cast her aside and tread her underfoot!"

He was always ready with cheap rhetoric, and he got it off with a spirit that carried it over every time

"Don't get excited now, Maisie!" cried Donkard. His face was pale and drawn, and his hands were extended as though he was feeling his way through darkness. "Keep cool now. Remember, Maisie!"

"Don't Maisie me, Mr. Donkard," she said furiously. "So I'm your Tuesday girl, am I? Then you better get your lady friends of the rest of the week to come and do your lying for you now. He done it, judge! He done it! And I seen him! May I never leave this spot ——"

"She's crazy with jealousy! I didn't do it, but I know who did. It was Harry Hanchett there. Look at him—he doesn't deny it! Ask him, judge! I saw him, and he won't deny it!"

"No, he didn't neither," sneered Maisie. "And he didn't, because his father was laying dead in the library when the boy come downstairs. That devil there made him think he did it some ways with his talk of a burglar. There wasn't no burglar, judge. There's the burglar, over there, the smart Mr. Lester Donkard. No, I won't shut up! They can hang you as high as the Woolworth, and I'll be laughing. Your Tuesday girl, am I? I'll tell you how it was, judge: The old gentleman come downstairs looking for a burglar because he heard something, and he had a pistol, and he knocked on my door and asked me if I heard something, and I got afraid and followed him upstairs. And he went in the library, and we seen somebody with a light at the safe, and Mr. Hanchett fired his pistol at him, and he fired his pistol at the old gentleman and killed him, and then he came running out and said we would be married and live high. And it was him broke open the front door, judge. May I never leave this spot —— And young Mr. Hanchett come down——"

"Stop!" cried the judge, bringing down his gavel. "Is this a madhouse? Step up here, madam. Officer, stand by that door. What is this mass of deviltry we've uncovered here? Let us get rid of the case on trial first. Have you any motions, Mr. District Attorney?"

"In view of the new positions taken by these witnesses, Your Honor," said the district attorney, "I feel it incumbent on me to move to dismiss the indictment. I want to say, however, that there's such a thing as orderly process, and Mr. Hinkle hasn't shown any respect for it. He could have quoted this new evidence to me in my own office, and I would never have moved the indictment to trial. He seems to have wanted to make a hippodrome out of this court room, and a public spectacle. That may suit his craving for notoriety and self-advertisement, but it's certainly not ——"

"Agreed—agreed *in toto*," said the judge. "Mr. Hinkle, you stand reprimanded for not having cooperated in this matter with the district attorney. I am sure, however, that you are also to be congratulated. The motion to dismiss is granted."

"Then the Seaboard Light and Power bonds that Donkard gave me from the safe that night were forged," said Harry Hanchett.

"Exactly," said Little Amby. "Your father had a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds in that safe, didn't he? Donkard used to take a block of them out and turn them over to Barney Roth. Roth provided him with counterfeits which he put back in the safe to satisfy your father's casual inspection. The gang then lined a bank up for a trimming by putting the genuine bonds in for a loan. They were granted it, of course. Then they paid off the loan, gave the bonds back to Barney Roth, who turned them back to Donkard, who put them back in the safe and took out the counterfeits. The counterfeits then went back down the line to the bank which had already loaned on the genuine bonds.

"They grafted probably a hundred thousand, and would be at it yet if, through some disagreement or greed, Roth hadn't refused to turn the bonds back to Donkard when he had to have them. The old man would have clipped the coupons off the forged bonds in a day or two, and the gaff would probably have been blown. So Donkard put up this job, pretending there was a burglary. He would probably have taken out only those counterfeit bonds, which would have cut two ways for him, freeing him of suspicion and killing the value of the bonds in Roth's hands. You see?"

"But I fired at him! I can understand that he was able in the darkness and in my state of nerves to coax me to shoot, but he took an awful chance."

"Not a chance in the world, my boy. You had a row with your father that evening, didn't you? So the cook told my man. And it was about your father's pistol, wasn't it? Don't you remember that there was talk at the dinner table about robberies in the neighborhood—Donkard started the topic, I'll gamble—and after dinner your father looked for his pistol?"

"That's right. That's how the row started. I had his pistol. He always kept it in his bedroom, and I had taken it away that afternoon. There were some athletic games down in Bay Ridge at the club—that was one thing that brought us into the city in that weather—and I was acting as starter, and I needed a pistol. So I took father's. It made him furious, and I couldn't see why it should. I went to my room to get the pistol and gave it to him, but that didn't appease him."

"Well, Mr. Hanchett, do you ordinarily do your starting with a gun loaded with ball cartridges?"

Harry's mouth opened.

"By George! I remember now that I loaded the gun with blanks at the club."

"And you fired a blank cartridge at Donkard that night. He knew what was in the gun; your father had fired that same gun at him point-blank only five minutes before."

"I can never repay you what I owe you, Mr. Hinkle."

"I'll take your word for that after I've put you through supplementary proceedings," grinned Little Amby. "Write me a check for ten thousand dollars; here's a pen."

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# DOWN THE STRETCH

(Continued from Page 27)

Other horses running in the same years have outclassed Roamer, Old Rosebud and Sarazen in appearance and equaled them in blood lines, but have been outclassed by them in racing ability.

Breeding and conformation all sound, and yet no race horse. Why? It is the eternal question of the racing world. It is the thing that makes the buying and selling of horses a fascinating game of chance. If we had standard gauges to decide these questions, you would always be sure of your money's worth and no more. The prices of horses would be regulated like those of automobiles.

My own liking is for the medium-striding horse. A good gait makes for speed. A strong heart makes for gameness. Combine the two and you have a good race horse. The trick is to know when they are combined. The fellow who can fathom it is the winner in a horse deal.

The year Waring won the Worth Handicap I lived in a little cottage at the Worth track. The superintendent of the course had been taken ill, and Ed Wagner, who ran Worth, asked me to take charge. I liked the idea. It reminded me of the old days back in Missouri and Kansas, when I'd slept in a stall every night, sometimes cuddled up to a horse to keep warm. And it had all changed so much in just a few short years. I wondered what Nash Turner or Birkenruth or Winkfield or the other jockeys who had the leg up on my horses in these later days would think if I'd offered them for a single winning mount the equivalent of what I'd received for a whole month's hard work; or if they'd been compelled to sleep in the hay or in a little bunk built over the stalls, as I had, and as Fred Taral had, too, before he'd become a famous jockey. What would they have said if their contract employer had told them they would have to sweat their way from one track to another, sleeping in the freight cars with the horses and hiding under the blankets so the conductor wouldn't see them when he inspected the cars once a day? "Sweating your way" was the right name for it. Sometimes when I think of the suffocating heat of those trips while we lay motionless under the blankets in sizzling weather, waiting for the conductor to move along, the recollection is enough to keep me warm all winter long.

### Celebrants on Parade

My little cottage at the track was a meeting place for my friends, being so close to the grand stand and paddock they could run over there between races. On May 1, 1902, Birkenruth won the first race with my horse Federal, a six-furlong sprint. It was a warm day and a couple of friends and I strolled over to the house to refresh ourselves. When Tom Cogan carried my colors home in front in the second race, a four-and-a-half-furlong dash for two-year-olds, we hit the path again for the cottage to get more refreshments, three or four other fellows stringing along with us. And we stayed there while the third race was being run. Earlier in the day H. E. Rowell—we called him Doc Rowell—had told me he had a good thing in the third, an old horse named Pat Morrissey, and had asked me to scratch Precursor, the only horse in the field he was afraid might beat Pat. Albert Simons was handling Precursor for me, and we scratched him. But it was a false alarm. A horse named Red Apple, belonging to Ed Trotter, won the race.

The next event on the program was the Worth Handicap. I had two horses running for the stake, Waring and The Lady. The entry was at thirteen to ten in the betting and I told my friends I couldn't see how I could lose. Our entire party bet freely on Waring and The Lady, and when they passed under the wire one-two we again headed for the cottage to see what remained in the way of cooling refreshments. This time there were a dozen new faces in the parade along the winding path that led to my house. The temperature was rising steadily and the ice was running low. I sent a stable boy out for a new supply.

Searcher, a four-year-old son of Hindoo, was my starter in the fifth race and the favorite at seven to ten. We marched back to the lawn to see the race run and we marched right back to the cottage again when Birkenruth brought Searcher home a winner in the hardest kind of drive. The crowd at the track, seeing the procession moving back and forth from my cottage, began to wonder how we got that way, to go parading around like a regiment of soldiers. The marchers were growing in number after each race. Three of us had started the parade. Now we had about twenty in line, treading the winding path that led to the cottage, and the army was growing each minute. A wine agent or two had fallen into line, bringing their sample cases along with them.

### Five Wins in Five Starts

Four winners home out of five races, and my horse Vulcain looking like a sure thing in the sixth. It was the Hildreth day. It seemed to me that everybody at the track wanted to absorb the spirit of the occasion. So they would stroll over to my cottage to absorb it. The winding path that led to the cottage was like a newly blazed trail everyone was anxious to explore, and it was becoming more winding each minute. By the time I took my place at the head of the procession to lead the march back to the grand stand for the sixth race, I discovered more curves in it than I had known were there. The parade looked like a snake dance after a big football game.

Vulcain, at one to five in the betting, won the mile event at the end of the program, Winkfield riding him to the fifth victory of the day for the Hildreth racing colors. The crowd let out a wild yell. It's not often in racing that one owner sweeps practically the entire card; in all my experience it's the only time I ever won five races on a single day, and it was something worth celebrating. The crowd was willing and so was I.

At the entrance to the cottage I commanded the marchers to halt and looked back over the line to see how many there were. The tail end of the procession was just coming through the paddock gate. I was wondering how the modest supply of refreshments in my home would take care of so many, when Albert Simons rushed up to me and reported that the friendly wine agents were back with a new load of sample cases. In other words, the commissary department of our army had come to the rescue in the nick of time.

When I look back at one incident of that celebration it almost brings tears to my eyes, though I've been a teetotaler now going on fifteen years. The commissary department had done more than its share to make the celebration one to be remembered. Bottles of champagne were everywhere. The sight reminded me of the pictures I'd seen of the signing of articles for the championship prize fight in the old days. If you've ever seen one of those pictures you will remember that the chief idea you got of the ceremony was that of countless bottles of champagne stacked on a table, with a party of gentlemen looking gloomy because the labels were crowding them out of the spotlight. The champagne was the contribution of the agents on those occasions. It was good advertising to have the brands so prominently displayed. And on the occasion I am speaking of, the champagne agents recognized it as a chance to employ their favorite form of advertising.

But the thing that makes my mouth water, even now that champagne is no more for me and not so much for others, is what happened to that supply after the paraders had been thoroughly refreshed. Someone suggested that the stalls should be baptized to keep the run of good luck going. Another thought it was a rare chance to fumigate them as no other stalls had ever been fumigated. So a party of them carrying bottles of vintage champagne went over to the stables and sprayed the walls with the bubbling beverage, treating it with no more reverence than so much water. And in that way the celebration of Hildreth Day at Worth, Illinois, came to a close. I trust this story saddens no one else as it does me.

The turf period immediately following the start of the new century was remarkable for the number of high-class stake horses in training. In 1903 and '04 Beldame was the queen of the turf in the East. She was a chestnut filly by Octagon from Bella Donna, by Hermit, and had been bred by Mr. Belmont at the Nursery Stud. In the West and South my chestnut filly Witfull, by Mirthful out of Response, was beating the best Thoroughbreds of both sexes. And among the colts was Broomstick, a son of Ben Brush from imported Elf, by Galliard, then running in the colors of Capt. S. S. Brown, of Pittsburgh, the owner of a string of fast racers.

You get an idea of the class of horses competing then when you scan the field which Broomstick, as a three-year-old in 1904, defeated in winning the Brighton Handicap. Waterboy, with 129 pounds up, was the favorite in that race; but the difficulty of his task is realized when you see pitted against him Ort Wells, Irish Lad and Highball, in addition to Broomstick. The race resulted in a furious finish, with Broomstick barely beating Irish Lad, when that fine stake horse broke down as they were nearing the wire and finished on three legs in one of the gamest exhibitions of courage racegoers have ever seen.

Broomstick later became the property of Mr. Whitney and was retired to the Brookdale Farm in New Jersey, where he sired some of the best horses of recent years, among them Whisk Broom II, Buckhorn, Leochares, Crocus, Tippity Witchet, Cudgel, Escoba, Regret, Nancy Lee, Thunderer and Wildair.

### Rain in New Orleans

For Witfull I paid $3000, and that was another of those lucky investments I've made in my time. On March 14, 1903, this fleet daughter of Mirthful won the Crescent City Derby in New Orleans from Rosanco and Birch Broom in the hardest rainstorm I ever saw at a race track. She romped home nearly a sixteenth of a mile in front of the field, though it wasn't until the stretch had been reached that anybody was able to make out the colors of the leading horse, so terrific was the downpour. Poor Jack McCormick, who died this year at San Diego, California, was a rubber in my barn at the time—the same Jack McCormick who later trained the horses of Phil Chinn, James Butler and the Belair Stud, owned by William Woodward. When he went to take Witfull back to the stable on the other side of the track he found the water so deep that the only way he could have reached there would have been by swimming. There was a lagoon that lay between the grand stand and the stables. This had overrun and the water was more than waist-deep on all sides. We had to quarter Witfull in a stall near the stand for a day or two until the water had receded.

Claude, a bay colt by imported Lissak from Lida H, was the chief rival of Witfull on the Southern and Western tracks. Claude was owned by M. J. Daly and usually ridden by J. or W. Daly, his sons. Early in the year he had won the California Derby at Ingleside, and on April seventh the Tennessee Derby at Memphis, in addition to other important stakes. The Western crowd was confident that he was a better horse than Witfull and suggested a match race between the two. I consented, and it was arranged for the race to be held at Memphis on April fourteenth, just one month to the day after the filly had won the Crescent City Derby. There was no reason for me to fear a match with the Daly horse. I had seen Witfull beat him easily at a mile and seventy yards.

Now there's one point about a match race that is always well to keep your eye on. That is the jockey who rides for you. Just bear in mind that we're all human, that temptation is sometimes hard to resist, and that few better chances are offered for sharp practice than in a race between two horses. And remember that a jockey is not a grown-up fellow who's been through the mill and understands that it's more profitable to play square than to cheat; but just a kid whose character is in the making and who may not have developed the knack of saying no when he hears older voices speaking. I've been through many match races and I've always had this in mind. It's not that I necessarily suspect any particular person; merely a little precaution that may save a lot of trouble for everybody in the long run.

### Good and Bad Weather Sports

I had no contract rider at the time, only a little ninety-pound apprentice boy who'd had practically no experience. I left the question of a jockey open till the last moment. If there were any sharpshooters around they wouldn't know who was going to pilot my horse, and there'd be just that much less chance of any smart trick being played. As a matter of fact, there were two or three fellows around the Southern tracks that season I didn't care much about; and I was thinking pretty hard about them when I neglected to name a jockey for my horse, with the bugle almost ready to blow for the race. When the officials heard that there was a chance I would have to put up the apprentice they told me they thought it might spoil the contest. That was exactly what I was hoping would happen—that the suggestion for an experienced rider would come from an official quarter. So when they sent out word for Henry to ride Witfull I was more than satisfied.

There's not much to say about the race itself. Henry jumped Witfull into an early lead and she never surrendered it. Bullman, on Claude, rode the Daly colt hard from start to finish; but Claude was never threatening. The filly led him under the wire by two lengths and was scarcely breathing hard after the mile-and-an-eighth journey.

It is at the race track more than any place I know that you are able to get the measure of your man. You see him as he is at play, and again you see the serious side of him as he is at his work; for horse racing is a constant changing from one to the other. You see the good winner and the bad loser and the bad winner and the good loser. The sport of racing brings out one side of a fellow's character, the strife of it the other side. I've watched thousands of them in my time—the regular who is always on hand in good weather or bad, the casual who drops in on Saturdays and holidays, the little owner with all the cares of the world resting on his shoulders, and the rich sportsman with few cares that his money cannot overcome.

It is the wealthy men whose stables I've trained I am thinking of especially now. Each has his little groove in my mind and there were no two of them alike. There was William C. Whitney, who loved the turf because of the diversion and who went about efficiently organizing his stable. A keen sportsman and an able skipper to work for was he, with his policy of every fellow to his own job. And August Belmont, the closest student of breeding I've

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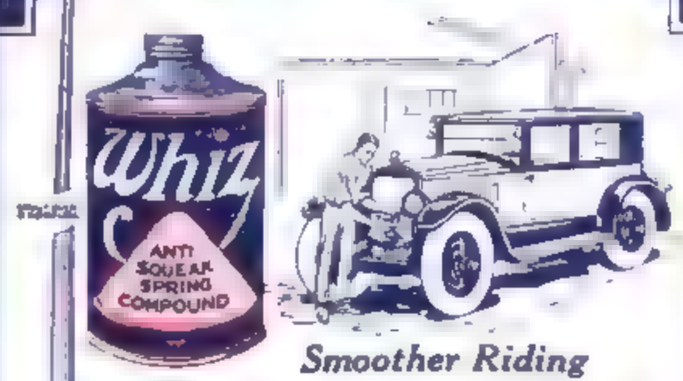


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THE State of Louisiana has built, at Baton Rouge, a complete university which is an architectural gem. So far as known, this is the first entire university built in one operation. The group, 27 major buildings, would have been economically impossible for the State in any other material than concrete. Concrete solved the problem, for it is economical, permanent, beautiful and adaptable to any form of construction.

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ever known; who smiled always when he lost races and frowned sometimes when he won. And Charles Kohler, the kindly, genial soul who has gone on his way these fifteen years, who liked horses and the smell of the track and would stand toe to toe with any man in a sporting proposition. And Harry F. Sinclair, the cool and efficient, who tells me it's all a new game to him and to do as I think best with the horses we once owned together and that are now his; a man who knows as well how to lose as he does to win. And E. E. Smathers.

I always think of E. E. Smathers when I think of Witfull, for I sold the filly to him along with the other horses in my barn soon after she had beaten Claude in their match. One of the things about Mr. Smathers that will give you a line on him is the fact that you never think of him as Mr. Smathers, but as E. E. Smathers. You know what I mean. There are a lot of fellows who are good sports, but they just naturally have to have the handle of mister to their names. I reckon it is their dignity or something. And there are others who go through life with their front names as much a part of them as the heads on their shoulders and who never get mistered by any one. It was that way with E. E. Smathers, and still is. Only in his case it is the initials instead of the name. Dignified and powerful as he's been in the world of finance, he's always remained E. E. Smathers.

### The Star of the Stable

McChesney was the star of my stable at the time of the sale, a fine Thoroughbred fit to run against the best horses of his day. You will recall McChesney if your memory goes back that far and you will place him in the same group that included Irish Lad, Ort Wells, Africander, Waterboy, Broomstick and the other great race horses of that period. With him in the lot that E. E. Smathers bought from me were some other fast ones, including Witfull. And even Sam Hildreth himself was swept into the fold of the new ownership. I signed a contract to handle all the Smathers horses—a total of sixty-two before we'd stopped buying. We were introducing the name of Smathers in a new field. It had been more familiar in harness racing before that, and in harness racing it had been great.

"I've always looked upon trotting as your particular game," I told my new employer one day soon after the sale had been made.

"It is; and so is Thoroughbred racing," he replied. "Any horse is my game—any horse and any sport that gives a little extra fun to living. Have you ever stopped to think what an awful rut we'd get in if there wasn't something to keep our minds fresh? Well, horses do it for me—horses and the outdoors and the sunshine."

Coming from such a young man as E. E. Smathers was then, that sounded like a whole lot of philosophy. But I made a note of it that he and I were going to get along together. Horses and the outdoors and sunshine! When he spoke of those things he sent me back a long way to the Missouri hills and the Kansas plains and Red Morocco—and my father. Vincent Hildreth and his quarter horses! It had been many a long day since they'd blazed their trail through the early history of racing in the Middle West; and such a very small trail it was, I thought, compared with what this thing of racing horses had come to be. I wondered what the old gentleman would be thinking of if he stood there with me now and could see the great stands with their gay throngs and could feel the throb of this new glamour. Would it be a glamour to him, who had known only the little prairie tracks, with the rough clothes of the cowboys their only adornment and the yips of the wearers the only noise to disturb the solitude of the plains? And would there be a throb in it for him, who had found his throb in racing horses he'd bred in his own barn and watched over like a father while they grew to colthood and fillyhood? Or would he turn to me and say, "Sam, I reckon I'm best gaited to the quarter tracks. You know I'm just a plain racing man; that's me all over"? And I reckon he was.

McChesney was entered to run in the Harlem National at a mile and three-sixteenths, one of the feature events of the meeting at the old Harlem track in Chicago. Smathers bet heavily on him in the future books on the race; they had future betting on other races than the Kentucky Derby then. I didn't know at the time how much he'd put down, but I felt he was not the kind that does things in a small way.

A day or two before the race he arrived from the East in his private railway car. I told him I was a little bothered about finding a real good jockey to put up on McChesney. I had been hoping to get the contract rider from Ed Corrigan—I think the boy was Johnny Reiff—but Corrigan had just told me that he was going to run his own horse in the race and would need the services of the stable jockey. The only boy available around our own stable was a youngster who'd had very little riding experience and I was afraid to trust him with so big a job. It's against my principles to spend weeks and months preparing a horse for a big stake and then turn him over to an incompetent jockey.

Mrs. Hildreth was with us while the conversation was taking place. She was running her own horse, Favonius, in the race and had engaged Charlie Gray, a good boy, to ride.

It was she who solved our problem.

"Let Charlie Gray ride McChesney," she suggested. "I'll put the stable boy on Favonius."

Smathers protested against that.

"Not at all, not at all, Mrs. Hildreth," he exclaimed. "There's no reason why you should sacrifice your own chance of winning just to help me."

There's one thing I've never tried to buck against in this life. That is a woman with her mind made up. Mrs. Hildreth had decided that Gray would ride McChesney, and that was that. I told Smathers we'd lost that particular argument and not to bother any more about it. He was the happiest man in Chicago when he went back to his hotel.

When McChesney, with Gray in the saddle, splashed through the mud that covered the track that afternoon, a winner by a good margin, E. E. Smathers bubbled over with happiness. He bounded over to where I was standing and shook my hand so vigorously I think sometimes I can feel it yet. Then I learned for the first time the extent of his bet in the future books. McChesney's victory had brought him something like an even $100,000.

### Money for Everybody

"And I can thank Mrs. Hildreth for it as much as anybody else," he said, seeking her out to express his gratitude.

You couldn't hold him, he was so happy. He handed Mrs. Hildreth $1000 and insisted on her taking it when she protested. He told me the purse money was mine—$7865. He gave Charlie Gray $2500. He handed the stable foreman $500 and the exercise boy another bill just like it. To McChesney's rubber he gave $250. Anybody in sight who'd had anything to do with McChesney's winning he wanted to reward. And he was all action, the swiftest-moving object at the track outside of the race horses themselves.

It was a custom of the period to give a little extra formality to stake races by hanging the purse on a wire stretched over the track and having the winner come and receive it. In our party that walked over to the judges' stand to receive the prize money was Blanche Bates, the actress. The purse passed from Smathers to me, and the little satin bag in which the money was inclosed I handed to Mrs. Hildreth as a souvenir of the occasion. Mrs. Hildreth in turn presented it to Miss Bates, who was a strong admirer of race horses and had rooted hard for McChesney to win that race for us.

Every now and then an owner of race horses will run into a streak of bad luck that seems to have no ending. Such a blight had fallen that season on Doc Street, a well-known character on the Western tracks. In his barn were three fillies he'd bought from James R. Keene—Byways, Delagoa and Cognomen. They were fast, but the curse of losing was on his racing colors and he couldn't make them win, try as he would. He became so disgusted with his luck that he offered them to me at a very low price—$1000 for one, $2500 for another and $3000 for the third. I bought them, and within six weeks the three had won a total of twenty-one races. One day before they'd started on this winning streak Pat Dunne met Street and asked him whether the three fillies he'd sold me were of much account.

"Well, if they're as good as they were when I had them they'll win plenty of races for him," Doc replied; and that remark is typical of the average horse trainer. You wouldn't expect to find much temperament in a racing barn, but it's there in almost as large quantities as it is in the world of prima donnas and stage artists. No matter how thick you may think the hide of the rough, weather-beaten fellows who spend their lives around box stalls and paddocks, you will find a smoldering volcano if you prick their pride about horse knowledge.

### Enter the Dark Horse

In the winter, some twenty or more years ago, the horsemen at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans became curious regarding the identity of two queer-looking old men with whiskers, who had one horse quartered in an old barn at the track. Nobody seemed to know them or where they came from. They had dropped in at the track while the meeting was on and didn't appear anxious to make the acquaintance of any of the trainers or stablemen around the Fair Grounds. Whenever anybody called to have a friendly chat with them, and possibly to get a little dope on what their specialty was, they just grunted their answers and let the visitors understand they weren't cultivating the companionship of others.

I had heard about them, but their presence didn't bother me one way or the other. I'd had enough experience around race tracks by this time to know that you have to look for all kinds of folks. A couple of men with whiskers and a grouch didn't strike me as much to worry about. I was more concerned about my own problems too. There was a horse in my string at that time that had shown me some workouts that made me feel sure he would breeze home in the next race for maidens, he having never won a race and being eligible to compete in a maiden field. And in his trials he was running faster than some campaigners in my string that had won many races. It looked like an exceptional chance to win a nice bet.

It was while I was putting the finishing touches on my horse that New Orleans Ed Austin, a bookmaker at the track and a fellow I'd known for years, received a queer sort of tip from W. S.—Kansas—Price, who had been well known on the race tracks for years. Price told him that the horse being trained by the two men with whiskers was a speed marvel.

"I don't know what the horse's name is, but I'll recognize him the minute I see him going to the post and I'll have a smashing bet down," Kansas Price continued. "I tried to get a line on him from the two old guys training him, but they shooed me away. He's a real good thing and they've managed to keep him completely under cover. They never work him when there's anybody around with a stop watch. I think I'm the only one at the track in on their secret, and I just happened on it by accident. I'm telling you, Ed, that horse has worked faster than anything at the track."

Ed Austin was too old a hand at racing to get excited over what Kansas Price told

(Continued on Page 165)

**That Musical Pal of Mine**

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Anyone can quickly learn to play a Hohner with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. You don't have to tune it; it is always tuned. You can't make a mistake as to tone for the tone is fixed. You merely breathe into it the song that is craving expression and out come the cheering strains of an opera, symphony or popular melody.

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For Safety's Sake—demand

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REMOVES GREASE SPOTS

Without Injury to Fabric or Color

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NO KEYS TO LOSE!

No Springs! No Hinges! No Rivets!

A Practical Keyless Padlock nine times [illegible]

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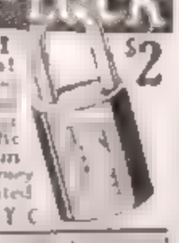

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PATENTS. Write for free "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" Send [illegible] for inspection & [illegible]

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## What's Wrong With Shorthand

**Secretaries say:—**

"He talks so fast I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."

Those awful waits while he chats over the 'phone."

"I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook."

Nothing doing till 3 and then two days' work

No one else can read my notes."

"Hours wasted while he's in conference."

Yes, I do mind staying late."

Cold notes are maddening."

***That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.***

James N. Collins
in 12 years rolled up a business of several million dollars annually on the 5-cent packaged candies, "Honey Scotch" and "Walnettos."
Miss Hansen,
Mr Collins's secretary, saves time through The Dictaphone to help Mr Collins with important executive details
"I have no stenographers in either of my factories This is part of our evolution from old fashioned methods The use of The Dictaphone to replace shorthand is accepted now as one step forward and I took advantage of this method for greater office efficiency some time ago
James N Collins

## What's Wrong With Shorthand

**Executives say:—**

"She can't get out all she's taken."

"I m forced to cut dictation short

"She can't help me with other things

"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."

'If she could only take it as fast as I think."

"Out sick, so my letters have to wait."

"Pshaw! she's gone I'll have to wait till tomorrow."

"I had all this clear in my mind last night."

***That's enough! I'll send in the coupon below on general principles.***

# Shorthand couldn't keep pace with his business—

## How much faster can a man build up his business with The Dictaphone than when he's shackled by slow, old-fashioned shorthand?

***Read the story of James N. Collins below—then note our coupon offer.***

NO longer ago than 1913 James N. Collins quit a cigar salesman's job in Minneapolis to manufacture and sell "Honey Scotch." He was his entire selling force, his own shipping-clerk and general manager.

Today the tempting "Honey Scotch" and delicious "Walnettos" have an output of 25 tons every day, with a yearly value running well into the millions of dollars. You can buy the famous red plaid open package at nearly every news-stand, cigar store and hotel in the United States and South America. From one man to international distribution in 12 years!

Mr. Collins says that The Dictaphone helped materially in the amazingly rapid growth of his business. With The Dictaphone he maintains as close supervision of his organization today as when he was his own salesman and shipping clerk. First thing in the morning he dictates to The Dictaphone instructions to his foremen. Then he talks into the mouthpiece his engagements, plans for conferences, everything due for the next two days.

And he cleans up his heavy correspondence *as he finds leisure!* For Mr. Collins is the kind of executive who encourages interruptions. No sound-proof cell for him! His desk is right out in the open office where he can be instantly available. And that he may utilize every spare moment for dictation, right at his elbow stands The Dictaphone.

As for Miss Hansen, Mr. Collins's secretary—with The Dictaphone she's able to handle all Mr. Collins's correspondence and memoranda, and attend to the routing of 75 salesmen as well. She has time for the executive duties that make her a responsible assistant to her chief.

# DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

REG U S PAT OFF

***Which of these coupons will you send, as the first step to "doubling your ability to get things done"?***

Give The Dictaphone a trial. We will gladly lend you a machine to test any way you like.

DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION, 154 Nassau Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Please notify your nearest office to lend me a New Model to to try—without expense or obligation. Leave it to me to judge by results, not by salesmen's reasons or other people's success. Thank you.

Name

*(Please pin this to your letterhead)*

DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION, 154 Nassau Street, New York City

I want to see what leading executives or secretaries themselves say about increasing their ability by discarding shorthand. So please send me your booklet What's Wrong with Shorthand

NAME

ADDRESS

Executive ☐ *(Check one)*

*(Please pin this to your letterhead)*

(Continued from Page 163)

him. Tips are about the cheapest thing you can get at the race tracks. The only thing different about this one was the cocksureness of Price and the peculiar way the two old fellows at the old barn had been acting.

Anyway, Austin tabbed it in his mind and asked Kansas to let him know when he saw the unidentified Hindoo going to the post. It happened sooner than he had expected.

A few days later, while the horses were coming out for the first race of the day, Price dashed up to Austin's stand in the betting ring, pulled him off his seat and rushed him out to the steps, where they could see the field parading in front of the grand stand. Kansas, nervous and excited, pointed to one of the horses.

"That's him—the good-looking chestnut. And he's twenty to one in the betting. I've bet $200 on him and I'm going to put down some more. Give me some of your money and I'll bet it for you. He can't lose; he'll walk home; he's the fastest horse at the track."

Austin had never heard of the horse, but he'd heard a lot about my horse and there he was in the field.

The chance I'd been looking for had arrived. It was a maiden race at seven furlongs and my horse was the favorite at four to five. All the clockers in New Orleans knew how he'd been burning up the track in his morning gallops. I'd made no effort to keep him under cover.

"Sam Hildreth's horse will win this race," Austin shot back at Price. "I know Sam has been waiting to drop him in just such a race as this, and he's bet $5000 on him."

"I don't care if he's bet $500,000. This dark horse will leave him so far behind you won't know they're in the same race." Kansas Price couldn't be budged.

Austin's book had taken in $5000 against $4000 on my horse. Until Price came running up to him he'd intended laying some of it off in the other books, because he was so sure I would win the race. But there was no mistaking Price's sincerity. So, though he refused to bet on the stranger, he thought he'd benefit by the tip to the extent of holding all the money on my horse.

### Betting Blind

In Chicago, a few hours before all this was taking place in the fair-grounds betting ring, two men had called on Billy Pinkerton. They refused to talk to any of the subordinates and insisted on seeing Billy himself. Their manner was mysterious. They were nervous and acted like men who weren't just sure of their ground. One of them opened the conversation by asking Pinkerton if he knew whether there were any gambling houses being operated around Chicago.

"Plenty of them; what's the answer to your question?" Billy liked to come to the point quickly. His visitors stalled further.

"Is it possible for a stranger to place a bet in this town?" the spokesman inquired.

"Certainly—if he has the money."

With that one of the men took out a large roll of greenbacks and laid it on Billy Pinkerton's desk.

"There's $10,000 in that bundle and we want to get it down on a race in New Orleans. But we don't want to take any chance of running up against some confidence men and not collecting if we win. If you'll assign a couple of your men to go with us to some reliable bookmaker or pool room we'll see that you're well paid for the services."

The proposition sounded good to Pinkerton. He called two of his men from another office and instructed them to conduct the two visitors to some betting establishment where they could place their money in safety. There were plenty of pool rooms and handbooks running in Chicago in those days. Pinkerton's callers undoubtedly knew this, but they were concerned about collecting in case they won.

"You'll get your money all right if the horse wins," Billy assured them; and then, as an afterthought, he inquired how good they thought the horse was.

"He'll win and he'll be a price," they told him.

As they were leaving, Billy motioned to one of the men he'd assigned to go with them, pressed a wad of bills into his hand and said, "Bet this for me on whatever horse those fellows back."

In New Orleans I was standing on the lawn watching the horses prancing at the barrier. Chris Fitzgerald, the same Christopher J. Fitzgerald who is now active in the affairs of the Jockey Club and who has worked for years in the interest of clean racing, was the starter at New Orleans that season. He was having his troubles with the field, but he finally caught them in line and sent them away to one of his usual good starts. They ran closely bunched for the first eighth and then began to straighten out as the faster horses found their stride. I had my glasses trained on my horse and was waiting to see him step to the front. But as they sped down the back stretch it was some other horse that left the field behind him as though the other horses were standing still.

Somebody near me cried out that the leading horse was the stranger.

"Where'd he come from?" I asked, as though speaking to myself. I'd never heard of this horse. I hadn't noticed that there was a strange horse in the race.

### Beaten by a Ringer

When they rounded the bend and entered the stretch my horse was running second, far out in front of the others; but the stranger was leading him by four lengths or so, and running so easily I knew there wasn't a chance for my horse to catch him in the short dash to the wire—or to catch him at any distance, for that matter. I couldn't understand how an outsider like this one could beat so good a maiden as mine.

And as he cantered home under a pull four lengths in the lead, I and my friends just stood there too dumfounded to understand what it was all about. I could see that my horse had run his race and that nothing had happened to him in the running. He'd simply been beaten by a much better horse—a horse that ran so smoothly and so fast I wondered how he had managed to remain a maiden.

The next morning Billy Pinkerton, sitting in his office in Chicago, opened a telegram from his brother Bob, who was in New Orleans. It read:

"Who bet all that money in Chicago yesterday?"

Billy wired back:

"If you must know, I bet a bundle of it myself, and two fellows I never saw before bet the rest. Why?"

A few hours later he received another telegram from Bob:

"That horse was really a ringer. They've cleaned up thousands on him all over the country. My men just sending in reports from all parts."

Overnight we'd found out about the ringer. When the circumstances were reported to Bob Pinkerton he made a quick investigation and learned that the two old men had disappeared immediately after the race, taking their horse with them. It was a clean job and they'd left no trace of where they'd gone. The same with the gamblers who'd bet on the ringer in various parts of the country. Detective offices in different big cities reported they'd disappeared as quickly and mysteriously as they had arrived.

And when they told me the name of the horse that had beaten mine I understood why it had been impossible for me to win. He was a high-class handicap horse. It was no wonder he'd shown faster trials than any horse at the fair grounds.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Hildreth and Mr Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue


Then a wonderful drink was served

*It was rootbeer made from*
Hires Household Extract

*The heat that night was maddening. No one dared to look at the thermometer. Conversation died down.*
*Then a wonderful drink was served.*
*It was cool—delicious—exhilarating.*
*Everybody forgot the heat as they drank. A fresh breeze of conversation sprang up. And the hostess thanked the stars she had made rootbeer from Hires Extract.*

*Make delicious rootbeer yourself*

In your own home, with a package of Hires Household Extract, you can make the most delicious and healthful drink. No trick at all to do it. No fuss—no muss. It is so easy to mix, so inexpensive and convenient that thousands of homes are never without it. For every occasion it is the ideal drink.

*Costs less than a cent a glass*

Just think—with one 25c package of Hires Household Extract you can make 80 glasses of this sparkling and health-giving drink with its unforgetable flavor of roots, herbs and berries. There never was a finer drink for children. For rootbeer made from Hires Household Extract is a pure drink—does not contain chemicals. It has the natural plant juices with vitamins and healthful qualities. How much better than artificially colored and flavored drinks.

Get a package of Hires Household Extract today and make this wonderful rootbeer. Then you'll be ready for the hot, thirsty days when everybody clamors for a cool, refreshing drink. If you like ginger ale too, you can buy Hires Household Extract for making ginger ale at home. It is wholesome and delicious. A 25c package makes 80 glasses.

**Hires**
**HOUSEHOLD EXTRACTS**
*For making* ROOTBEER OR GINGER ALE *at home*

*Most every dealer sells Hires Household Extracts for making rootbeer and ginger ale at home. If your dealer cannot supply you, just send 25c (35c outside of U. S. A.) with this coupon and we will send a package direct, postpaid. For $2.80 ($4 outside of U. S. A.) we will send you a carton of one dozen packages.*

Canadian address, 47 Davies Street Toronto, Canada

The Charles E. Hires Company
210 South 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find ____c, for which please send me ____packages of rootbeer extract at 25c* and ____ packages of ginger ale extract at 25c*

Name

Address

*35c a package in Canada

# Any bit stays tight in this chuck

Here, at last, is an efficient bit-brace chuck.

Slip into it any shape bit (round, square, any taper), and the bit is held in a vise-like grip.

Saves time by centering bits accurately, and locking and releasing them instantly. Ball-bearings give chuck the easy action in your hand.

With it you can do every kind of boring job within the scope of a bit-brace.

The same skill that invented "Yankee" Spiral Screw-drivers and Ratchet Drills has created this different kind of bit-brace.

## "YANKEE" Ratchet Bit-Brace No. 2100

A touch on the *easy-acting* Ratchet Shifter gives you a powerful ratchet that works without needing a hand to prevent chuck from turning back. Ratchet is bronze-encased against dust and moisture.

"Yankee" introduces for the first time hard rubber Brace handles. Won't warp, shrink, bind or crack. A patented method prevents excessive play in sweep handle.

Finished beautifully in keeping with its perfect mechanism. See it today in the "Yankee" Counter Demonstrator, at your dealer's.

Made in four sizes—8-, 10-, 12- and 14-inch
Chuck holds rounds up to ½-inch, 14-inch
Brace holds up to ⅜-inch squares.

Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools

*"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.*

Write for FREE "Yankee" Tool Book

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

*Try This Test*
Put Auger Bit into chuck of "Yankee" Brace. Bore deep into tough wood. Then pull upward with all your strength. Bit will not come out of chuck.

# "YANKEE" TOOLS
*Make Better Mechanics*


# ONE MAN'S LIFE

Continued from Page 17

people of the state. Go to any good history of any county in Iowa east of the median line, and of many west of it, and you will find the first tiny trickle of settlement recorded in the names of families from the South, who located on the poorest land in the state and the hardest to bring under cultivation, just because it grew trees.

This conflict, or rather competition, between Northern and Southern streams of immigration was common to all the Western states. It had its crisis in Kansas in the struggle over the slavery question, and culminated there in civil war. It is a great element in the history of Oklahoma and a lesser one in that of Texas. In the Midwest the first seepage of settlement crept up the rivers. It came down the Ohio, thence up the Mississippi, and forked off up every tributary stream. There was a time when Stillwater and St. Paul and all the river towns of Minnesota as well as of Iowa were predominantly Southern communities. The same was true on the Missouri. The immigration began in the fur trade. Then followed the hunters, trappers, bee hunters and squatters. Ohio and Indiana had their southern slopes peopled largely by Southerners. The very name "Hoosier" is derived from a North Carolina colloquialism. From the slopes on both sides of the Ohio came the people who went down to the Mississippi and thence up into Iowa. They came also from the Tennessee and the Cumberland, and from the Missouri. The Burlington Railway in Iowa runs through a region often called the Reservation, which has always shown some social and political points of difference from the remainder of the state. There can be no doubt that this is owing to a larger portion of Southern blood and tradition in the people.

Along every river in the state these early settlers built their log houses and their rail fences and lived as did their ancestors in the woods of the Ohio Valley, by hunting, trapping and cultivating small tracts of land which they cleared in the old-fashioned way. Most historians underestimate their numbers. The census of 1850 showed 5535 New Englanders in the state, and 24,516 from the Middle States. There were 30,713 from Ohio, 19,925 from Indiana and 7247 from Illinois. These came mainly, of course, from along the rivers, and were largely of the Southern type addicted to following the waters. There were 30,945 from the states of Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri. But the significant thing is the fact that the population then contained 50,380 natives of Iowa. Inasmuch as the Southerners were first in the state, this native Iowa population in 1850 may fairly be assumed to have been preponderantly Southern in ancestry.

### *The Mystery of the Prairies*

Iowa then, in 1850, was a Southern state in population as well as in its representation in Washington. But when immigrants like my parents began to come in the 50's and, striking across country from stream to stream, settled on the prairie to do real farming, the end of Southern domination was in sight. For the Southern population in Iowa was in the main not of that stable class which made Southern plantations the wonder of the world. They were the more or less vagrant preliminary ripple in the stream of empire, and they soon disappeared, either by moving on to newer lands or merging into the population. Some of them were merchants and people of affairs in our Iowa cities; but they were comparatively few.

The Widow Fuller Place was on the prairie, and it was here that I became a prairie boy, to grow up on the prairie, live with it in all its moods, struggle with its storms, watch the plow destroy it, see its groves of trees burgeon until it looked almost like a strange sort of woodland, count the new farms as they came into being as by some sort of magic, see its winding trails plowed up and give place to straight roads along section lines, hear the whistle of the railway engine come closer and closer until every county seat in Iowa was a railway station, and finally to lose entirely the old prairie which we feared, loved and conquered.

Our Midwest prairie was a mystery. It remains such to this day. Why was it not wooded? Why did that forest through which we threaded and hewed our way for 200 years give place first to meadows, and finally to the ocean of grass? Answers in plenty have been given, but none is satisfactory. It is a mystery peculiar to North America. No such prairies were or are found anywhere else in the world. There are deserts and steppes and pampas and llanos, but no great expanses of waving grass in a climate which seems perfectly adapted to the growth of forests. It is a vanished mystery too.

### *Early Adventures in Angling*

The prairies have passed away forever. He who now looks out over the Iowa landscape sees a region of many tall groves of trees, plowed fields, farmsteads and towns. It has characteristics of its own which distinguish it from the lands once forested. The roads run in straight lines with the points of the compass. The groves themselves are right-angled plantations, and the trees are in rows. The stranger ignorant of the history of the country is struck with the sense of some difference; but there is nothing to admonish him that here was once land of an unbroken sky line with no object in sight taller than the yellow blossoms of the compass plant or rosinweed. A thing of great beauty and wonder has passed away forever.

I close my eyes now and see it as vividly as if I had seen it only yesterday. In my native part of it the hills were merely gentle undulations but a few feet high, and the slopes were long and gradual. Between the watersheds and at distances of two or three miles from one another were little clear brooks with banks of black sod, their waters flowing on floors of bright-colored glacial pebbles, their expansions little pools covered with the pads of the yellow pond lily or lotus. These streams could be stepped across almost anywhere. They were beautiful little brooks, so clear, so overarched with tall grasses and willows, so plaided with the colors of the pebbles in the sun, so dark and mysterious in the shade; with secret pockets under the soddy banks for the shiners, pumpkin seeds, dace, chubs and other small fish which populated the pure waters.

For a boy, fishing in them was a wonderful sport. I used to take my ironwood rod brought from the timber for me by my father, or a Lombardy-poplar sprout from our grove, and with a pin hook or one made by myself from the steel rib of a discarded parasol, in the hour after school from five to six, take fifty to a hundred of these little chaps, which, dressed by myself and fried by my mother, made a feast fit for a king. Boughten hooks cost money—not much, but no sum of cash was a trifle then—and at first I used bent pins. These would straighten out and let my big fish escape, or the fish would wriggle off and get away. This did not for a long time cause any regulation hooks to be provided. A boy was supposed to solve his own problems. So I took a wire which had some stiffness, turned it for an eye, bent it into a hook and filed it sharp.

Still the fish wriggled off, though it was an improvement on the pins. It would not straighten out when the big ones were caught. I needed barbed hooks. I tried to split off a barb from the wire beaten flat, but it was too much for my skill. Then I found the steel ribs of an old parasol which were flattened near the end and pierced

(Continued on Page 169

*Instant Knowledge of Position Through* ELLIOTT-FISHER *Accounting Machines*
*is the Key to* BUSINESS CONTROL

INSTANT knowledge of the exact position of a forest fire, gained through modern means of communication, is absolutely essential in order to keep it under control. Elliott-Fisher accounting machines are the modern means for communicating to executives the facts and figures which give them instant knowledge of the exact position of every unit in their business organizations. That exact knowledge is the key to business control. Elliott-Fisher accounting machines put on your desk the current reports and records that are vital in the control of your business. Thousands of business executives have said that Elliott-Fisher accounting machines do more work, with greater speed and accuracy, than any other accounting machine. One reason for that is the flat writing-surface, the fundamental difference between the Elliott-Fisher accounting machine and all others. Another reason is that Elliott-Fisher machines in standard models are adaptable to any kind of business, large or small. In thirty-one years of successful service, Elliott-Fisher Company has grown to be the largest exclusive manufacturer of accounting machines in the world. Elliott-Fisher Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Branches in principal cities.

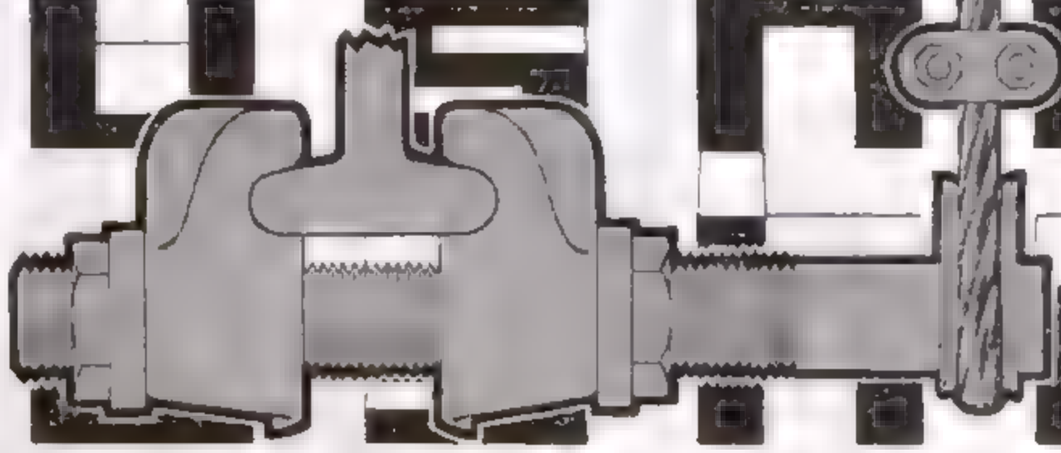
N. L. Scofield, Secretary & Treasurer, E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York, says: "We [illegible] on salaries which were incurred under the [illegible] method."

*Service and Supplies are second only in importance to machines. You can depend absolutely on E-F Service and EFCO Supplies*

Elliott - Fisher

ACCOUNTING MACHINES *with the* FLAT WRITING SURFACE

# Cushioned Cushers



## —Softer Tires—*then* Cushers

The softer they made tires and springs the harder you bounced, until car builders found it vital to provide for rebound controls. Cars now come with holes already drilled in the frames so that you can perfect the riding qualities.

Put on Cushers. Only Cushers control rebound with the new principle of "Flash Action." It is a basic advance, bringing out the full comfort possibilities of any car. It is the modern method. Here is the big difference:

SLOW ACTION

With balloon tires, or even with any tires, the springs may flex so swiftly that slack develops in the rebound connection, which means no control. Or the axles may "fall away" so fast as to cause extreme tension, which means jerky, destructive motion.

FLASH ACTION

Cushers' Flash Action" is faster than the bouncing of any tires or springs. Just as the clutch of the car is "let in" slowly or fast, according to conditions, the Cushers automatic clutch assures just the right degree of control for every road condition.

Dry-disc clutch control also automatically suits any set of Cushers to every make of car. Only one size of Cushers is necessary. The clutch disengages itself on smooth surfaces, so Cushers never make riding stiffer!

Needing no service, because they have nothing to stretch, adjust, replace or lubricate, Cushers have become the accessory sensation of years. The most wanted rebound controls are now in live accessory shops—$30 the set.

Ford springs, like balloon tires, are mastered by Cushers. Cushers provide Ford riding control that er[illegible] sideways instead of increasing it—$15 the set

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO., Mfrs. of Snow Machine and Automotive Products—CUSHERS SALES DEPT., FULTON-DEAN CO., 332 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

# Cushers

(Continued from Page 166)

with an eye for the thread by which the fabric was held. This was a treasure. I took a three-cornered file, cut with it down into and through this eye, leaving a rather blunt barb, sharpened the end, turned the wire up into a hook, filed the shank rough to hold my line, and had a barbed fishhook! Do you suppose any boy ever had more fun out of a jointed rod and a collection of elegant flies?

No! I had met a difficulty and conquered it. My barbed hooks were not really good ones; they were poor things—but mine own. I was very proud of them. This was in the truest sense education.

And the fishing! The angler could usually see the prey as it approached the bit of fat pork or the white grub or angleworm on the hook. The hook was usually not four feet from the boy's eyes as he stood in the tall grass and watched the fish emerge from under the bank to take the bait.

Each kind of fish had a way of its own. The dace and shiners swam about amidst a swarm of little fellows that were agonizingly likely to nibble off the bait before the big one decided to bite. When that decision was made it would swim up and take the bait in a manner actually casual. Not so, however, with those magnificent creatures, the pumpkin seeds, some of which were three or four inches long and almost as broad. They came slowly from some secret place, swam cautiously up to the bait, while the fisherman's heart seemed to shake the neighborhood, felt of it with the snout, rejected it, took it in so as almost to hide it, grew cautious and gave it back to the waters, turned about as if to hide again, and then with mouth gaping and fins fanning the water, slowly, very slowly moved to the bait and by almost imperceptible degrees took it until it was fairly hidden and the pole might safely be twitched for the hooking.

How many times have I been unable to wait for the complete engorgement and jerked the bait away too soon! I have done the same thing in fishing the stream of life. I have traveled thousands of miles to angle for most of the game fishes; but never have I had anything like the thrill which I received from watching those pumpkin-seed bass as they deliberated and finally made the fatal choice; or from seeing my white bait disappear in some black-bottomed pool in this same brook as a bullhead, invisible over the black earth, notified me by hiding my white bait in his mouth that I had a bite.

### The Coming of the Cornfield

All those beautiful brooks are now forever gone. They were such lovely little streams to us children who knew them so well; but they were like delicate flowers, too tender for the touch of humanity. In those old days the water of the rains flowed freely down the slopes and into the sloughs, to seep gradually into the brooks. Then came the human flood and turned those slopes into plowed farms. The water sank into the cultivated earth to nourish the crops, the waters of the brooks gradually dried up save in wet weather, and the regimen of even the rivers fell to half or a quarter of its old-time fullness. The little streams had banks with none of the stony protection with which brooks of other lands are provided. Now they are poached into mud by the hoofs of herds in the pastures and are merely swales of muck in wet, and cracked and caked earth in dry weather. I am not mourning for them. I am lovingly writing their epitaphs. There is nothing more beautiful in its way than a well-cultivated Iowa cornfield, with its deep-green rows of maize slanting in the breeze; or a field of oats of a still morning, with its nodding heads jeweled with dew; or a green pasture, with its grazing herd; but they have displaced something the beauty of which will never return, and may be recalled to memory as a rare and beautiful thing in a gallery of pictures in the land of Nevermore; and not without a touch of sadness, in spite of the inevitability of its passing.

The sky shut down over the prairie like a bowl of blue with its lower edges unbroken. The grass was vivid green in spring, grew more neutral in tint as summer advanced, and turned brown in autumn, even before frost; and then to a light russet or gray, varying according to moisture and soil. Every year this heavy coating burned off in the great fires, which brought sometimes loss and even danger and death, but unfailing excitement and joy to the boys. No country with scanty rainfall ever had such prairie fires. The grass grew from a foot or so in height on the drier knolls to a stature which would hide a tall man walking through in the swales. I have been wet with dew to my waist while riding a horse through it in summer. Sometimes when the autumn was dry or the snow held off late, the conflagrations would sweep from river to river in the fall. More often they came in the spring.

### Wise Prairie Chickens

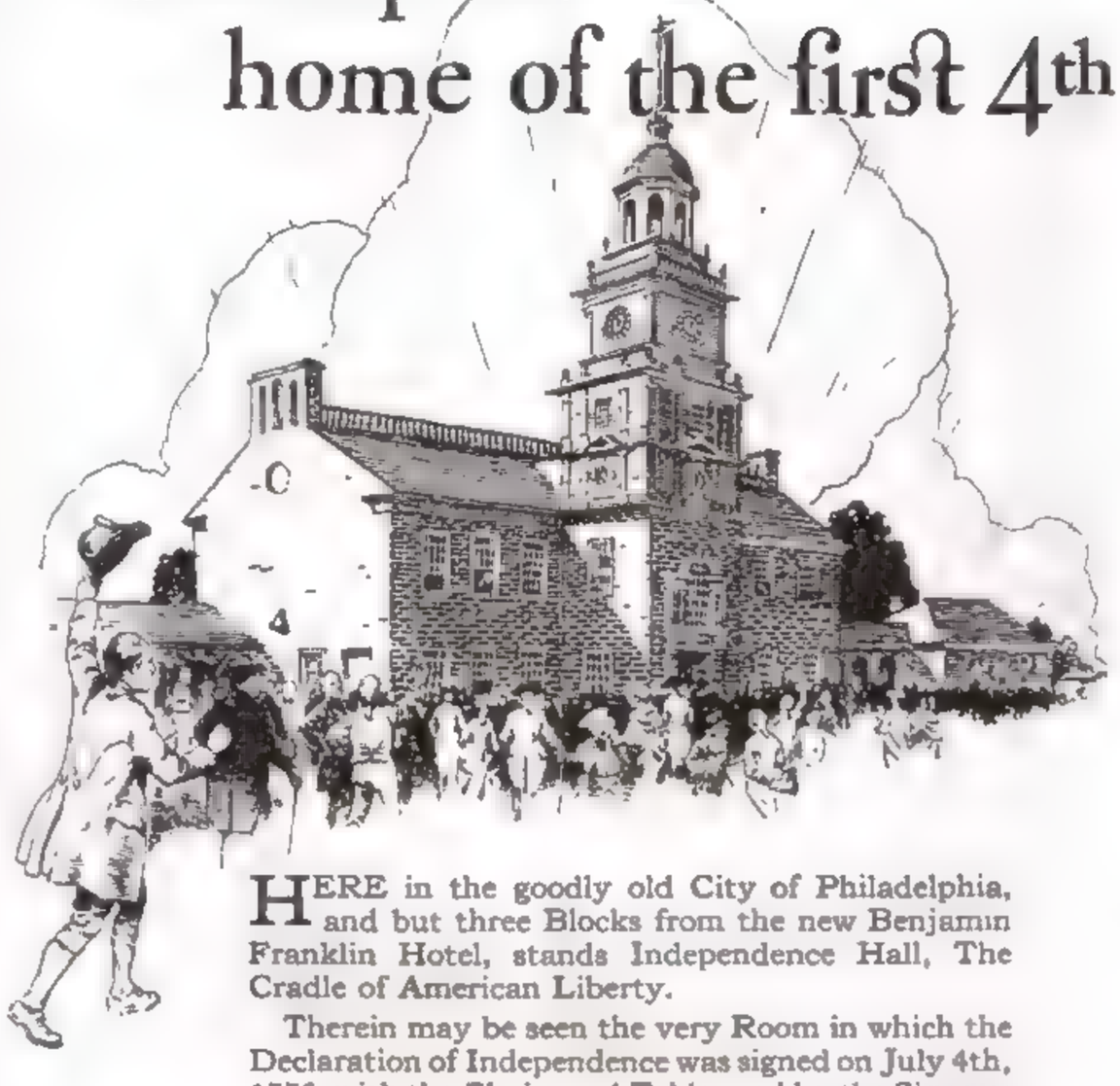
I remember once on a Sunday morning in spring, after a prairie fire, going with my brother hunting prairie chickens' eggs. The nests had been made before the fires. One might think that these beautiful game birds, now almost extinct, would have selected spots of thick, heavy grass for their nests; but no, they knew better. They nested in tufts on the hillsides where the coating was lightest. They knew about the fires. We could find the abandoned nests by going to places where the fire had been in some way partially checked. When the blaze approached the nests the birds would try to put it out by flapping at it with their wings. Sometimes they would succeed and save the clutch of precious eggs; but usually they would fail and be obliged to find a place for a new nest on the bare prairie after the fire had swept on and the grasses had, perhaps, shot up again. In that morning's stroll my brother and I found about 200 eggs, some of them slightly cooked, but most of them ready for boiling for our dinners.

The prairie lay black after such a fire. By spring, if it came in the autumn, it had grayed and browned by weathering; and a few April days with their warm rains would turn the black to the earth color of the prairie. And then a flush of tender green began tingeing the hollows. In the wettest spots just the ends of the tall grasses would have been burned off, and the blooming of the yellow cowslips and buttercups and honeysuckles would have been scarcely retarded by the flames; and the slough grass of the swales would have shown tips of vivid green in two days after the fire.

But the highlands rallied more slowly. That was the beauty of it. The woolly calyxed pasque flowers, with their yellow centers, were in full bloom almost before we knew it. On southern-sloping hillsides one could surprisedly note some bright morning that the bird's-foot violets had turned the slope to a patch of blue like sky. The sod now was seen some morning to be starred with the little blue and purple and white grass flowers, each corolla an exquisite five-pointed star, and with the yellow upland buttercups. The prairie became a wilderness of flowers, nearly all of which were different from those which our parents had known in the forest lands.

As the season advanced, the wild sweet Williams—or, as we called them, the prairie pinks—enameled the landscape, now covered with the rising grass. They were pink, white and purple, and I remember how we passed the ordinary ones by and searched for those with the loveliest mottlings in their centers. With them came the puccoons, islands of rich orange in the greens and pinks. Then the upland prairie lilies, with their large foot-high flower stalks, each bearing its usually solitary red gem, delighting me with their five quivering anthers about the stigma with its purple juice. We had a lily of a different species which grew three feet high in moist places, bloomed in


# Philadelphia—home of the first 4th



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summer, and was much like the cultivated tiger lily, with recurved petals, but a finer flower. Finding a bouquet of these was an event.

With the upland lilies came a profusion of wild roses. Among the earliest spring plants, along with the starry grass flowers, came the lady's-tobacco, a slaty-green herb which we chewed. Our stomachs must have come through those winters hungry for green things. There was an oxalis, or sorrel, which blossomed early and had exquisite purple flowers, and much larger leaves and juicier stalks than the common sheep sorrel. Its juice was deliciously acid; and sometimes before we had that first life-saver for the table, rhubarb, we used to gather this oxalis, which our womenfolk cut up and baked into pies.

With July the flowers became preponderantly yellow. I remember that in our McGuffey's Fifth Reader was a chapter from Irving's Tour of the Prairies, and what a satisfaction it was to me as I read of something with which I was familiar in his description of the flowers he observed, and especially in the thought—my first venture in literary criticism—that if he had seen the prairies in the spring he would not have thought us so nearly deprived in our flora of the reds, pinks, purples, blues and whites. Yet yellow did predominate in the later year. The tall gum weeds, which we stripped of their dried juice to get a better gum than any which the shops sell, all bear yellow flowers. But the blue gentians—both the beautiful fringed kind and its closed sister—modestly lurked in the tall grass, in the late autumn, and the purple asterlike flowers lined the roadsides until frost.

I remember the thrill of pleasure which it gave me when my teacher once called attention to the arrangement of the flowers in the bouquet which I presented to her along with bushels of blooms brought by others. It was the first praise for art that I ever received. I was fanatically fond of flowers. I knew where the orchids were to be found. We called them lady-slippers. We had four species of these. The smallest was yellow and rather rare. The next in size was a white with purple mottlings, and grew, as they all did, in the sloughs. The next larger was an enlarged facsimile of the little yellow chap.

### The Annual Orchid Hunt

Once a summer or so I organized an expedition, consisting of myself and younger sister, to find the large orchids which grew away, away back in the largest marsh in our neighborhood—back where the hawks and the wild ducks nested. These expeditions were epical. We had to plunge more or less boldly—we were a little afraid of snakes always—into head-high grass and marsh plants. There were dreadful peat bogs of quivering turf to cross. We never knew exactly where the orchids grew. Sometimes we stumbled in the wilds upon patches of ripe strawberries, with which we filled our dinner pails. Usually we found the flowers. They grew two or three feet high; and borne on each tall stalk was one or two, and sometimes even more, great white and purple blooms with lovely mottlings. They were floral pouches, each big enough for a humming bird's home if it cared to occupy it. Once we found in them, in a seemingly torpid state, some bumblebees, which roused themselves from a stupor that probably came from too free indulgence in orchid nectar, and terrified us by their angry humming as we emerged from the swamp with the treasures with which we knew our mother would be delighted. It was a childhood's adventure in a successful search for a golden fleece.

In winter the open prairie, to the eyes of the early settlers, was of the dreariest aspect imaginable. It was an unending sheet of snow, which drifted into the hollows so as to cover the tallest grasses and willows. Yet life was there. The prairie chickens found shelter under the snow in the hollows, and the wolves and minks and weasels lived upon them and upon the field mice and such small birds as might be found. The bird life of the prairie in winter was, however, confined largely to those I have mentioned.

The prairie chickens lived on the seeds of weeds and grasses, and on rose haws. The predacious animals lived on the chickens. There were few quail out on the prairie until the settlers had opened farms and begun to grow grains and make shelters for them. In my opinion the limiting factor in the increase of the prairie chickens before the coming of the white man was the scarcity of food in the winter. After the settlement of the country began, I am certain that for a while they increased rapidly in numbers. They still had ample areas of nesting ground and the fields of the new farmers gave them an increased supply of food.

### Prairie-Hen Concerts

One day Isaiah Frost, a neighbor, announced a new political issue. He said he demanded that the legislature pass a law making it a crime, or at least a misdemeanor, for any person to kill a hawk. The reason for this demand for the Government to do something was that hawks preyed on prairie chickens.

"They kind of keep the darned pests stirred up," said he, "even if they don't kill enough of 'em to amount to much. If it wan't for the hawks, I wouldn't have enough corn for mush an' milk this winter, to say nothin' of feedin' my stock. Most of the ears are nothin' but bare cobs. Them cussed prairie hens have picked all the corn off."

They were the most beautiful poultry imaginable. When we awoke in the morning to the sweet music of their mating calls, we knew it was time to clean the wheat for the spring sowing. I read the other day a learned publication in which the drumming of the prairie chicken was mentioned. They never drummed. The partridge of the forests drums, but the note of the prairie rooster was vocal. It was a soft note like the alto horn in the orchestra, a sweet do, re, mi of the chromatic scale which filled the still air of our mornings and evenings with harmony like nothing else I have ever heard.

The cock was a ventriloquist. One could be heard clearly for half a mile; but as the prairie boy, thinking nothing of the open or closed season—then never heard of—tried to stalk the flock, the sound would recede with his approach, until at last he would flush the covey which he thought was still afar off.

These prairie-hen concerts were strange orgies of strutting and dancing. The cock would perform all sorts of antics, and then, erecting the beautiful cupid's wings on his neck, and swelling those odd skin pouches which grew near them into great balls like oranges, he would, with spread wings, take half a dozen steps forward and with his neck outstretched emit his sonorous "do, re, mi," to delight his companions and excite their emulation.

This was the alto note of their concert. There was also a soprano, a high, oft-repeated call which seemed to have no beginning or end. These orgies took place on some knoll, preferably in a field seeded to sprouting wheat, and ended when the society season closed with the pairing off of the couples for the real business of life—the rearing of their broods. We saw no reason for not killing as many prairie chickens as we could, so in winter we trapped them by the thousands. The traps were made of lath, four feet by four by eight in size, with trapdoors made of shingles, upon which the birds were lured by a trail of scattered wheat. When one stepped on the thin end of the shingles it dropped into the lath trap and the shingles rose to place again, ready for another victim.

I doubt whether this bird could have been protected from extinction in Iowa, any more than could the buffalo have been saved. The land all went into cultivated

(Continued on Page 173)

VALVE GRINDING—Valves may be ground with a screw driver or with an electric valve grinder.

The old screw driver method requires several hours of hard labor, the modern method requires one-fourth the time, as the work is performed with an electric motor driven tool, which operates many times faster than is possible by hand, not only doing the job quicker but insuring uniformity, as there is no tendency for the mechanic to get tired and slight the last few valves.

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# LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 170)

fields or pasture. In neither could the prairie hen find the nesting safety she required. The only salvation for the birds would have been great estates left in part unpastured and unsown, with strict legal protection and a system of gamekeepers; and this would not have been possible in Iowa.

In winter the prairie chickens had the country largely to themselves, as far as birds were concerned; but with the coming of spring their special reign was over. The great bird festival of the grasslands was on. Out of the south came the birds of passage, our regular summer residents, and waterfowl and wading birds by the million. There were several species of wild geese, over whom the great Canada honkers ruled as monarchs; many kinds of ducks, chief among which were the mallards, pintails, widgeons, redheads, canvasbacks and teal; two sorts of great cranes, the sand-hills and the white whooping cranes; and unregarded thousands of plover, snipe and other game birds.

Once in a while a flight of swans would create a sensation among us. These waterfowl did not, in my boyhood, make the swift, hurried and frightened flights from water to water as their descendants now do. They alighted in armies on the open prairie. I have seen the golden plover, or prairie pigeon, running over the new-burned prairie in such numbers that the surface of the earth seemed to be moving, as with their black bellies and beautiful gold and silver spangles they sought their food. They would rise in whirring clouds and fall in easy braces and trios to the muzzle-loaders aimed toward them. The short-billed plover was, of course, with us all summer. His clear whistle was one of our commonest bird sounds. The great curlew, the long-billed plover, or sicklebill, lived with us too. I have not seen one for many years.

The flight of geese, ducks and cranes clouded the spring sky with wings. Looking toward the horizon as the sun was low, I have had my eyes dazzled by the light reflected from this cloud of bronzed plumage. Their clamor filled the air day and night. By day it was a medley of sounds from the fields, on which they sat or walked about or frolicked; by night it fell from the heavens in a succession of mysterious calls mingled with the whistling of wings. It filled the imaginative boy with a sense of mystery, a yearning for the vast solitudes from which these winged voyagers came and to which they went.

### *The Dance of the Cranes*

Ducks, geese and cranes nested on the Iowa prairies. I have recently read a statement in a university publication that the geese never did this; but I know that the Canada geese did. On the William Rainsbarger farm near Steamboat Rock I saw, when I was a boy, a flock of these geese which was established by the hatching of goose eggs under a domestic hen. They were walking about the barnyard with the domestic geese, but always without intimately mingling with them, as if they felt in their blood some element of distinction. Within a year or so I have read in some publication an account of this same flock of wild geese still kept under domestication from the time when Canada honkers nested in Grundy and Hardin counties. The McClure family, our neighbors, had living about the barn a trio of sand-hill cranes obtained in the same way. A boy with whom I played once caught a young crane on the prairie when herding cattle. Within two days this queer long-legged bird was tamer than a barnyard fowl and would follow its owner about like a dog. As for the ducks, I have found mallards' nests in the slough where we went for the great orchids.

The sand-hill cranes stood four or five feet high when their necks were stretched up, and the whooping cranes still higher. One which I shot came very nearly pecking my eye out as I went to retrieve my game. They used to stage the strangest of dances on the prairie. They would line up, leap into the air and dance with the oddest mingling of awkwardness and grace imaginable. "He dances like a sand-hill crane" was the last word in criticism of a dancer. It used to be said of me!

He who thinks that it was easy to get a bag of geese in those days is mistaken. I wonder how the goose came to be accepted as the type of silliness. It is the wiliest of birds, whether wild or domestic. The unskillful sportsman might tramp the prairies for days without getting a goose. They put out sentinels to give the alarm when the flock was feeding. They knew exactly how far a gun would carry. Judge Elias Marble and Jack Heffelfinger, of our county, once in the early winter dug some pits in a cornfield remote from habitations, carefully removed the excavated earth and covered the pits with blinds of cornstalks. By hiding in this blind the judge once got twelve geese in one day. This, with me, passed as the most famous exploit of a man who was much in the public eye.

### *The Kick of the Old Musket*

I had an old army musket which, I think, was the worst shooting gun human ingenuity ever produced. It scattered so that one might reasonably have expected that it would once in a while kill something not aimed at, and once or twice it did; but usually it was quite harmless save to him at the butt of it. I determined to resort to heroic measures; so I put nine buckshot in a stout cloth bag and filled the interstices between the shot with small pellets. I then soaked this projectile in tallow and laid it out in the cold to harden. I put in a heavy charge of powder, and with a good deal of difficulty got the bag of shot into the barrel and rammed it home. I was rather serious when I saw how many inches the steel ramrod stuck out of the gun when the load was in. I realized I had some load in the old cannon; but I refused to be scared out of trying it on the geese.

It was Sunday, and the geese were exulting by the millions, it seemed to me, over the fact that my mother would not allow me to shoot on the Sabbath. I waited till morning. The game was scarcer. I could see only a few thousand flying about. Taking my gun I went in the direction of the greatest clamor. It receded as I advanced, but at last I saw a flock of some twenty or so approaching. I squatted behind a bunch of kinnikinnick, cocked the gun and waited. On they came right toward me, until at last they saw me. With a bugle call of alarm the leader ordered a left oblique and an upward slant; and waiting until I could shoot into the feathers instead of against them, I let drive.

A number of things happened. I found myself rolling through a shallow pool of water and my musket several feet away; but as I turned over I saw the great gander coming down head over heels out of the air, and my heart swelled with delight. When I had secured him I noticed for the first time that my breast was covered with blood from my ensanguined nose. I never loaded the musket quite so heavily again, and never got another goose with it. I continued shooting, however. The fact that, whenever I discharged the gun for a week or so, my nose would bleed, was too slight a circumstance to keep me from the field. Youth would not be denied by mere hemorrhage.

I remember the first robin I ever saw. This will surprise Iowa readers; for I believe the ordinary song birds are more plentiful about the groves on the prairie farms than elsewhere. But I was out on the prairie before the timber birds, as we called them, had arrived. I heard of thrushes, robins, orioles, catbirds, cuckoos, wrens, martins, woodpeckers, and the like, as friends left behind when we moved out of the woods. But as our plantations of young Lombardy poplars, willows, cottonwoods, soft maples, box elders and other trees—and the fruit trees and fruit-bearing and flowering shrubs—grew up, the woods birds came to

# Heirs of the Dinosaur

MAN was not always lord of creation. For thousands of years the world belonged to the dinosaur and his fellow reptiles—great beasts by whose side the largest elephant would seem small in comparison. Many scientists believe that in time, thousands of years hence, an ever-increasing horde of insects will make human life impossible and teeming trillions of creeping things will inherit a desolated earth.

However that may be, flies, mosquitoes, roaches and the like are no friends of man. To live in comfort and safety even today, we must destroy them. And our most effective weapon is Flyosan.

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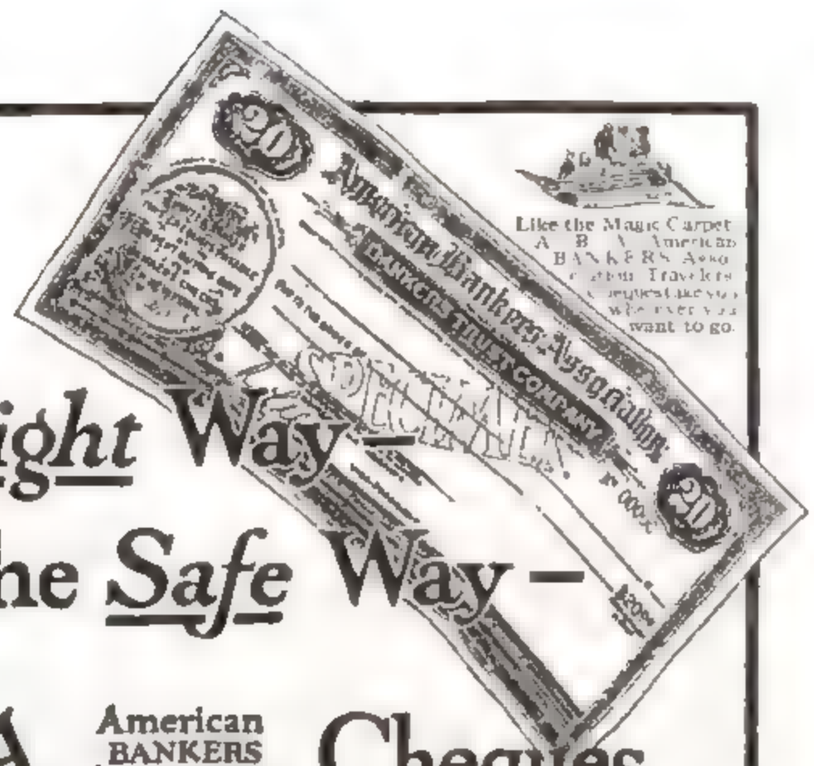


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us as did the friends and relatives we left behind. It was a most comforting reunion, and we loved them all the better because they were old friends to the elder folk and creatures of charming tradition for us younger ones.

But the settlers who cared for birds had two or three old friends with them from the first. The kingbird, it seems to me, was always there, though where he built his nest in the earliest days puzzles me. Anyhow, our fathers and mothers were welcomed by the jolly pipe of the meadow lark on every grassy knoll; and the passionate rhapsody of the bobolink, that most wonderful of bird songs, filled every swale with loveliness and cheer. The bobolink was the chum of my boyhood. He was so companionable. He seemed such a frank and unsuspicious poet. He sang his bravuras out in the open. He went into ecstasies in plain sight; and in the divine abandonment of production, he dabbled his pretty black-and-lemon plumage in the dew, singing himself quiveringly into spasms down in the very grass, until when the time came for him to change clothes he was bedraggled and dingy as a poet who has sung himself into shabbiness in the slums through the very losing of himself in exquisite pain. Robert of Lincoln would alight on a tall weed and sing himself down into the dew in the courtship of that little brown mate of his; or would take low flights into the air, warbling as he flew, but never soaring for fear that someone might miss a note of his rich, tinkling melody.

There was in one of my school readers a lesson on the bobolink—I believe it was by Irving—which I always read with joy, as I realized that my artist of the prairie had been worthy of being put into print. I think the idea of writing about things which I saw entered my mind with the reading of that lesson. But Irving told of him in his Eastern surroundings, and took him down through his fall from poetry to his status as the reedbird of Delaware and the ricebird of the Carolinas and his fate as a bit of pie. And this saddened me. My bobolinks were never shot, and left me after their six weeks of silence to return the next May in new suits, but with the old sweet song and the familiar wiliness with which they concealed their nests. Like some very companionable people, the bobolink maintains his reserves. Seek as much as I might, I never found a bobolink's nest.

### *Larks That Went West*

As I have said, the meadow lark was always there when the settler arrived. My father made a discovery, which he announced at breakfast one morning when I was a boy, which shows him to have been a good observer of Nature. He told me that there was a new kind of bird singing about. It looked, he said, just like a meadow lark, but it wasn't. It had a different song. You see, we had both the Eastern and the Western meadow lark in Grundy County. With the Eastern species father had always been familiar; and when he heard that full, rich, bold roundelay of the Western species, he could not believe that it was really a meadow lark. So he rated it as a new kind of bird. Well, even the ornithologists failed to make the distinction for a long time. They pronounced our Western starling identical with its Eastern congener, but at last followed my father's lead by giving it recognition as a separate species, and perpetuated the memory of their error by calling it *Sturnella neglecta*, or the neglected starling. I think the two species interbreed along the line of meeting. I would not make the assertion on the strength of what I saw and heard so long ago and before I knew the importance of accuracy in records and observations; but I feel sure that I have heard the same individual bird change from the rather thin and tweedling song of the East to the bold and liquid sweetness of the West without moving from its fence post. Maybe this is old stuff to the bird specialists, or I may have been mistaken.

My theory of the Western meadow lark is that it is merely an Eastern bird which migrated to the prairies and learned in the great open spaces to give forth a broader and fuller message than that which it brought from the forests. The Yankees and Southerners who migrated went through the same sort of change. In both cases it is the voice of the West, the message of the Land of the Unhidden Sky. I liked the Eastern meadow lark, but I loved him of the West. My great love among the birds, however, went to the bobolink. The meadow lark is there on the prairies still; but the bobolink is almost vanished. Even in the East he is found only in certain localities. I have not heard a bobolink's song for thirty years. It has passed with the little clear brooks and the flights of clamoring wild fowl and all the primitive wildness and beauty and sternness of the prairie.

### *The Victory of the Grass*

What is the secret of the very existence of these great treeless plains of the Midwest? As we have seen, the specialists themselves are divided on the subject. Some say that the soil was too fine for the growth of trees; but they grew well, all sorts of them, when transplanted into it and protected. Some say that the earth is too alkaline; but that is answered by my last sentence. If Iowa had been planted to forest trees when the first settlers came, it would have become a forest. No, the prairies result from the fact that its geological history gave the grasses the advantage over the trees in the struggle for existence. This is agreed. But how? It must have been in that remote time when the glaciers were beginning to recede that the battle was waged between grass and trees; and the victory of the grass was won wherever the climate brought droughts which occasionally stunted the growth of the young forest cover.

One may easily imagine it. The ice wall, stretching down from the north, ended in a belt of fertile soil at its southern margin, where ice was beaten back by the sun; and the terminal moraines were deposited by the mandate of the thus-far-and-no-farther of Nature. In this ever-broadening zone of soil there was at first neither grass nor forest. But both came in. From the Atlantic almost to the Mississippi, the trees were able to grow so luxuriantly that they could recover from the attacks of the prairie fires. The cover was often for years too wet to burn. During these periods the trunks of the trees grew so large and the tops so tall that they lived on even after a fire. Farther west the young growth was destroyed by fires and the grasses triumphed. One may see in the oak openings of Wisconsin the area in which the fight is still doubtful, where in some spots the forest is advancing on the prairie, in others receding before it.

Along the streams, the river bottoms were moist and the trees successful, and on the slopes of the bluffs the shade and the springy soil gave the victory to the trees. One can see striking proofs of this along the Missouri. The south escarpments of the valley, which face north near Sioux City, are wooded to the upper edge of the bluffs in soil which is identical with that of the bare slopes on the opposite side of the valley, and in the same climate. This must be because of the moister shade of the north slopes and the burning sun which beat on the hillsides slanting to the south. The north side of a roof will be mossy and the south slope bare. On some hills here the same eminence is thickly wooded on its northern side and grassy a few rods away on the southern declivity. The factors in the establishment of the prairies were moisture and prairie fires.

And here some may say, "How did the prairie fires come to occur in the absence of man?" This shortsighted inquiry is made by some writers who should have better judgment. We may forgive Charles Lamb for assuming that in the first 70,000 ages men were ignorant of the uses of fire—in cooking roast pig, at least—and that cookery was discovered by Bo-Bo, the son of Ho-Ti, by the act of burning down the

*Continued on Page 177*

# A Jantzen puts the *joy* in swimming!

OUT in the coolest spot you know—find the fun of swimming this Fourth-of-July in the complete comfort of a Jantzen.

Jantzen has literally taken the country by storm. Designed and patented but seven years ago by Carl Jantzen, expert Pacific Coast swimmer, the suit is now the largest seller wherever people swim. In 1918, Jantzen saw a nation paddling around the edges. Baggy skirts impeded swimming. Fabrics stretched and sagged.

Today the newer freedom of the Jantzen is the choice of millions. Along the Maine resorts, at Narragansett, Long Island, Atlantic City, Florida, the Great Lakes, Galveston—up and down the Pacific Coast, and at Honolulu, Jantzen wearers are in the majority!

Jantzen-stitch fabric is elastic. Modest—fits the body perfectly, wet or dry. The non-rip crotch and bow-trunk pattern are exclusive—patented. Jantzen made the first suit with a non-breakable rubber button. The suit is warm and long-wearing—woven from 100% long-fibre, pure worsted wool. Jantzen originated "fit-by-weight," insuring perfect fit. Yet—*a Jantzen costs no more!*

This coming week is National Jantzen Week. See Jantzens for men, women and children at better stores. Compare a Jantzen with any other suit. Buy one and you'll know why it's called "The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*."

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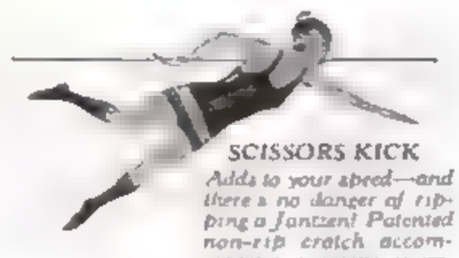
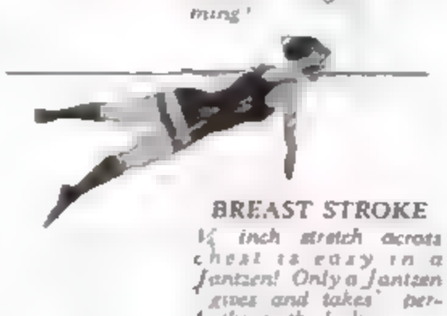
Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd. (Canadian Corporation), Vancouver, Canada
*Also makers of Jantzen, the coat to wear anywhere*

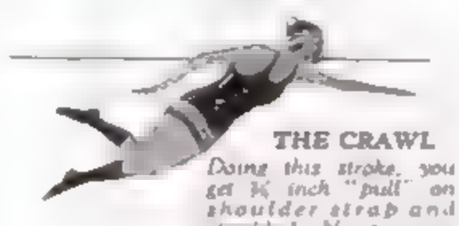
## Gives with every movement!



**SCISSORS KICK**
*Adds to your speed—and there's no danger of ripping a Jantzen! Patented non-rip crotch accommodates energetic swimming!*

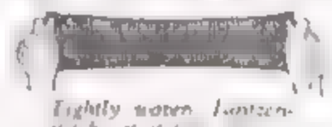


**BREAST STROKE**
*½ inch stretch across chest is easy in a Jantzen! Only a Jantzen 'gives and takes' perfectly with body movements!*

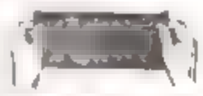


**THE CRAWL**
*Doing this stroke, you get ¾ inch "pull" on shoulder strap and shoulder! No strain on Jantzen fabric! Made for muscular action!*

**WHAT JANTZEN-STITCH IS**



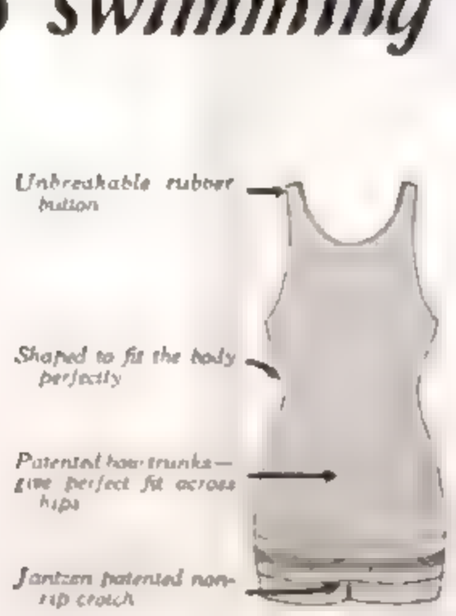
*Tightly woven Jantzen-stitch stretches like a piece of rubber!*



*Strongly built into the fabric, not shaped in permanently. Retains its shape for the life of the suit! Never gets baggy*

Jantzen

## The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*


Unbreakable rubber button
Shaped to fit the body perfectly
Patented bow-trunks—give perfect fit across hips
Jantzen patented non-rip crotch

MAIL THIS TO JANTZEN!

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
Portland, Oregon

Please send me sample of Jantzen stitch fabric and style book. I enclose 6¢ in stamps to help cover mailing cost.

Name

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**Jantzen Red Diving Girl Stickers!**

Here is the most widely traveled young lady in America! She's on five million automobiles.

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Ask your dealer for Jantzen diving girl stickers for your car. Or send 4¢ for two. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore.

# POWERFUL TANGLEFOOT FLY SPRAY KILLS

## MOTHS, FLIES, MOSQUITOES
### BEDBUGS AND FLEAS

TANGLEFOOT Spray is of super-strength. It is equally effective against all common household insects.

Quality of this degree is both a convenience and economy. There is no need of buying a whole assortment of insect exterminators. Tanglefoot mist is as deadly to moths, mosquitoes, bedbugs, fleas and certain other pests as it is to flies. No more powerful or effective household insecticide is manufactured.

In combating insects use the spray freely without fear of staining or injuring the finest furs or most delicate fabrics. Tanglefoot is non-injurious to human beings and animals and is fully guaranteed. Quart can $1.25, pint 75c and half-pint 50c. Tanglefoot special sprayer, 35 cents.

THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

AT GROCERY AND DRUG STORES

(Continued from Page 174)

house. But writers like H. G. Wells, to mention one instance of many, ought not to adopt seriously a historical theory which is delightful in Lamb but absurd in less whimsical philosophers. Wells, in his excellent book The Outline of History—I am quoting from memory—takes the mastery of the use of fire as an epochal advance in the development of the race, and speculates on how this great conquest of Nature may have come about, bringing in the volcano as a possible or probable aid.

Now all this is nonsense—nonsense which our modern writers share with the ancients, who had fire brought down from heaven. It did, as a matter of fact, come from the heavens. Primitive man was a forest dweller. Now the majority of our forest fires are kindled by fire from heaven in the form of lightning. Long before man thought of roast pig, he was familiar with fire and its uses. He gathered about the burning trunk of a tree fired by lightning and warmed himself, and he knew of roast pig long before he had a house to burn down. He would learn, before he could talk, how to put more wood on the fire accidentally kindled. He would learn to put a frozen carcass of a killed animal on this fire to thaw it out or warm it; and he would soon find that the fire made it more tender and toothsome. After man became man, there never could have been a time when he did not use fire habitually; and he must have learned æons ago to kindle one fire from another and carry it from place to place. Instead of being a mystery, the conquest of the use of fire was easy and inevitable.

### A Flaming Enemy

Whether primitive man lived about the glacier's end in North America, I do not pretend to know; but the prairie fires must have occurred yearly even in his absence. Dead trees would be fired by lightning. The flames would spread to the dead leaves and sweep out upon the great meadows of grass. Thus the forest would light the conflagration which destroyed it. I suspect, too, that lightning from summer clouds might sometimes start fires in the prairie grass itself. Thus it came about that the woods through which my ancestors hewed their way came to be interposed between them and the fertile soil and fields, ready for the plow, on which was established the new society into which I was born and with which I grew up.

To the prairie pioneer the fires were a danger, a risk, a splendid spectacle and a necessity. They made the pastures better. They burned off the dead grass so that we could make good hay. We mowed the grass on any lands near us with no thought of trespass, and we pastured it as freely. Our farmsteads lay surrounded by the grass and our stacks of hay stood out on the prairie over which swept the flames. Our grain stacks stood in the fields of inflammable stubble. So we plowed fire breaks about all of them. Sometimes in a high wind the sparks would overleap these; so when the smoke rose and blued the atmosphere before one of these advancing fires, he who was wise went out and set out a back fire, which he could watch while it broadened the grassless area into a real safety zone. Thus the fires were multiplied before the advancing red army.

### Verses to a Prairie Fire

This line of flames never proceeded in anything like a straight line. It would race up a hill and lag on the downward slope; or a local breeze would carry forward a long tongue of roaring flame. The blaze generated its own wind by its suction. It was no puny line of low flames; as it swept through the heavy mass of dead grass, there was something terribly magnificent about it. The tongues of flame reached over eagerly and lapped into the fuel many feet ahead of the line. Sparks blew out in front like skirmishers before an army, and set new fires. It moved like a huge billow of fire breaking on a grassy shore which it ate up as it went on. The sound of it was a mingling of sharp cracklings and a deep roar. I can hear it yet as I write. It used to come to our ears from a mile's distance.

But the memorable thing about it was its splendor. When night came the whole sky and countryside were lighted up. One could lie in bed in a curtainless room and read by its light. Where it had passed over a hill the flames went out of sight, to reappear roaring up the farther slope. The advanced lines seemed to overlap one another. There were apparently hollow squares and detached deployments of flame. Before it was the gloom of lurid smoke and behind a waste of ashes. The next day, over this waste would pass little whirlwinds which would lift columns of ashes in inverted cones to a height far out of sight, at the base of which the ground squirrels, the prairie chickens, the plovers and the other denizens of the prairie were eagerly running about to find whatever there was of interest in the swept and garnished landscape.

My first contribution to polite literature grew out of the memories of the prairie fire. I had grown up and the prairies had passed away. But one spring evening I smelled the scent of burning grasses from some neighbor's bonfire. It brought back to my heart the old scenes. I could not get rid of it. So next day, instead of eating luncheon, I remained in my law office and wrote a poem. The title of it was A Whiff of Smoke. It told of the old prairie scenes. I sent it to The Century and it was accepted with a letter from Robert Underwood Johnson which thrilled me. As my old friend Elbert Hubbard, of Sioux City, said to me when it appeared, I had received the accolade. Unimportant? By no means. It was an epochal thing to me.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Quick. The next will appear in an early issue

An Alpine Cedar

"Over-heated, eh? a BELL TIMER will stop that"

It isn't always the Ford's fault that she overheats

Each cylinder of your Ford's motor is timed to "fire" at a given second. If the explosion is delayed or premature, over-heating or lost power results.

The Timer supplies the spark to explode the gas. The **Bell Timer** gives a quick, powerful red-hot spark, as accurately timed as the tick of a watch—no misses, no premature flashes.

A solid copper brush wipes the contact points with the precision of a chronometer. The result is a uniform spark of maximum intensity at all speeds.

Let your service-man install a **Bell Timer** for you now (or do it yourself—the new "trouble-proof" attached cable makes it easy). If you're not satisfied, your money will be refunded.

*If your dealer hasn't **Bell Timers** in stock write us—we'll see that you are supplied.*

**Points of Bell Superiority**

1. Simple in construction.
2. Solid copper contacts and Bakelite case molded in a complete unit—result: cannot "short", is oilproof—waterproof—dirtproof.
3. Solid copper brush, resists wear and burning—result increases life of Timer
4. All copper circuit—results in hotter spark, easier starting and smoother running engine
5. Built like a distributor, using wipe type principle which insures accurate timing at all speeds.
6. Raceway does not wear wavy—no brush troubles—dependable service
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**BELL TIMER**

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With All Their Beauty
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**Fenestra Basement Windows**

If you've ever seen a Fenestra basement with its extra light, extra ventilation, extra "all around" usefulness, you'll surely want one under your new home

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Fenestra Utility Windows minimize the danger of gases and fumes by providing better ventilation and their larger area of glass lets in an astonishing amount of daylight.

**They're Easy to Get**

You can get any of these windows through your local lumber or building and supply dealers.

TODAY you can enjoy the beauty, the greater light, the better ventilation, as well as the many other conveniences of Fenestra Casement Windows *at no greater cost than that of wood windows.* That's why you see so many homes completely equipped with steel windows.

It's simply a matter of progressiveness in American home building. Greater beauty and greater usefulness have been built into Fenestra Steel Windows—at a low cost—in exactly the same way that other building materials have been improved and costs reduced.

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Fenestra

for homes and apartments
schools and institutions
commercial buildings
all industrial structures

# THE LOG OF A JOB BROKER

(Continued from Page 29)

desk blotter. The words Director of Sales bristled beneath his name. "I want a few men to break in as salesmen."

"Straight commission, I suppose? That will probably be the big stumblingblock. Most men want a salary or drawing account to start with. What can a fair salesman make, a man who plugs? If we know that, we can sometimes interest men."

"I haven't made less than eighty a week for the last three months. The first week after the holidays when everyone said they were broke I made one hundred and eighty dollars. Of course I worked. But a real salesman ought to do better."

"We'll see what we can do for you."

"You'll really be doing something for them," he corrected.

I felt that way about it, too, as, later in the day, I explained the positions to a number of men. The average run, an angler would have termed them. Two turned it down with a shrug of the shoulders. A third pursed his lips. "I can get plenty of those canvassing jobs in the newspapers," one of them said. "One of those get-your-foot-in-the-door jobs?" another queried. There were eleven in all. All asked the same question: "Any salary or drawing account?" A tedious "No; straight commission" usually brought the interviews to a close.

Most of them had been out of work for weeks, some for months. They could not afford to take a chance, they felt, although I explained to all of them that the stage had been set for them through years of advertising. Nine had records of sales experience ranging from six months to many years. The remaining two, although untested, appeared to possess what the industrial vocationalist pleasingly defines as sales potentialities.

Tomorrow it may be different. One or two may try their luck, take a chance, give it a run or look it over. But one in ten will probably be the day's catch. The nine will wait for the jobs they want. If anyone wishes to adjudge them as standing in their own light the privilege is his. The most I care to venture is the haunting belief that the right job is not always so important to the man himself as is getting into the right field of work. The right job many times is the job that never existed till he created it.

### Employer or Employe?

Evans hit that chord later in the day when he rolled into the office to gather a truckload of men for one of his suburban operations. "Why don't some of these fellows you've been sending me try it on their own?" he shot at me. "Go into business for themselves for a change?" A contractor and builder with a fleet of trucks, a backstreet office, a roll-top desk, and all the traffic will stand on his pay roll. "This is old man Evans talking," is the way he starts his telephone palaver. He likes to talk of the occasions he borrowed to the hilt on his life insurance to meet a pay roll, went clean broke at thirty when he ran into quicksand, hired out with his tools as a carpenter at the best rate he could get and no questions asked, and then started again at thirty-two with borrowed money. He took the crumbs; the big fellows the plums. He was forty-two when a heartlessly sympathetic strike swept over the largest job he had yet undertaken and which he was bonded to complete by a specific date or forfeit heavy penalties.

He came through; they always do, it seems, these builders of things we take for granted. Fire, floods, strikes, acts of God and the public enemy leer or squint at them across the table, trim them today to their overalls, but tomorrow finds them back in the game with a stack of whites, their I O U's at the bank, deeper lines about the eyes, grayer at the temples and a still more determined set to the jaws.

"Why don't more of them do it?" he challenged. "I'm not advising any one man to, but tell me why more of them don't. Many of them would fail, once, maybe many times, but would they fail oftener than they do in getting jobs and holding them? Get the right slant. I'm not shying bats at men who prefer to work for others rather than themselves. That's their own good luck or their funeral. I'm only stacking what the average employer goes through, plumb against what the job holder has to swallow, and I'm looking at the answer from both sides of the fence. I've been there.

"No matter which side you browse on they'll be days when you'll wish you'd bolted through the gate when she swung open. Clover's where you find it, but oftener where you sow it. You see the balance struck here every day.

"Now forget the poor material," he went on. "Take two of the men you sent me last week, for instance. I don't know how it happened, but they were good. No, I don't remember their names, but they were between thirty and forty, I should say. I couldn't use them and I don't recollect now just what positions they wanted. But they simply hit me between the eyes as types good types, intelligent, better educated than I'll ever be, and with a ton more of experience in the construction game than I had when I started in my own back yard. They'd been out of work since late fall when things slowed down for the winter."

### How Jobs Come About

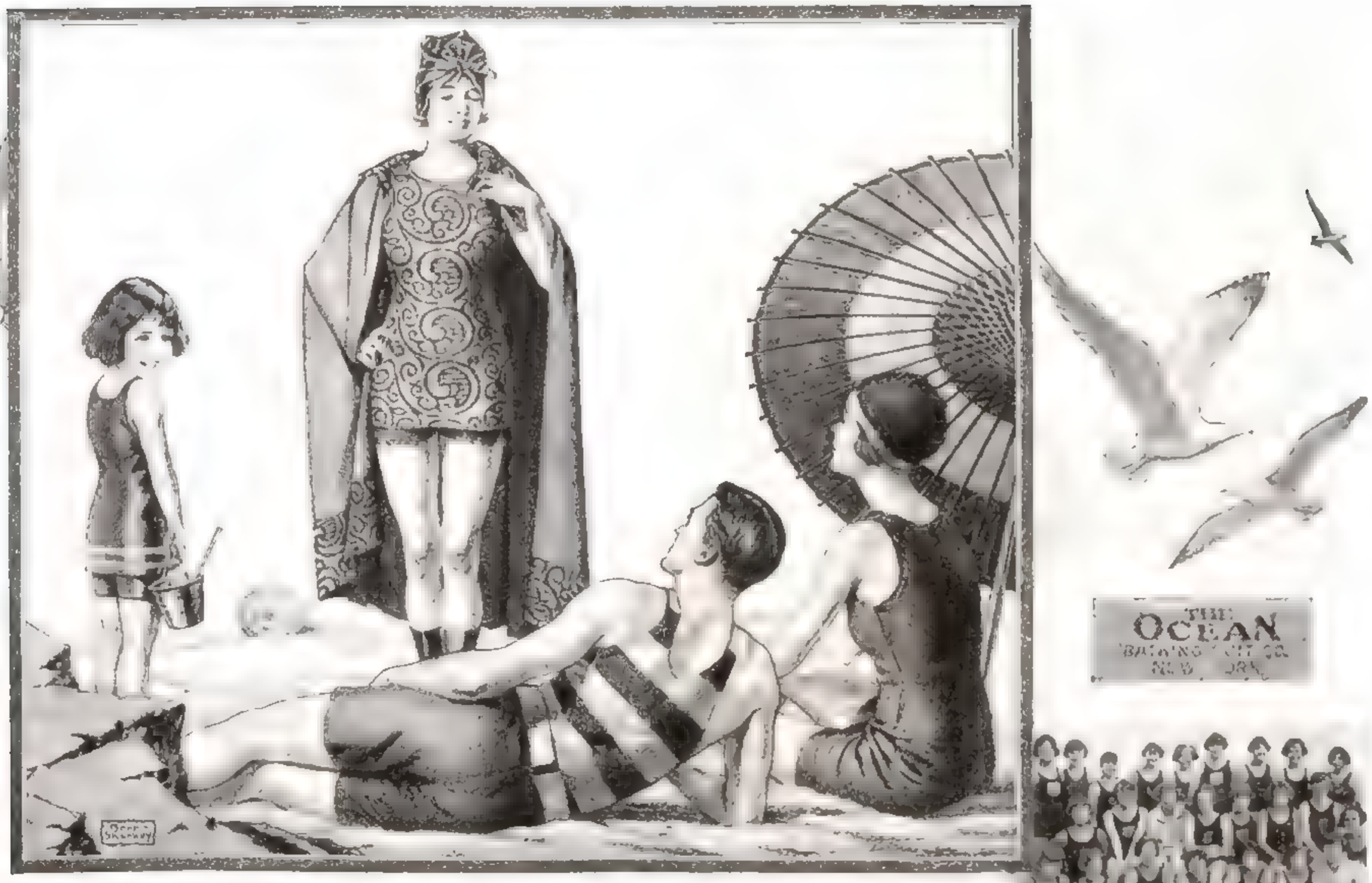
"But never mind. One million out of work in normal times. Let it go at that. Four years ago a conference at Washington decided there were between five and seven million out of luck. Every city and town of any size organized local committees to relieve the situation. Maybe they accomplished some good. I'm not criticizing what was done or attempted. But this fact you can stick in your vest pocket: The only men who got jobs with private industries got them because there was work to be done, because employers again saw a chance to make a living by producing something. The jobs weren't created; they followed production, and production came only when someone had hope of making a profit and went to it. I can't prove it, but I'll bet that truck outside that not more than one per cent of the committees spent any of their time showing employers where they could make money, helping them move their dead stock, indorsing their notes or drumming up a single order for them. A good proportion of the population seemed to think the unemployment could be cured by consultation or an operation. It wasn't then and it never will be. It's only what happens to a lot of us when a few of us need a doctor. Where's my hat? Where it ought to be! Right!"

He bolted for the door and then suddenly about-wheeled: "By the way, keep your eye peeled for a good all-around office man. I landed that almshouse addition the first of the week and I'll need somebody to run the inner works. You know what I want—another Stambach, if you can get one. I hated to let him go, but I didn't have the work then. Give me a ring before you send anyone. Buenos Aires!"

A moment later I laid a memorandum of the opening upon the desk of an old office associate. "A man like Stambach is what he wants, I guess," was all he said.

Perhaps from the front steps to Eagle Pass there are many Stambachs. There is need for all or more of them. Jinx-impelled, a Senate quorum of them crash meteorlike through the haze of years and faces, and stand boldly and uninvited before me when jobs like Evans' bob up. You have found it so yourself when you had work to be done at a desk or bench opposite. The impressions men made rather than what you embossed upon your memory concerning

(Continued on Page 181)



*The* official racing suits used by the American Women's Olympic Swimming Team of 1924 were Ocean Suits.

# Things to think about

## *when you buy your bathing suit*

NATURALLY, you expect your bathing suit to keep its pristine style, good fit and fresh colors. You want it to dry out quickly, and to be so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. If you prefer a knitted suit you insist upon pure worsted, because nothing else is so springy and serviceable.

Yet how difficult these seemingly simple requirements are to get—at a moderate price. But here is a hint: buy a bathing suit you are sure is made by an organization devoted solely to the creation of good bathing suits and smart bathing suit fashions.

*Ocean knows Bathing Suits*

Since 1883 Ocean has made bathing suits, and nothing else. Literally, millions of families have enjoyed the good qualities of Ocean Suits. Forty-two years of wide experience have built up enviable standards—touching every step in making, from designing to the knitting of fabrics.

Ocean designers keep in close touch with Paris for new hints of feminine water modes. But fit and comfort, so essentially American requirements, are cardinal features in all Ocean Suits.

*See the new Ocean Suits*

This care in our work will be instantly evident when you examine Ocean Suits. And a very wide range of designs makes selection a joy. Ask at your favorite store to see Ocean Bathing Suits. No matter what your choice may be, you will get utmost quality and value.

FREE — *Instruction Book on "The Crawl," by an expert.*

Everybody wants to swim the "crawl." Mr. L. DeB. Handley, leading amateur and international authority on swimming, has written for us an authoritative book on how to master this greatest of all swimming strokes.

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*I buy my bathing suits at*

*The* OCEAN BATHING SUIT CO., *New York City*

*Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Bathing Suits in the World*

# Ocean Bathing Suits *for All the Family*

*Next Saturday's the 4th!*

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# Perscripshun for trubble-pruf casins and tubes

℞ One Can of LOCKTITE

DOSE: One patch for curb bruises (externally) or nailholes (internally).

Two patches for any small hole or casing break.

Three patches for big holes or blowouts in casings.

One patch for tubes. Slap it on and forget it. No vulcanizing.

Locktite Luke

*Locktite Luke seys:*

Maybe you wonder why such a little thing as a tire patch is advertised in The Saturday Evening Post so big as if it was a hole automobile. The facts is the boss, thats Mr. Wood, he sold over four million cans of LOCKTITE last year and the way I'm workin as shippin clerk I know theres gone out more than that the first six months of this year. So you see, just like Campbells soups, this little business has become big and internashonal.

You remember what Abraham Lincoln or was it P. T. Barnum sed about foolin all guys onct and some guys always but not all the guys forever and ever. This page costs seven thousand berries sure enough but theres about 2,500,000 of them printed and so it costs Mr. Wood only about a third of a cent for you to be readin this right this minute. Thats dirt cheap because if you are smart and buy a can of LOCKTITE and save yourself about 5000 miles more on your tires all for one dollar yure makin a lot of money so the proposition seems reasonable and Mr. Wood has got Andrew Carnegie lickt as a filanthropist.

You can buy tire patchin cheaper than LOCKTITE. Maybe you can even find a guy whats throwin some out and you can get it for nothin. But it aint LOCKTITE and you aint sure how long it will last if you use it. There aint nothin awfuller when yure motoring than to hear a tire blow exceptin the unhappy suspenshun of expectin it to blow. You dont have neither sad feelin with LOCKTITE in your casins or on your tubes.

The reason is that LOCKTITE has a tuff fabric back stuck right to the live rubber. That keeps it from stretchin and gettin thin when you blow up the tire. It keeps the worn out spot you cover with a LOCKTITE patch extra thick and strong so it lasts longer than the rest of the tire. So by and by your tubes is all covered with LOCKTITE like freckles on a kid but you aint ever got two of em on one spot and thats some consolashun.

The new thing about LOCKTITE is that its the only patch whats jest as good for repairin casins as patchin tubes. You dont need no vulcanizin or matches or clamps or machinery. You dont even need hardly any time. All you need is to know where the hole is and slap on a patch of LOCKTITE a little bit bigger than the hole right inside the casin. If its a little hole or a bruise one layer is enuf. If its a little bigger hole or a casin break put on two layers of LOCKTITE to make sure. For great big blowouts instead of throwin the casin away put on three layers of LOCKTITE and run another thousand miles without any worry. She wont blow again at that place anyways. For low-pressure balloon casins LOCKTITE is about the only way cause a boot dont stay put. And it sure is crazy to throw a good balloon away when a few cents of LOCKTITE fixes it up good as new.

I aint no bettin man but if you can scare up one dealer anywheres what dont sell LOCKTITE send me the name hes goin under at present and I'll send you with my compliments a dollar can of LOCKTITE providin you remember to send me a dollar to pay for it. I sure want you to try it.

Locktite Luke

LOCKTITE PATCH COMPANY
Detroit, Mich. - Walkerville, Ont.
*Export Dept., 89 Broad St., New York*

*Dealers:* It's great to sell quality merchandise and fine to have a patch that'll repair casings as well as tubes, without vulcanizing! Get this big display cabinet free from your jobber.

# LOCKTITE
## COMBINATION
## CASING & TUBE PATCH

(Continued from Page 178)

them then emerge and best serve you. We hold in high esteem one Sims, of Seattle, but he never, we're willing to wager, got a job with Boggs, of Boston, because that gentleman exerted his memory. If today he's having trouble with his a's our guess is Boggs at one time profited through samples of his work.

"Stambach, we've run out of Form E-1024-R-7," I called to him at eleven o'clock one morning seven years ago. "Rodney's just phoned that eight hundred men from Ohio will be on the sidings by twelve. If we don't have eight hundred deduction orders on the commissary they won't eat. This new works order out this morning states that all requisitions for printing must be approved finally by Stickler, of the Shipping Board. First they've got to go to——"

The telephone receiver clicked across the room: "Five—two, please." Stambach was talking. I had finished. "Printing and multigraphing department? This is the Employment Office. We have a trainload of men due here in an hour, and need some forms run off. . . . Yes, old 1024 again. Hold a cylinder open and I'll be right over to give you the set-up. . . . Yes, yes; the requisition will be there in proper shape all right."

At 11:45 a pile of E-1024-R-7's rested on my desk. The next morning a familiar smile greeted me at the station platform.

"Did you have any of those forms left over, George?" I asked.

"Yes, I thought we'd better have a batch in stock so we wouldn't be in another jam next week," he answered.

"Have much trouble getting them through?"

"No, not a whole lot. Atkins, Kimball, Brock and Hamilton all O. K'd the requisition. Hamilton, though, kicked a little about the amount, and said I should have used another form when requisitioning forms, but he finally passed it." His grin broadened. "Stickler's secretary said he was in a rate conference, but would be through about noon. No, he didn't come out."

"So you went in, eh?"

"There wasn't any other place to go," he replied with as little emotion as men tell you the time of day. "Stickler finally signed it; twice, in fact; the first time in the wrong place. He said Hamilton had no authority to sign it, but because of the emergency he'd let it ride this time."

Within a year the four winds and the seven seas had taken us all for what we were worth to them. Banking took Atkins; sales promotion, Kimball; railroad construction in Cuba beckoned Brock; the Orient swallowed Hamilton; teaching and research welcomed Stickler and Form E-1024-R-7.

### *Stambach's Applied Mathematics*

Evans took Stambach. Two years later during the widespread depression he was forced to drop him. During the two years which followed, Stambach held three jobs. He got them first because he could do the work and because, right or wrong, he haggled little over the amount of his initial salary. Labor, so far as it encompassed his services, was always a commodity.

"Thirty a week? That's five less than I've been getting with Evans," he remarked when I had sketched a prospective job to him. "I've scouted about town enough the past three days, though, to know things aren't improving. Five a week is five a week, but each week out of a job means"—he knew the value of applied mathematics—"let's see: I'd have to work six weeks if I got the job to make up for each week I'm looking for another one. Nothing to that. Sure, I'll take it; besides, it might lead to something better."

It didn't, but it served as a haven when the storm was at its height; and it financed a night course in accountancy. Twice since then he has taken positions to which we've sent him, one a highway job up the state which lasted for a summer, the other as traveling accountant with a chain-store organization.

I recall being surprised and somewhat regretful when last week he told me he had sent in his resignation. "It's different this time," he had observed. For some reason the usual smile was in reserve. "Do you remember Barrows, foreman under Knoble, in Roads and Maintenance? Used to drop in at the employment office every week or so—always insisted on colored labor, the darker the better. Always wanted good singers and had a couple of gang leaders who led the harmony. I'm going in with him on a mineral-flooring proposition; a patented process. I got Evans to try it out on a small job and he's keen about it. We've rented a shack and storage yard on the river front.

"I've thought it all out. I'm thirty-two. I've saved a little, my health's good and my wife's game. I'll never be altogether satisfied until I've had my fling, and I'd rather get my bumps now than when I'm older. I came near making the break ten years ago. It's lucky I didn't. I had a chance then to go fifty-fifty in a small garage. The other fellow went broke several times. He always will. He's just an A-1 mechanic. Then I had the itch a couple of years ago, but I thought too much about it. I tried to see too far ahead. I had to have an iron hot for every wrinkle that might show up. Not that my feet got cold.

"Evans gave me good advice when I told him about this move: 'A sound business, like good crops, is a growth. Look ahead as far as you can, but don't strain your eyes. Leave a little for tomorrow's sun.'"

### *If You Didn't Have to Work*

A year from today Stambach may call again. I believe it will be for labor, but if it is to be for a job, then, as Evans says, "he may have lost his shirt, but he'll be worth a lot more."

But no matter what the outcome, he, like many hundred others who have called to find or raise their levels, will have forged above his neckband some quality—some enthusiasm, an idea or a hobby which yesterday was but simmering flux.

"Just suppose," I have said to men—"just suppose you didn't need to work; that you could take your pick from every kind of work you've ever done or think you can do, which would you choose?"

It has seemed an aimless question, and yet times without number it has wrenched from the depths opposite something I did not know was there; sometimes a bubble, a babble or a gush; again a jet of hope, spontaneous and of infinite value.

I thought of it today when just before the night cords were plugged in, Mrs. Nevin phoned that she would meet with a flivver a friend of mine who was scouting about for a trio of hunting dogs. I thought of it because on an August day three years ago I launched that question at Mrs. Nevin's husband.

While operating a bulldozer he had lost for all time the full use of his right hand. He had kept the news from her as long as he could. When she learned it or feared it she was fourteen hundred miles away. In the August heat of a day coach with a child of three and a month-old baby she came to him.

I did not ask her how she had done it, but as she sat upon the edge of the chair opposite and quietly told me her mission the silent drama, I thought, had missed a trick.

"He's willing to do anything, but what—what can he do?" she had asked.

"Just what has he done?" I parried futilely.

"That really doesn't matter, does it? But he has, he has done a little of everything. That's been his trouble maybe. But that doesn't matter either. What can he get? That's what he asked me last night. He's with the children now. He doesn't know I'm here."

In lines straight and distinct she sketched what he had done, but the result, like a

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Speedy looking—a good traveler—readily endures long, hard wear—a *man's* shoe.

The Stadium – Style S-105

Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers – CHICAGO

Is it any wonder AUTO RADIATORS LEAK?

Jolts and jars—dirt and rust, inside and out—contraction and expansion—extremes of water temperature—*no wonder they leak!*

For years "X" Liquid has been used by millions of car owners to repair leaking radiators—and to prevent new leaks from occurring.

On the Round the World Flight, "X" Liquid was carried in every plane by order of the Flight Engineer.

"X" Liquid repaired a Cracked Cylinder on the U. S. Navy Seaplane N. C. 4 when forced down on its trans-Atlantic Flight. "X" accompanied McCready and Kelly on their Ocean-to-Ocean non-stop flight. For years "X" has been used in the automobiles and trucks of the U. S. Government, Standard Oil, American Tel. & Tel., General Electric, etc.

*Carry "X" in YOUR tool kit. You can get home on a flat tire, but not with a dry radiator.*

For Fords, Stars, etc. Use 75c Size

For Larger Cars Use $1.25 Size

"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th St., New York
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"X" is a liquid. It can even be poured through a cloth, as it contains no powder, meal, glue, cement, shellac or solder. Harmless.

X LIQUID
REPAIRS LEAKS IN AUTO RADIATORS, CRACKED CYLINDERS, WATER JACKETS AND STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING SYSTEMS

## Are your valuables theft-proof?

WHATEVER is worth protecting—is worth the best protection you can buy. And here it is! A Sargent Cylinder Padlock! Maximum resistance it has—to twisting, prying and years of use! Yet its fine mechanism is responsive always *to the proper key*. This is the dependable padlock for garage doors, spare tires, tool-boxes, cellar doors and windows, chests of valuables—in fact for anything on which a theft-proof padlock should be used. Sargent Cylinder and Subcylinder Padlocks are made in all the popular shapes, sizes and prices. See them at your hardware store or write direct to us for descriptive folders.

SARGENT & COMPANY, *Manufacturers*
33 Water Street New Haven, Conn.

EVERY FAUCET NEEDS A NEVER-DRIP—*JUST ONCE!*

*To stop forever that maddening drip drip drip of America's faucets now comes*

Identify this washer by its black stripe.

# NEVER-DRIP

**THE WASHER TESTED TO A MILLION FAUCET TURNS**

. . . and to stop that leaking closet tank trouble, get a

MUSHROOM **Parabal**

through Master Plumbers only—
$1.25

Guaranteed 3 Years

THAT monotonous drip-drop-drip-drop. It's enough to get on a riveter's nerves. But now comes a faucet washer to end this annoyance forever.

Have your plumber equip all your faucets with NEVER-DRIP Washers. Then forget them until the faucets themselves wear out.

Under high-pressure boiling water, NEVER-DRIP Washers have been tested by a million turns of a faucet *without a single drip*. That's endurance—that's satisfaction—that's economy!

Master Plumbers Only—sell or install NEVER-DRIPS.

*Made by* WOODWARD-WANGER CO.
1106-1114 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia
*Quality Plumbing Specialties Since 1906*


cubist masterpiece, gave nothing upon which your eyes or intelligence could focus.

"Tell him to come in. We'll do what we can for him," was all of promise I could finally tender her.

He came the next afternoon. The morning he had spent in vain pursuits of three positions for watchmen advertised in a morning paper. One had been filled three days before; the employer or a clerk somewhere had failed to withdraw it. Another had a vacant lot as a calling address, where he had crossed the trails of others who were looking for the same haven. The third had drawn to its gate youth and old age, the able and the spent, the eager, the listless and the wistful, all of them seeking a job for which nature, time or fortune had endowed them.

"They took my name and address there, but it doesn't mean anything," he monotoned.

He was thirty-two then. His industrial background—a little of everything: carpenter's helper, pipe fitting, common labor, truck driving, switching freight; what he could get where he could get it. He had come to the Eastern seaboard six months before to land a calking job in a shipyard in which he had worked after his discharge from the Army. Visions perhaps of former pay envelopes lured him they and a news item concerning a contract placed with the yard.

When he arrived he found that work would not start for six months. Like many of us he had strained at the news but swallowed the headlines.

But what he had done, lamely or well, was history. The present alone concerned us both.

"Where have you tried?" I asked.

"Where haven't I?" he volleyed. "I went back to Brindlees' after I left the hospital and asked them if they could find something for me. There was nothing doing. Perhaps they figured they'd gone far enough when they fixed up my compensation; that starts next week." The carpet engrossed him for a moment. "That'll help, of course. Yes, I've tried them all—the hotels, the hospitals, the department stores, even the theaters and the news stands."

"Basford's?"

### *One Man's Ambition*

"Yes, I took a shot at them when Brindlees' turned me down. They had a job running a freight elevator I might have worked into after a time, but their doctor counted me out. This bum fin did it. They really wanted to get me by, but they explained it all—why they couldn't. If they took me on—'Suppose you got in a jam,' they said, 'you'd be worse off than you are now, and we'd get panned proper for putting you in that kind of a job.' I guess they were right. Anyway they tried hard enough."

"Churchman's?"

He fumbled in his inner coat pocket. "Yea, here it is; a letter they gave me to some charity concern. I haven't used it. Want to read it?"

I stripped another sheet from a scratch pad. It had melted into inch-square bits when I heard his voice again:

"Have you anything in mind? I'm not particular, you know. I'll take anything."

Confetti slipped through my fingers before I answered: "No definite job today, but we can place you, I think, if you'll come in every day and camp out until we can match you up. It may be a watchman's job or light inspection work, or meter reading, possibly. You know we can't hold that kind of job open; there are too many men looking for them. They're filled usually inside of an hour or two, even before we can send for certain men we'd like to see get the jobs.

"Or we might slip you into a jury box over at the Booth Theater—a dollar a performance. We've sent them I don't know how many men since they opened up. They'll probably want several tomorrow. You could take that temporarily until we can fix you up on a permanent job."

He rose. "I could look serious enough to hold it down." His gaze, pivoting slowly, swept the ceiling corners. I have seen the movement often at the hour when the world of business starts to snore. "Another day" has many different meanings, and men say it in as many different ways.

"All right, I'll be on deck tomorrow, early."

Perhaps it was his huge bulk, its energy shackled, or the silvered symbol of a finished job that adorned his time-worn mufti, or the mental image of a slight figure waiting, patient, undismayed, that dragged the question from me. It matters little.

"Just suppose you didn't need a job; didn't have to work for a living. Suppose—it won't cost you anything—suppose you could take your pick from every kind of work you've seen or done, what would you choose?"

The amused but tolerant smile ebbed, and then surged back with the sweep of a Fundy tide: "Why, I'd train Gordon setters; raise 'em and train 'em for hunting. That's one line I do know. From the time I could hold a gun I ——"

### *Headed Right*

A door knob rattled behind me and Chalmers, who holds the first-line trench, entered. "Here's one that just came over the phone," he said. "I thought you might have someone on your list. Acker, over at the Purdy Refining, is opening another filling station a hundred or so miles up the country; an outpost he thinks may develop fast. Prefers a married man. I can get someone in the morning if you haven't a man in mind. Good night."

The following noon Nevin came back.

"He didn't land; too bad," I said to myself when his grave form loomed up.

"I've been with him most of the morning. It's my dish," he said simply. "I'll probably be digging out with the family by the end of the week."

"Looks pretty good to you, eh?"

"Yes, it does. The pay's fair, and an old farmhouse goes with it. I won't be able to spend much."

"Except on cows and chickens, possibly."

"No," he said slowly; "no, I guess I'll leave them to those that know the game. If I have time for raising anything on the side it'll be dogs. I might, I might go into that later on, if the job ——"

"What did Acker tell you? Did he think it might be permanent?"

He pondered a moment, his heels in slow and rhythmic unison tapping the floor. Then with that peculiar shoulder shrug men give when about to lift a burden or, with unaccustomed effort, expel a young but deep conviction:

"What difference does it make what he thinks?" His eyes softened whatever of sting his words bore. "Or I think, for that matter? They all look permanent till you find they ain't. I've held enough of them. I ought to know. It doesn't make much difference how long they last provided a man is headed right."

And just between two and a quarter million of us, haven't you found it so?

## FREE 10-DAY TUBE

*Send the Coupon*

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

# Gleaming, Glorious Teeth

## *Gums like coral to contrast them*

*Do you seriously seek the charm they bring?* Then please accept this remarkable dental test. See the marked difference 10 days will make. It's simply a stubborn film on your teeth which you fail to remove, and which this NEW way overcomes *safely*—scientifically.

DULL teeth, "off-color" teeth; gums that are softening, lack firmness—modern science has made important, new discoveries in overcoming them.

Now, in as little as ten days, you can work a transformation in your mouth, can add immeasurably to your appearance and attractiveness.

This offers you a test without charge . . . the most remarkable, according to dental authorities, of all dental tests. In fairness to yourself, send the coupon.

### *FILM—your enemy. How it invites tooth and gum troubles*

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles, directly or indirectly, to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

You can't see it with your eyes, but run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

You can't have pretty teeth, unless you combat it. Highest authorities all tell you this.

### *Brushing alone won't end it*

Many ordinary methods do not fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. See if your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to it. Tooth and gum troubles hence are on the decline.

### *It removes that film. And Firms the Gums*

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Why not try this new method which world's authorities urge?

*Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.*

FREE Mail this for 10 Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Send to:

Name.....

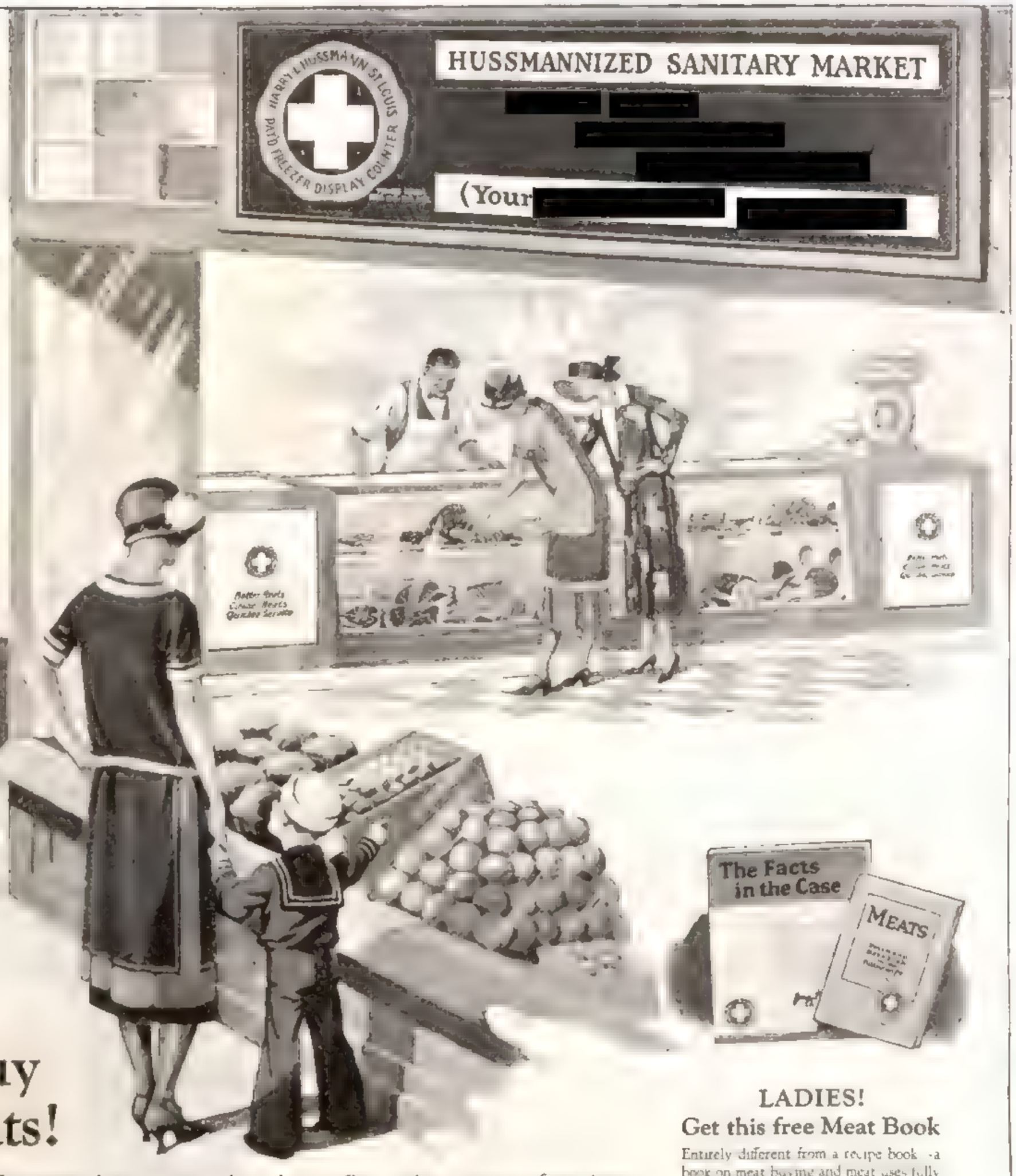
Address

Only one tube to a family

1852

This sign on the outside of a meat market means that there is a Hussmann Patented Freezer Display Counter on the inside with its —

*Better Meats*
*Cleaner Meats*
*Quicker Service*




# Now a *better way* to buy your meats!

The minute you step into a Hussmannized store, you realize that a new day in meat marketing is here.

What a wonderful way to buy your meats. Everything on display right under your eyes in a big beautiful Hussmann Patented Freezer Display Counter.

**How clean the meats are**—where no flies can reach them, nor dust, nor hands, nor odors.

**How red and fresh** and fine they are—because of the perfect Hussmann system of refrigeration that keeps them that way.

**How much more juicy and tender**—the Hussmann Patented System of Refrigeration produces a natural dry cold air circulation that seals the pores of the meats, saving all the flavor and juices and breaking down the meat fibres, making every cut of meat juicier, tastier and more tender.

**How much easier to choose** what you want—everything displayed under glass where you can see just what piece of meat you wish. It's so easy to think of what to get for dinner with such a great variety to select from.

What a delightful change from the old way of buying your meats!

**Over 10,000 meat markets,** grocery stores and delicatessens are now equipped to give you this genuine Hussmann Patented Freezer Display Counter Service.

If you are not yet buying meats and perishables at a Hussmannized store, you certainly will want to when you learn how much it means to you and your family.

## LADIES!
### Get this free Meat Book

Entirely different from a recipe book—a book on meat buying and meat uses fully illustrated. Shows the actual cuts of meats and how to prepare them in many ways. If you don't know of a Hussmannized market near you, write us for this book, giving the name of your market.

## RETAILERS!
### Get our 32-page book free

This 32-page illustrated book shows you how to, so retailers are attracting more customers, by means of Hussmann Patented Freezer Display Counter Service. It shows how you, too, can increase your sales and reduce your costs. Write for your free copy of "The Facts in the Case."

### A Selling Opportunity

Some desirable sales territories still open offer unusual opportunities to responsible business men with sales experience. Write for facts.

**You can tell the genuine Hussmannized store by the big white cross sign on the outside. Look for the one in your neighborhood. It's the "countersign" of Better Meats, Cleaner Meats and Quicker Service.**

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HARRY L. HUSSMANN PATENTED FREEZER DISPLAY COUNTER

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

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# THE ROUGH-WATER CAPTAINS

Continued from Page 7

such a thing as seafaring genius, then they have it.

Maurice Whalen had been fishing out of Gloucester since his grammar-school days. It is not the thing nowadays for our native lads to take to the fishing, but in Maurice's day they did; and the sea being in their blood, and the technic of the trade being a thing they learned early, they invariably made good fishermen.

Maurice rose to be master of a vessel while still quite young. In the first year of his first command he was winter fishing on Georges Bank, the roughest water in all the world as our fishermen reckon rough water—and they are not bad judges of such—when his vessel sprang a leak. It was a bad leak. The watch, coming below at daybreak, found the water gushing up through the cabin floor.

Maurice lifted the hatch and found the cabin run—the space under the cabin floor—filled solid with water. He disappeared into the water. He located the leak; some calking had fallen out, or been washed out, below the water line under her quarter. He stopped the leak by stuffing his other woolen shirt, with the blade of the cook's hatchet, into the open seam.

It was then calm weather, but a steady run of calm weather is never expected on Georges Bank in wintertime. Let the sea get to pounding his vessel again and Maurice knew that his temporary job of calking would give in; and with her leaking as she leaked that morning, it would certainly be a long road to Gloucester. He would have to do something more than stop the leak; he would have to raise his leaky seam above the sea level.

They had a pretty good load of fish in her. One of the crew suggested that they heave the fish overboard. It was coming on to dark and black clouds were drifting toward the shoal water.

"Heave the fish overboard and get off the bank," suggested this one of the crew.

"Heave the fish overboard?" The man who made the suggestion was twice Maurice's age, and Maurice had been brought up to respect age; but this was a trial. "Heave the fish overboard? Who ever heard of a Georgesman heavin' over her fish after ketchin' 'em? We're out here to ketch fish and bring 'em home, not heave 'em over after ketchin' 'em."

It was too ridiculous. In stressful hours later, when there was no saying would they make Gloucester or no, Maurice would look away from his study of sea and sky and vessel to turn to one of his more trusted members of the crew and say, "Heave our fish over? Would you believe it if you hadn't heard it with your own two ears?"

Fishing vessels in those days were ballasted with pigs of iron. They are still ballasted so, but the pigs are now cemented in and stanchioned over. In those days they were stowed loosely in the bottom of the hold.

Maurice had to have protection for those loose planks aft. He ordered a shift of ballast. To shift the ballast they had to break through her fore and after bulkheads and carry many pigs of iron from the after to the forward end of her.

By and by they had her jib boom lying pretty nearly level with the sea and her stern cocked high in the air. In such trim did Maurice head his vessel for Gloucester. They had troublous times, they put in some exciting hours, but they made Gloucester.

Maurice, the young captain, was then nineteen years of age. He continued to do daring, seamanlike things. He became a noted fish killer, a great sail carrier and one of the famous captains of the port, one of the half dozen skippers of whom other skippers would say, "And no man ever made him take his mains'l in." Once he left the fishing banks for home, he never was known—blow high, blow low—to heave-to his vessel.

Gloucester is an old port, as old ports go on this side of the Atlantic; next to Plymouth, she claims to be the oldest permanent settlement in New England. Weymouth, also of Massachusetts, disputes this, I believe. Weymouth may be right or she may be wrong; I do not know, and it does not matter except to serve me by way of introducing Gloucester's great race, the greatest she ever held, the only race that ever was sailed, if you will listen to Gloucester folks.

To celebrate her great age fittingly, Gloucester planned for a notable Anniversary Week, and the great event of that week was to be the Fishermen's Race.

Some readers may recall the recent International Fishermen's Races and reckon them as causing some stir. Not so. In these days most fishing schooners are half steamers, carrying auxiliary engines. In Whalen's day every vessel was a full-sailed vessel, and every up-and-coming skipper's ambition was to command a vessel that could outweather any gale of wind to sea and outsail any other vessel on a run to market with a trip of fish.

The talk of the race to come was incessant, overpowering. There was never so much talk before or since among fishermen as there was that year about this vessel and that vessel and this skipper and that skipper.

The three great racing captains of the port were Whalen and his Henry Belden, Tommie Bohlen and his Nannie Bohlen, Saul Jacobs and his Ethel Jacobs. Great vessels all, make no mistake in that; old Gloucester fishermen still talk passionately of them. There were any number of other fine captains and vessels entered in the race, but these were the three that were supposed to have a chance; these were the captains and their vessels of whom at all hours of the day and throughout all the watches of the night you could hear men arguing along Main Street in Gloucester.

Whalen, Bohlen and Jacobs were noted fish killers as well as great racing captains. An owner built a new vessel for such skippers whenever it pleased them to fancy one. But fishing captains such as these never ordered vessels blindly. From out of strenuous experience they gathered ideas; these ideas they tried out in each successive vessel they went master of.

Maurice Whalen's vessel at this time was modeled off the celebrated Susan Stone, which had outsailed everything along the Atlantic Coast before going down with all hands in one of those bad storms they sometimes meet with on the Grand Banks.

Maurice came to his owners one day and said, "I'd like a new vessel. I think I'll have her modeled off the Susan Stone."

"All right," said his owners, and fished out the blue prints of the Susan.

"I don't want any vessel off any blue charts of her," explained Maurice. "There's been half a dozen vessels built off those blue sheets an' none of 'em is a second Susan. Get hold of the original molds of her—I know the loft they're in over to Essex. Get the molds out o' that loft an' lay her down. I'll make a change or two in her sail plan, maybe, after she's launched; and I'm sayin' to you now that she'll be a vessel or I don't know one—'specially in a breeze o' wind."

They built the new vessel off the Susan Stone's original molds; and after she was towed around to Gloucester, Maurice made a change here and there in her sail plan. He set her mainmast a couple of feet farther forward, gave her a little more main boom and a longer bowsprit. The rage then was a sail plan long and low. They took a gale of wind better so, which was what Maurice was after.

"A heavy-weather vessel I want," he had said, and that he got in the Henry Belden. Never a sail-carrying skipper tried tacks with the Belden in a blow but he brought home great reports of what she could do in


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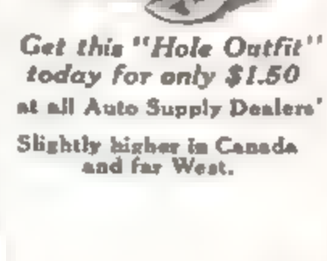

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a gale of wind, especially going to windward. She cert'nly was a horse to wind'ard.

As Anniversary Week rolled around, everybody in Gloucester was praying for a breeze of wind for the big race. A fast vessel in light air was all right—a pleasing thing to look at, no fault to find with her; but the real vessel, after all, was the lady that could stand up and go along when it came on to blow.

The race was set for Friday of Anniversary Week. A strong wind began to come along Wednesday, and continued to come. Thursday it was blowing yet harder; better yet, all the weather sharks agreed it would probably hold for another day or so. Skippers who had broken a fishing trip to be home for the week would shake hands when they met on Main Street, sniff the air, have another glance aloft and say:

"Looks better 'n' better for a breeze o' wind Friday, huh? I see Tommie 'n' Saul outside the Point's I come in. Tunin' up, huh? Yes. But I didn't see Maurice. Where's Maurice?"

On the day before the race all Gloucester was asking just that—where was Maurice Whalen? They knew that he was out seining—mackerel catching—of course, but where? Not that anybody thought he had been lost or anything like that, not Maurice and his able Harry Belden; but where was he? Wouldn't you think he'd try an' be home to give her a tuning up, or run her up on the ways to have her bottom scrubbed, or overhaul her in some other little way—and the race so handy? Or had he forgot all about the race?

Maurice had not forgotten the race, as they very well knew back in Gloucester that asked the question. No. On a calendar in the cabin of his vessel, the same hung on the bulkhead where his eye could not overlook it, Maurice had the great day ringed around with a fat carpenter's pencil; but the fish had been running to the east'ard, and Maurice, one of those conscientious skippers who figured he owed something to his owners and crew, had followed the fish; followed them to that point that even his owners and crew, had they been consulted, would have said, "Hell with any more fish! Head her home for the race!"

Maurice intended to head her home for the race. Give the Belden any kind of a leading wind and she'd soon enough waltz home. He set a day for her leaving for home. The first half-fair wind after that and away he'd let her go; but no half-fair wind came.

All westerly it was on the day he had set—dead ahead, the wind. On top of that came two days of almost flat calm.

"This calm won't hold—can't hold," predicted Maurice on the second day of it. Tuesday that was, and the race was Friday coming. "We'll get wind soon—an easterly."

That night the wind hauled into the east, a fine fresh breeze that cheered them up.

"It will be a living gale by morning," said Maurice. "Inboard with that seine boat! Inboard to the hatches with her dories! Bottom up an' double-gripe 'em! Swing her off an' let her go—the Belden's west'ard bound!"

The wind held. She tied up to her wharf in Gloucester Thursday night late.

Quiet Gloucester citizens at breakfast Friday morning had their appetites sharpened by excited neighbors shouting the word that the Belden was home for the race; had come home in a gale—oh, from five or six or seven hundred miles somewhere to the east'ard—and here she was now, tied up to her wharf quiet's if she'd never left it. If they listened further, they heard:

"Maurice drove her! Man, but they say he drove her! Like to drove her under, but safe home she is now."

But generally they didn't wait to hear that—all Gloucester was hurrying down to the water front to get a sight of the racing vessels, or to board some craft that was going out to see the race. They saw a towboat giving the Belden a quick little pull out into the stream. Her mainsail had been left standing the night before to dry; the mainsail was still standing.

Out in the stream, the towboat tried to turn her—with the sun, of course—but could not make it. She could have turned her against the sun—the high wind would have helped her in that; but that would be bad luck, as all watching Gloucester knew. To turn her properly—with the sun—the crew had to lower her mainsail. After she was turned—properly turned—they had to hurry to hoist the mainsail to get her to the starting boat in time. Already the other vessels were there, jockeying for advantage.

There had been no time to take her fish and salt out of the Belden's hold. After that long hard drive home, Maurice had not had the heart to keep his crew up all night to clean out the hold; and so, as she made now for the starting line, she carried in her hold all her fish and salt that she carried home from the east'ard.

Glory be, said the half of Gloucester, looking on from dancing little excursion boats inshore or peeking out through marine glasses from on shore—glory be, but it was a proper day for the race! The wind was blowing fifty-four miles an hour that morning, said the official reports. That was ashore; and it was blowing stronger than that out to sea. The racing captains needed no weather bureau to tell them it was blowing inshore or outside; despite that, three vessels—the Belden, the Bohlen, the Jacobs—sailed out that day with their halyards lashed aloft.

They used to have a fashion in hard-driving fishermen of carrying a sharp knife under the quarter rail; the knife was there to cut the main peak halyards when she rolled too low down in a passage home. One skipper carried an ax; one quick clip of the ax would do it. As the halyards were so cut, the big sail would run down the mast and so save her from capsizing.

Lashing the main halyards aloft this day of the race was to prevent that. If any timid crew member tried that day to let any main halyards run, he would have to go aloft to do it, and before he could go aloft he would be headed off. The leading captains sailed out with the firm promise that the only sails coming off that day would be what the Lord took off. The Lord took off quite a few sails before the day was over.

The start was off Eastern Point, which is just outside Gloucester Harbor. From there they were to sail to a buoy off Marblehead, thence to a buoy off Davis' Ledge, which is outside Boston Harbor. From Davis' they were to beat home against the gale.

It was a fair wind to the first mark. The Ethel Jacobs led to the first turn. She had been expected to do that, she being a wonderful vessel off the wind. She made great time of it—fifty minutes or so over a distance of thirteen and a half knots, or about fifteen and a half land miles; and the Ethel's captain always claimed that they sailed out of their way to find the turning buoy in the drizzle. Crowding the buoy for the turn, Captain Jacobs saw the others crowding down upon him. To hold the lead, he took no time to haul in his main sheet and around the stake he jibed her all standing. His main gaff carried away. His chance of winning went right there; but he took in his mainsail and finished creditably under head sails alone.

Captain Cameron, in the Joseph Rowe, then took the lead, the Belden close in his wake.

It was wild going down to Davis' Ledge. The committee, knowing the temper of these racing captains, had issued a special warning about making the turn between the buoy and the ledge at Davis'. In the low tide they would meet with there at the time they would be making the turn, so the committee had warned, there would be room for only one vessel to turn safely; and so they were to have a care there and let one vessel turn at a time, because if two of them should try to make the turn together they would most surely collide, and both vessels and their crews would be lost.

(Continued on Page 189)

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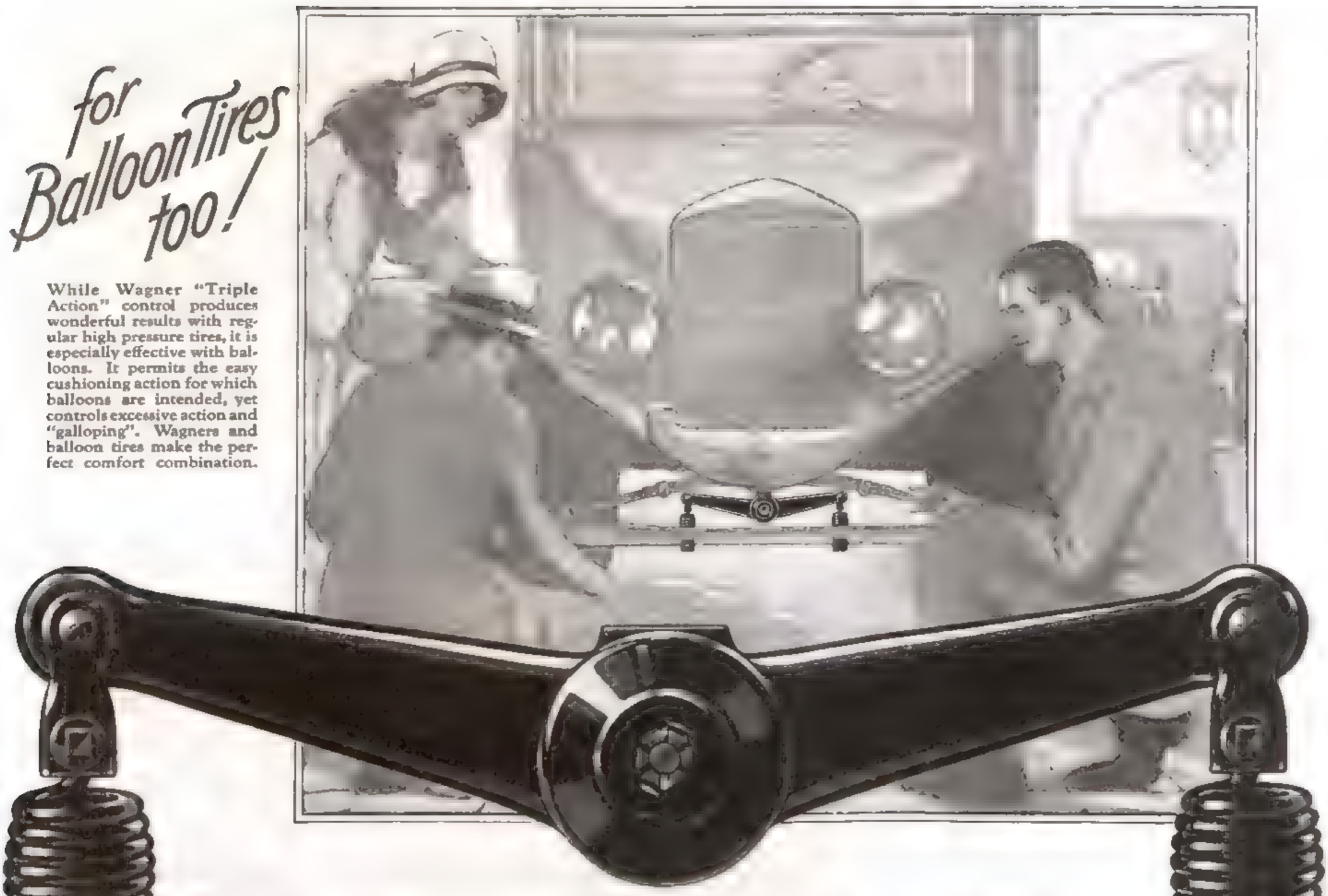

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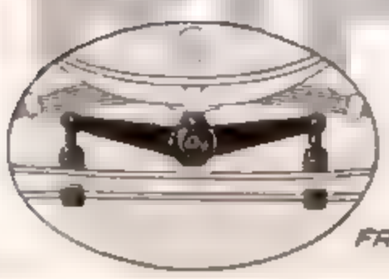
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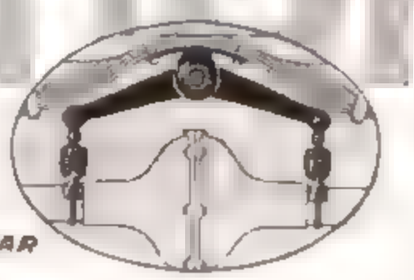
REAR

(Continued from Page 186)

Cameron was standing to the wheel of his vessel. Maurice Whalen had left the wheel of his to go forward, and was now lying over the knightheads of the Belden to gauge to a plank width what he could do with her. Cameron held up a warning hand over his stern and yelled back:

"Remember what the committee said, Maurice—only room for one of us to turn!"

"I'm going to prove the committee liars right here!" retorted Maurice; and both vessels, buried to their hatches, drove together between ledge and buoy, and as they stood offshore for the hard beat home the Belden took the lead.

It was wild work with every vessel in the race. The great Tommie Bohlen, in his wonderful Nannie, was struggling along, trying to keep up with Whalen. A week before the race, anticipating ordinary August weather, he had lightened up his ballast and now was having a terrible time of it. He could have taken off some sail and his vessel been none the worse for it—no doubt better off; but he would not do that. It would be less disgraceful to lose his vessel. He had two men lashed to the wheel, life lines around deck, and masthead men lashed aloft. One of his helmsmen jumped away from the wheel, crying as he jumped:

"It's suicide, Tommie Bohlen, to be tryin' to sail this vessel any longer in this breeze!"

"Suicide or not, sail her so I will!" rejoined Bohlen and took the man's place. The Nannie Bohlen at that time was rolling down to her sheer poles, and her sheer poles were four feet above her quarter rail.

Maurice Whalen carried a passenger, a friend of his. The passenger was lashed to the weather bitt aft, almost alongside the wheel, where were Maurice and one of his crew, both lashed and both standing in water to their waists. Regularly they would sink to their chins in the swash; by which you must understand that to continue to carry sail was as important an item with these men as to win the race.

The Belden was driving along, making great dives into it before the heavy wind. Again and again she went head in, burying both bows; but always up she would come, rearing high her head and throwing it off her shoulders. Surely she was an able lady.

Maurice, the full pride of her showing out of his eyes, would smile and murmur, "There's a vessel for you, boy!" And it was good as a book the way he would say it.

Once she took a dive to her foc'sle hatch, and after that a dive that buried the deck up to her break. The Belden's break was almost exactly amidships.

"She dove pretty deep that time, Maurice," called out his friend, hanging to the weather bitt. "If she makes another one like that, will she come up, do you think?"

"Have no fear, boy," answered Maurice. "If any vessel out o' Gloucester will come up, this one'll come up."

Later she was taking it abeam, and rolling pretty low to it. On the home leg they were now. A six-foot-three man of her crew was telling afterward how he swung from the ringbolts under the weather rail and stuck his boot heels into the solid water which rolled up her steep-slanting deck.

"I'm what you'd call a moderately tall man," he explained, "but even so—the Belden is twenty-five foot beam. Some loose water on her deck, I call that!"

The Belden on the home tack was rolling low, lower than ever she had been.

"She's rollin' pretty low, Maurice," said his friend on the weather bitt—and he no piazza sailor either.

"She's rollin' low," admitted Maurice, "but she'll roll lower yet before the sail comes off her. This is the day some of 'em were goin' to make the Belden take in sail, an' I want to see 'em do it."

All who saw that race agreed that it was wicked; even the sail-carrying skippers themselves admitted that the going was pretty rough. An admiral of our Navy, at anchor on the other side of Cape Ann, had left word to have his steam barge ready to take him out to the start in the morning. That was Thursday night. Friday morning he took a peek from his quarter-deck and countermanded the order for the barge, saying, "No men, not even Gloucester fishermen, will be crazy enough to race today."

One of those harbor steamers with scrollwork topsides took out a load of passengers to see the race. The charge was three dollars each. She went outside the harbor, turned around and came back to the dock.

"I thought you people went out to see the race," was the greeting from the pier.

"We did. But we were barely outside the cape when she began to loosen up. We ain't got to the starters' boat when her deck planks were so loose we could spit between 'em into the hold. We're satisfied. We got our three dollars' worth."

The Boston papers sent down men to cover the race. One of them viewed it from the cliffs of Marblehead, off which was the first turning buoy. He saw them make the turn and bear away on the second leg for Davis' Ledge. Then he went back to his office. The city editor spied him.

"I thought you were sent down to cover that fishermen's race."

"I went down there, but I didn't see any race. All I saw was a lot of foolish fishermen trying to drown themselves."

There was a full-bottomed wide-decked craft, a regular passenger steamer between Boston and Gloucester. She was chartered to follow the racers over the course. By leaving early and cutting corners, paying no attention to turning buoys, she was at Davis' Ledge when the Belden and the Rowe made the turn there. By then the race was so exciting that the steamer captain decided to follow the two leaders back

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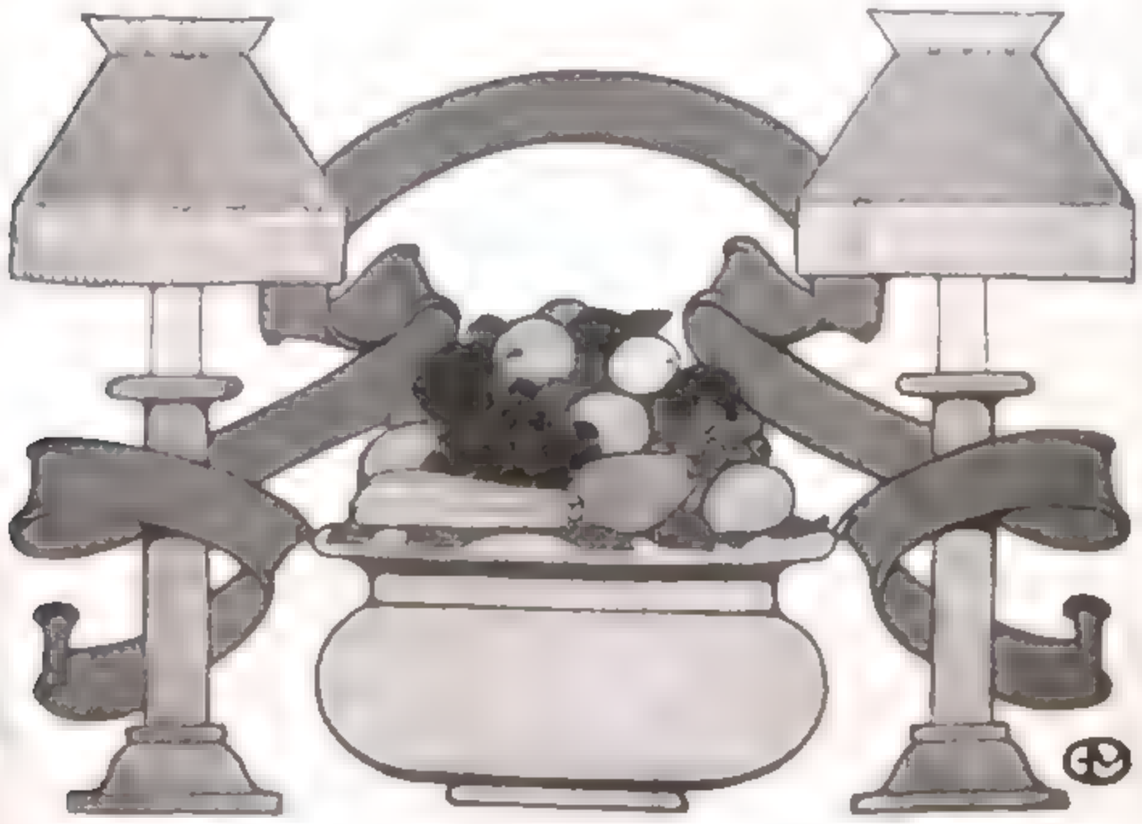

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to Gloucester. He started to turn her around to do that; and as he did, she rolled down to her top deck. He never completed the turn. To keep straight on for Boston was the best he could make of it, and none of her passengers were heard to complain that they had not got their full money's worth.

The Belden won the race. There was an old fisherman hanging to the weather rigging of his vessel to see the finish. As the smoke from the finish gun puffed out, he leaped into the air, knocking his heels together and roaring at the brave sight of her:

"Maurice wins, he to his neck in water! The Henry Belden wins, the able Henry Belden, sailin' across the line on her side an' her crew sittin' out on her keel!"

In writing stories of Gloucester fishermen I have made them talk more or less; but only twice, as I recall it now, have I used actual dialogue from life—dialogue can rarely be torn from its birthplace and live; but that old fisherman's ballyhoo at sight of the Belden crossing the finish line is worth quoting, I think. In its touch of exaggeration lay more of truth than many an exact statement of fact ever held.

I later sailed with every captain in that race—with Whalen, Bohlen, Cameron, Jacobs, Charlie Harty. From each of them I got an account of that day's doings.

It was one winter night on Georges Bank that Whalen told me his story of it. Having won, he had nothing to explain away; so he made a short-enough story of it. He had a great vessel, she got a breeze to her liking, nothing happened her—what more was there to say? There was no getting him going about himself, but his vessel was another matter.

"I hear it said"—so I put it to him—"that all that fish and salt and seining gear in the Belden's hold actually helped her in that breeze, like so much more ballast to hold her up to it."

"The Belden needed no extra ballast. Don't let any of 'em ever tell you anything like that, boy. The Belden never put out to sea but she was fit as she stood to bear up to the heaviest gale that ever blew."

"She must have been at her very best that day."

"No, she wasn't. Remember when we lowered our mains'l so that tug could turn us with the sun? That mains'l never did set right again that day. We had it settin' nice 'n' flat as could be in that drive home from the east'ard, but not in the race. When we hoisted it again to make the start in time, it was done in a hurry and it wasn't as flat as it ought to been for the race. No, boy, it wasn't."

I know many steamer captains, fine men and most capable commanders; but no steamer man ever gets to know the sea or a ship as a sailing man does. Given men like these offshore bank fishermen, men of Whalen's kind; given such men and such vessels—and such faith in their vessels—and crews to match; given such, add an unequaled training and—why, naturally they are not bringing back for publication any long tales of terrible weather out to sea.

Rough out there sometimes?

Sure! Why not?


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)*


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June 27, 1925

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# You'll find Ansco Speedex Film gets pictures you'll be proud of

*All roll-film as well as Ansco Speedex Film is based on the original Ansco patents. Ansco film fits all cameras; it comes in the red box with the yellow band.*

Have you gotten discouraged because *something*—you couldn't tell exactly what—was wrong with your pictures? Perhaps the shadows are too black. Or the high lights of your pictures are too flat and glaring.

Try Ansco Speedex Film and you'll never be satisfied with any other. Because you'll get better pictures, and so you'll have more fun.

*Why* does Ansco Film give better pictures? Because it has a wider range of light exposure. This means two things: first, that you can get good pictures even if the sun is not at its brightest; and second, when the sun is really *too* bright, you'll still get flattering pictures because there is a special "compensation" in the film to even up the effect of the stronger light.

Send a dollar for some rolls of film to fit your camera, if your photographic dealer cannot supply you.

*(Remember these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs.)*

## Try this Ready-Set— a dandy picture taker

But why *shouldn't* this Ready-Set Juniorette take splendid pictures—it's one of the three *Ready-Set models!* Do you know what that means? Just this:—

All Ansco Ready-Set models have a universal or "fixed" focus, which means you don't have to judge distance. There are only two shutter speeds, time and instantaneous. When set on "time," the opening automatically becomes smaller. These special features make the Ready-Set Juniorette one of the best and easiest cameras to use that you can buy.

If your dealer cannot supply you use the coupon below, and we will send it immediately.

*Illustrated catalog sent free on request.*

*The Ready-Set Juniorette costs only $10.50—and it's an Ansco!*

*It takes pictures size 2¼ x 3¼ and is a very good-looking camera.*

## These are big sellers— the *newest* cameras of all

***The New Semi-Automatic***—a startling photographic improvement; rolls its own film with one press of the lever. Price $30.

***The $13.50 Ready-Set***—no focusing or time adjustments to worry you with this camera; equipped with the automatic finder; a very popular model.

***The Vest Pocket Ready-Set***—a new platform camera. Price $8.50.

***The Vest Pocket Ansco***—the only self-opening camera made. A fixed-focus model. Price $12.50.

***The No. 1 Ansco Junior de Luxe***—covered with rich blue leather and trimmed in lacquered brass. This beautiful new camera is already a great favorite. Price $16.

***And the Dollar Ansco***—the little marvel of the camera world.

# *So—now—it's easy to get good pictures*

# ANSCO
## CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

*Emergency Coupon—Use only if your dealer cannot supply you.*

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, Inc.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the items checked. I enclose $.....

☐ Four rolls (or proportionate number if size is 3¼ x 4¼ or larger) of Ansco Speedex Film. Price $1.00

☐ One Ready-Set Juniorette camera. Price $10.50.

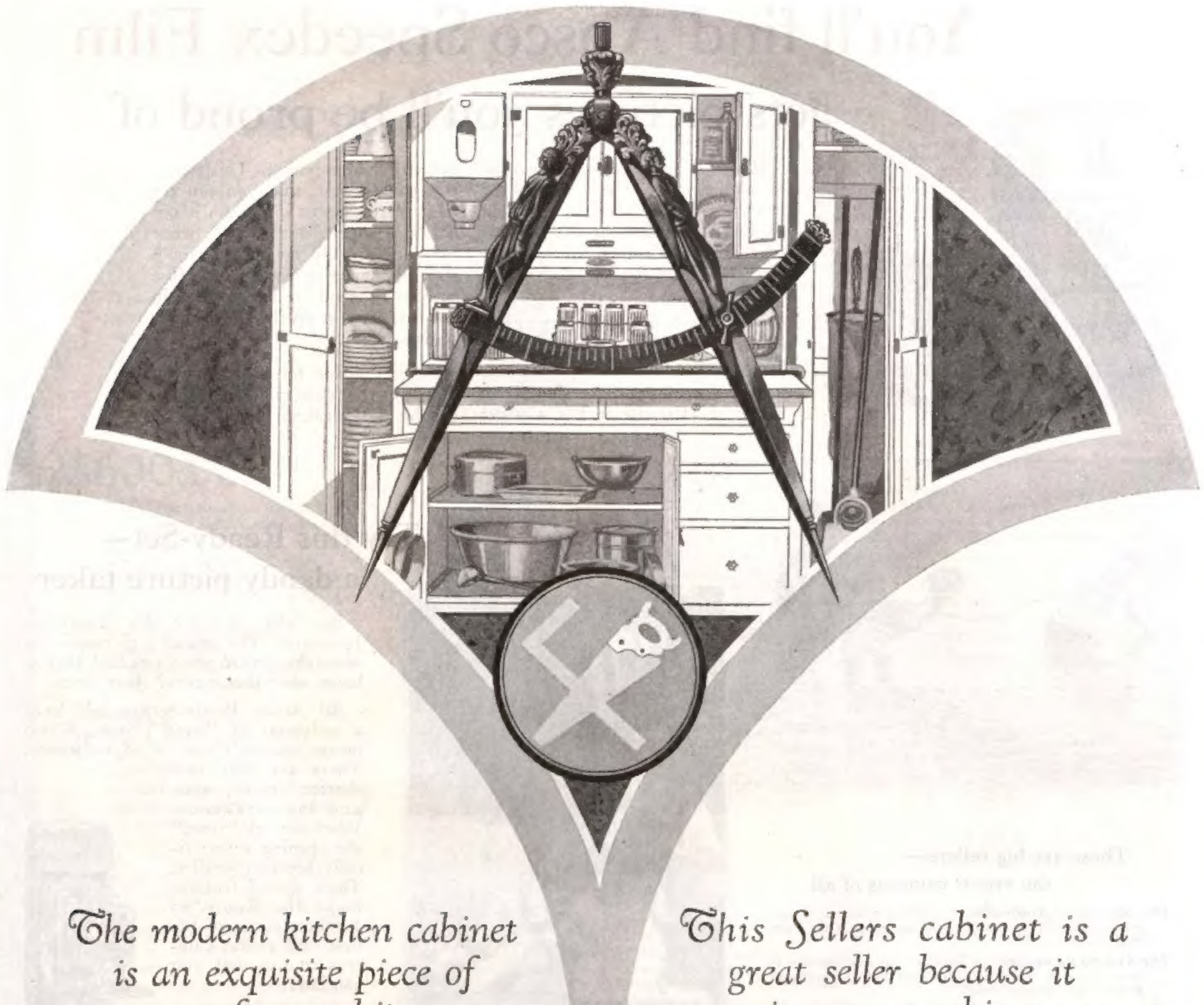
Name _____

Address _____

Size of film..... No..... Cam. Model..... S. E. P. 6-27

**For Dealers**

Pin your card or letterhead to this coupon for immediate information about the new Ansco Sales Plan. Mail to Ansco Photoproducts, Inc., Binghamton, N. Y., or for Canada to 116 Evelyn Crescent, West Toronto, Ont.



## *The modern kitchen cabinet is an exquisite piece of craftsmanship*

Even though you spend hundreds of dollars in elaborate cupboard arrangements for your home, you will have nothing so convenient or well built as a really fine kitchen cabinet. But it is a great deal more than just a handsome piece of furniture. In it are centered the remarkable conveniences which science and ingenuity have developed for the better preparation of food and the more skillful doing of culinary tasks. Thus in time, money and labor saved, the right kitchen cabinet pays its way.

## *This Sellers cabinet is a great seller because it is a great cabinet*

Nothing short of supreme intrinsic worth could sustain the nation-wide record sales of Sellers cabinets. A great triumph of expert skill over kitchen drudgery. Every one of the "15 famous features" should help relieve you of unnecessary work. All these essential factors of kitchen beauty and convenience are attractively shown in booklet P-6, freely offered by G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana. Canadian branch, Brantford, Ontario. Dealers are glad to demonstrate and offer convenient terms.

# SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

# Mrs. Webster sets the stage

MRS. WEBSTER spent many days expressing color schemes with draperies and rugs. A well-set stage, this new home, for living on a grander scale. Until this afternoon she believed everything ready for their "house warming" tomorrow. Then, while arranging the menu and deciding upon the service, she made a discovery. More people were coming than the Websters had ever entertained at one time. She hadn't enough silverware to serve them—no, not nearly enough!

HAVE YOU SLIGHTED SILVERWARE IN FURNISHING YOUR HOME?

In devoting yourself to the more obvious things in furnishing and decorating your home, have you neglected silverware—the very thing that makes entertaining easier? If you have, you, of all people, should realize how reasonably you can acquire a complete 1847 Rogers Bros. silver service!

You will find in "1847 Rogers Bros." every piece to encourage correct and ample table setting. Notice, particularly, the salad forks, the bouillon spoons, the iced tea spoons, and the important serving pieces like the cold meat fork and the sugar shell.

The fine designing of your 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate will always pay tribute to your good taste. Its durability will continue to justify your purchase. And when you need more pieces it will still be easy to provide them, for leading dealers carry the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

Send for booklet F-90, *Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense*. You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. It's free. Write for your copy today. INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

*Ambassador Iced Tea Spoon*
(Reduced Size)

*Ambassador Ice Pitcher and Hors d'Oeuvre Tray*

Rich and smart is the table setting which makes use of these durable pieces. They match the knives, forks and spoons of 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

QUALITY ··· ARTISTRY

SALESROOMS:
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA:
INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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Choose your own program, play as many encores as you please and get perfect results every time. That's what you can do with a Victrola and Victor Records, but that kind of service isn't to be had in any other way.

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